December 14, 1940

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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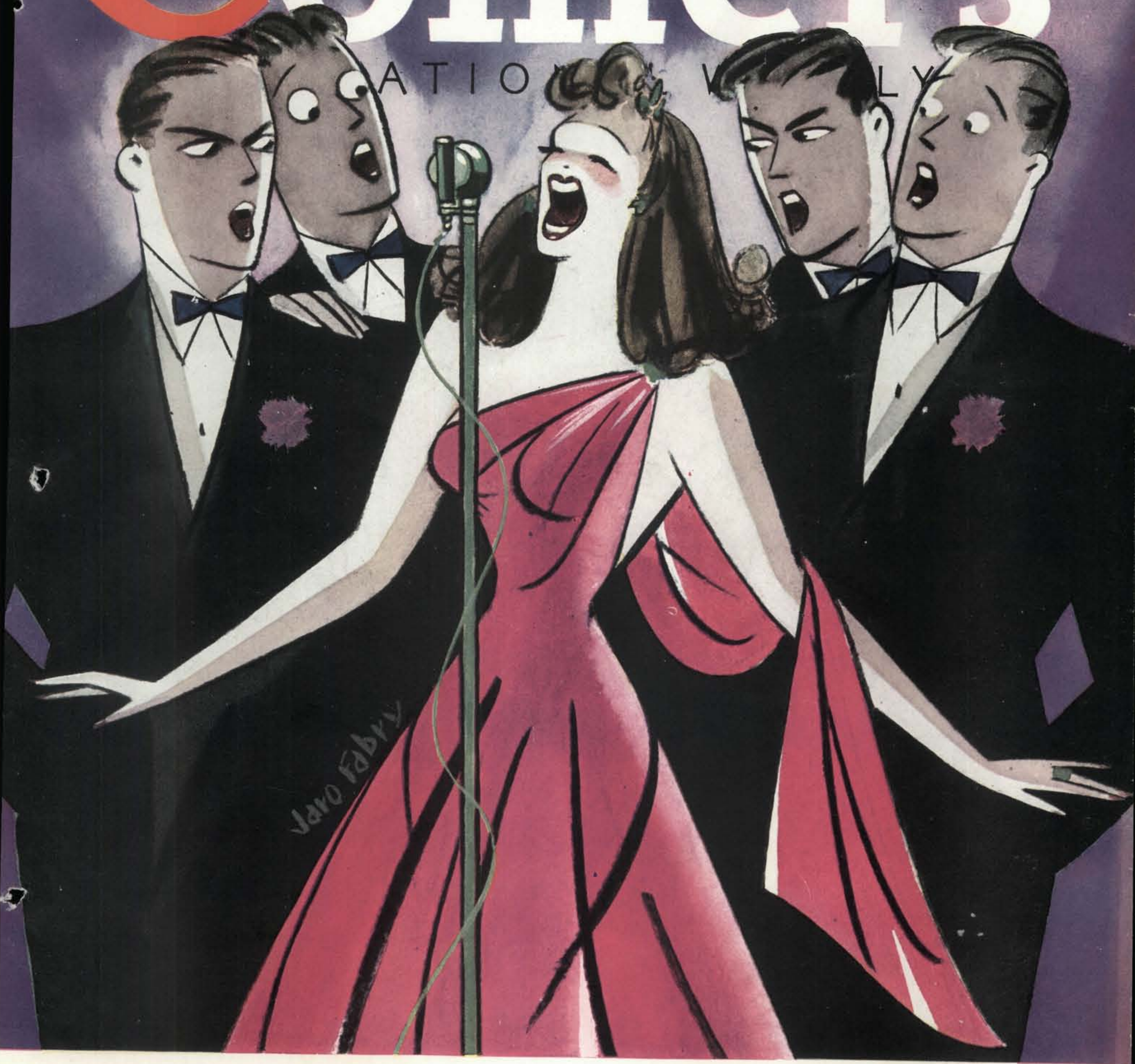

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

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DEC.14, 1940

CREST *Lifetime* Feathertouch Ensemble, $19.75
LADY CREST, $17.75

LADY SHEAFFER *Lifetime* Feathertouch Ensemble, $12.25—SOVEREIGN, $12.75
MILADY, $8.50—Other Ensembles, $3.95 to $19.75

$12.50 with *Lifetime* pen

$20 with *Lifetime* pen

ADMIRAL Feathertouch Ensemble, $9
STATESMAN *Lifetime* Ensemble, $14
PREMIER *Lifetime* Ensemble, $15

Thrilling Quality

AND NOT COSTLY TO GIVE

SHEAFFER'S

Your fine and lasting sentiments—your feeling of genuine esteem for someone—call for an equally fine and enduring gift. And there is no need to feel that you may have to give less than the finest because such gifts must be expensive. For the finest pen the world affords—Sheaffer's *Lifetime** Feathertouch—costs less than many a token that cannot serve for the owner's life, and be handsome and useful throughout the years! Forceful ONE-stroke filling and flushing KEEPS it working perfectly—platinum in the tiny pen point slit makes it write instantly, always. When matched with the new permanently sharp Fineline pencil, you give as you wish to give—you give the world's finest—and remain thrifty still! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa. Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

*All *Lifetime* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

SHEAFFER PENS, ALL COLORS, $275 TO $20
PENCILS, $1 UP—ENSEMBLES, $395 UP

$5 with pen

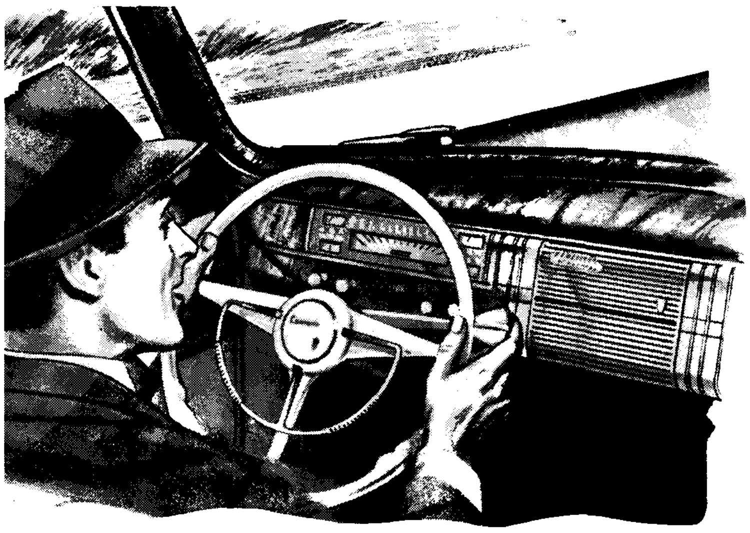
$65 with two *Lifetime* pens; Green Brazilian Onyx, $75
—Natural Bronze Cigarette Case—May be engraved

$10 with *Lifetime* pen

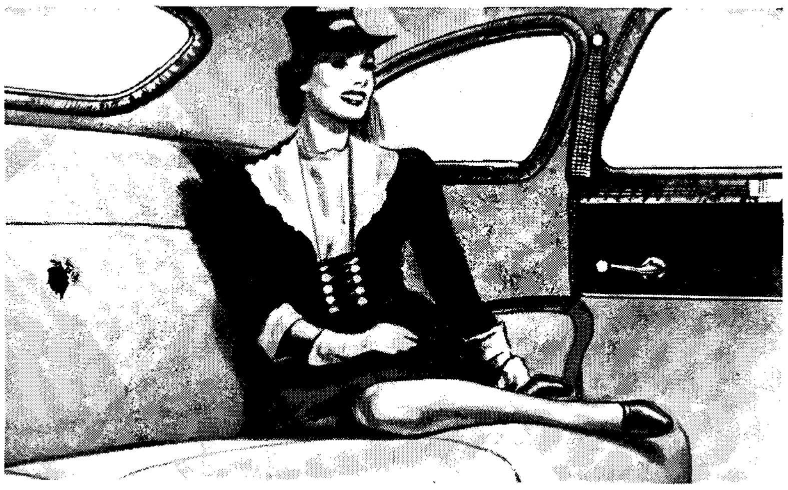
Copyright, 1940, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.
*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A TOUCH OF THE TOE CONTROLS A NEW

Flood of Power!



NEW POWERMATIC SHIFTING—available on all models, slight extra cost. Driving effort is vastly reduced—and, with Plymouth's new transmission, certain shifting motions are actually eliminated.



SPACIOUS FASHION-TONE INTERIOR—a luxurious new blending of color, fabric and appointments, with Two-Tone upholstery in the Special De Luxe. You'll be delighted to find such charm in a low-priced car!

That's Plymouth's New High-Torque Performance! You Start in Second—Seldom, if Ever, Use Low!

TREAT YOURSELF to more driving pleasure! Get behind the wheel of this new, 117-inch wheelbase Plymouth—you'll be thrilled at the way it rides, shifts, steers, *performs!*

For there's much more to this Plymouth than its sleek good looks! New High-Torque Performance and new power-gearing give you exciting new command of the highway! You seldom, if ever, use low. You start in second—slip quickly into high—and you enjoy great new power under perfect control!

Plymouth's Powermatic Shifting vastly reduces driving effort. And you ride in the luxurious comfort of the new Fashion-Tone Interior—truly a miracle of color, fabric, appointments!

You save with Plymouth's 1941 price...both as to what you *pay* and what you *get!* Only Plymouth gives you so much, at such a *low price!*

You get a New Oil Bath Air Cleaner and New High-Duty Engine Bearings for longer engine life...new Safety Rims on wheels! Front coil springs, wide choice of colors, metal spring covers, standard on even *lowest-priced* models.

EASY TO BUY. Your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's surprisingly low delivered price...with the balance in low monthly instalments. See your Plymouth dealer! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

COMPARE 1941 PRICES OF "ALL 3"

Major Bowes, C.B.S., Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

☛ SEE PLYMOUTH'S NEW LOW-PRICED COMMERCIAL PICK-UP AND PANEL DELIVERY!

A NEW HIGH IN VALUE

NEW SEALING throughout body—against dust, noise, cold.

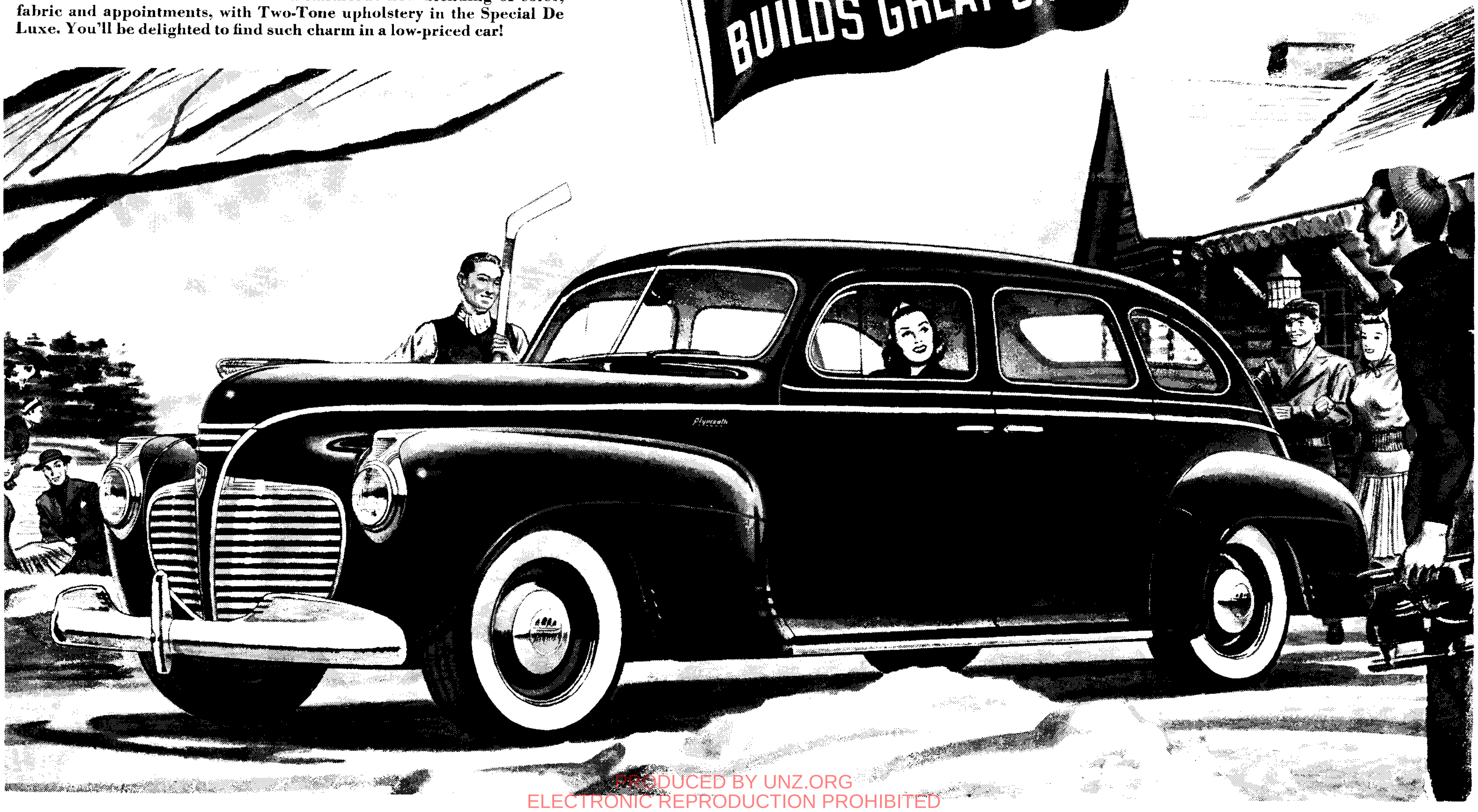
NEW SAFETY RIMS on wheels—to prevent "throwing" of the tire in case of a blowout.

NEW COUNTERBALANCED TRUNK LID—operates at a touch.

FRONT COIL SPRINGS—Metal Spring Covers—wide choice of colors—standard on all models.

PLYMOUTH

BUILDS GREAT CARS



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THIS WEEK

DECEMBER 14, 1940

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COVER JARO FABRY

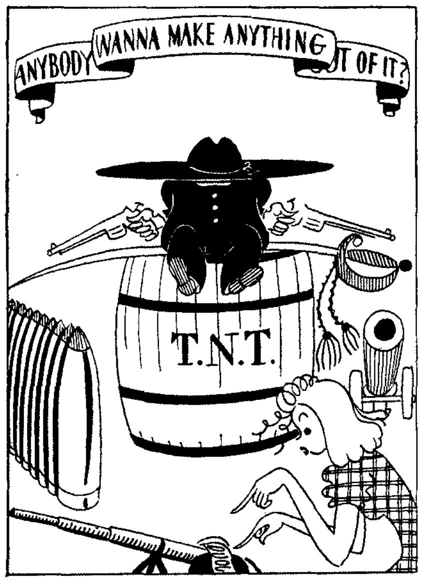
ANY WEEK

WE HAVE waited for a decent period before answering a letter from Mr. Ball Entwhistle of Norristown, Pennsylvania. Mr. Entwhistle told us that he will require time to accommodate himself "to life in a country without a single worth-while tradition left." He asks us to offer a suggestion for "a constructive departure from American political practice that might become a tradition." He has not caught us unprepared. Our suggestion is (and the more we think of it the more we like it) that in all future campaigns, national or local, oratory and statement-issuing be confined without exception to the candidates. We suggest that the newspapers confine their contributions to the general confusion to the words of the candidate plus a dash of local color to take the curse off. We'd outlaw slogans, polls, dodgers, tear sheets and posters. Under our plan, campaigns would be awfully dull, but the issues, if any, would be clear, and the electorate would have a fighting chance of going to the polls with some idea of what they were voting for. Thus we'd eliminate leaky windbags, platform clowns, hand wringers, breast beaters, doom danglers, decayed humorists, lame ducks, weeping contraltos and similar confusionists, and exercise our sacred privilege of the ballot with our usual ineptitude but in peace. With our minds thus clear we'd be free on the day after election to forget all our differences and get together in nonpartisan discord and make a mess of things in unison.

OF COURSE, the idea would stand development, extension. But we'll leave that to our betters. We'd suggest, however, that it be wangled around somehow to regulate everyday propagandists and propaganda. At least, we ought to get our scare stuff (subversive activists, fifth columnists and the like) from nonpartisan sources. For example, here's a letter from a Washington, D. C., lawyer commending W. B. Courtney's article "What South America Thinks of Us." "What you write," says this lawyer to Mr. Courtney, "concerning the fifth column makes me think this may be of interest to you. I was recently informed, by a proud but innocent wife of one of our leading South American diplomats who devotes most of his time to exposing fifth columnists down there, that her husband was fortunate enough to have as his principal source of information, his very dear friend, the chief of the British secret service."

SOMEHOW it is not easy to resist the lure of the well-thought-out signboard. We know that if we were sauntering down Edwards Street in Kewanee, Illinois, we'd get no farther than Mildred's Ice Cream Parlor and Scripture Nook. Kewanee is the home town of our energetic, rug-cutting, hot-pipe scout, Richard English, once known and long remembered as "the loudest fighter in town." Mr. English says that "the best idea of Kewanee is that only the accomplished street fighter dared venture out in ice-cream pants and that the town's leading female-glorifying shop is The Dainty Dame Beauty Salon."

THERE is, as you've probably heard, some talk that Mr. Roosevelt might make the Honorable Fiorello H. LaGuardia Secretary of War. Anyway, Mr. John McP. Belthius of Newark, New Jersey, has heard of it. And Mr. Belthius went to work on the idea at once. He sees Mr. LaGuardia sitting in the War Office armed to the teeth and calling up dictators, bidding them to step into the alley for a few minutes. Mr. LaGuardia's chair would be a powder keg, or whatever takes the place these days of powder kegs. Instead of the rattle of typewriters, his office would resound with machine gunnery. And on the wall, instead of the usual portraits of past secretaries, would be the LaGuardia motto in blood-red letters: "Anybody Wanna Make Anything Out Of It?"



ANYBODY WANNA MAKE ANYTHING OUT OF IT?
T.N.T.

AMONG the first Christmas suggestions we've received is one that had our sympathies on the verge of being aroused until we came to the name and identity of the author. It started out with a reminder that in a lot of camps hundreds of thousands of stalwart young Americans are in training to defend us against aggressors. Then the writer asked us to remind you that Christmas is near. Instead, it goes on, of spending all your Christmas money within the walls of your own home where, naturally, all is peaceful and happy, why not devote half of your Christmas budget to our young military trainees? If you have trouble deciding what to send the lads, we read, simply send the cash and the recipient will take care of the spending. You know as well as we do that it's a great idea. But somehow we began to lose our enthusiasm when we discovered that its inventor is an energetic young fellow from Brooklyn, New York, and now in uniform at Fort Benning, Georgia.

NEVERTHELESS, such communications are encouraging. While enterprise like that lives, America will too. Contrary to many predictions that were current a few weeks ago, much reckless vigor abounds in the land and, as far as we see, there are vast numbers of citizens eager to take a flying tackle at anything. We've a thrilling offer from a gentleman who has a plan "that will plunge this country into war within six months." And he adds that we can name the side we'll go to war on. The plan, which would "be published exclusively in Collier's who would receive all credit," would cost us only a few thousand dollars, "really a miserable sum when you think of the valuable publicity resulting." But we're turning the gory fellow down, feeling that many of our readers would weakly prefer peace. We're prepared to assure that, too. From Mr. Messenger Charles Lowney McCue of Pasadena, California, we have an outline which, if followed, will "not only make it impossible for the United States to go to war, prepared or unprepared, but will set up a situation that will stop the war in Europe within twenty days by practical means." This, too, would cost little, although any price for such an end would be small. We can give you but a hint: Mr. McCue would set up food depots in Berlin, Paris, London, Rome, Athens and other terrorized centers and feed women and children free provided each would write at least ten letters to each soldier bidding him to lay down his arms and defy his military and political masters.

BUT perhaps we'd better let matters take their course, conducting ourselves with national circumspection, hoping for the best. If we could, we'd like to look at things like the British lady overheard by Mr. Thomas Isaac Blowbrown of Manchester, England. Mr. Blowbrown informs us that the lady, a thoroughly grand one, was told that Mr. Hitler was engaged at that moment in plans to invade England. She listened for a moment and then waved the newsbearer into silence. "Nonsense," said she. "The British army wouldn't tolerate it." Mr. Blowbrown tells us that she is the same lady who, some time before the war, was urged to donate twenty-five pounds to a charity fund. "Not at all," she protested. "Not at all. But I shall be glad to subscribe five pounds. Remember, young lady, the poor may one day be the backbone of the empire. I refuse to embarrass them."

NEITHER can Hitler.... W. D.

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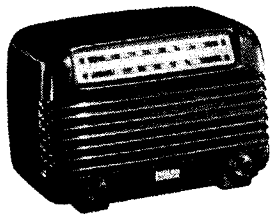
Last Call FOR YOUR Christmas PHILCO

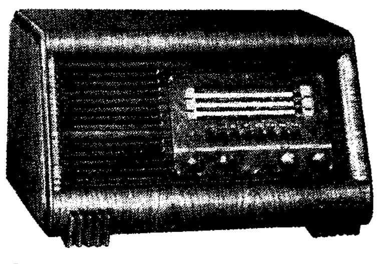
For family or friend, "America's Favorite Radio" is a welcome gift! There is a Christmas Philco for every purpose at the price you wish to pay . . . Radios, Radio-Phonographs and Auto Radios from \$9.95 to \$395. For Christmas delivery, see them today at your nearest Philco dealer.

Music on a Beam of Light!

No Needles to Change! Records last 10 times longer! New Beauty of Tone! These are the new delights of Philco's new kind of radio-phonograph. The scraping needle is gone! Instead, a permanent jewel floats over the records and *reflects* the music on a light beam to a photo-electric cell. NEW TILT-FRONT CABINET . . . no lid to raise. **PHILCO 608P,** above, has Automatic Record Changer and powerful 9-tube radio circuit. HOME RECORDING is optional equipment. *Yours for only \$12.95 down.*



PHILCO-Transitone PT-2. AC-DC. Finest tone quality ever achieved in a compact radio at a low price. New 6-inch Oval Speaker. Beam Power output. Improved Built-In Loop Aerial. Illuminated Horizontal Dial. Smart, streamline plastic cabinet in walnut shade. *A sensational value, only \$12.95.*



PHILCO 255T. The finest table model radio money can buy in tone, performance and beauty. Powerful 9-tube circuit gives amazing sensitivity and selectivity. New kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Lovely Inclined Panel walnut cabinet. *Only \$5.95 down.*

PHILCO 89C, SHOULDER STRAP PORTABLE. Straps over your shoulder like a camera. Plays anywhere. Small, rugged, easy to carry. Winner of Modern Plastics Award for beauty. *Only \$16.95 complete.*

WHEN you give a Philco you give a radio whose very name stands for the greatest achievements of radio science! In the 1941 Philco Radios, exclusive inventions have reduced noise and interference by 5 to 1 . . . European short-wave reception is 5 times stronger, clearer and easier to tune! The Philco "*Beam of Light*" Radio-Phonograph is the first basic improvement in record reproduction since the phonograph was invented . . . the 1941 *sensation* of the radio world! Whatever you give, a Philco table model, console or radio-phonograph is *a gift of quality!*

PHILCO 280X Radio Console. One of a wide selection of radio console designs. Powerful 8-tube circuit, new kind of Overseas Wave-Band that brings in Europe 5 times stronger and clearer. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Large cabinet of highly figured walnut. No aerial or ground wires, no installation needed! Just plug in and play. *Yours for only \$6.95 down.*

Have you these signs of Dry Scalp?

Is your hair hard to manage? Does your scalp itch . . . shed loose dandruff? Begin now to check Dry Scalp with the famous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatment.

SAY GOODBYE TO DRY SCALP AND KEEP HAIR HANDSOME!

DON'T let Dry Scalp rob you of your good-looking hair! Combat it with regular massage and a daily application of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

You will find that your hair not only will become more manageable and easy to keep well-groomed—but it will also take on a healthy, youthful-looking lustre.

The secret of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the way in which it supplements the natural oils of the scalp. It contains absolutely no drying ingredients and is truly different from most other hair preparations. Get a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today . . . and discover the real secret of handsome hair!

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

40¢ and 70¢

EVERY MORNING shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

EVERY WEEK before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The only island people who so fear the sea that they have never owned or used a boat are the Onas, a tribe of Indians living on Tierra del Fuego off the lower tip of South America.—*By C. H. Landis, New York.*

The University of Florida is the only non-coeducational state university in the United States.—*By W. D. Hereford, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

In Hindu plays, the title must be created by compounding the names of the hero and heroine, the scene must be laid in India and the action must exclude kissing, eating and sleeping.

The one temple in the world that is dedicated to the founder of another religion is the Mohammedan mosque in Damascus, named in honor of Jesus Christ.

Although salt is one of the world's most widely distributed and abundant substances, it is so universally taxed that more than half of the world's people regard it as a luxury.

Not more than twenty times, in the history of the sea, has a sailing vessel traveled more than four hundred miles in one day. And thirteen of these records were made by clipper ships built by Donald McKay in his East Boston shipyard between 1853 and 1857. — *By Daniel W. Harrington, Hudson Falls, New York.*

Imperial Russia's territorial expansion from an area of 425,000 square miles in 1500 to 8,723,000 square miles in 1917, or to twenty times its original size in 417 years, was exceeded in magnitude only by that of the British empire.

Several makes of American aircraft engines are now built with such precision that even the corrosion resulting from the touch of a perspiring finger is sometimes sufficient to ruin a part whose mirror-like finish cannot be repolished without affecting its dimensions.—*By Leson J. Adams, Butte, Montana.*

A bride in India usually wears her wedding ring during the marriage ceremony only, and then has it melted down and worked into some other kind of ornament for permanent wear.—*By Opal Tisdale Cook, New York, New York.*

Of the numerous international traffic signals used by European countries in place of lettered signs, the one most frequently seen is that of a round, white mark on a black disk, which is found at the entrance of narrow streets and means that motorcars are prohibited in them.

In 18th-century England, so many people falsely claimed marriage to others that a law had to be passed to silence them. As late as 1922, an injunction against this kind of claim, or "jactitation of marriage," was obtained in a London court.—*By Throckmorton Skeffington, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.*

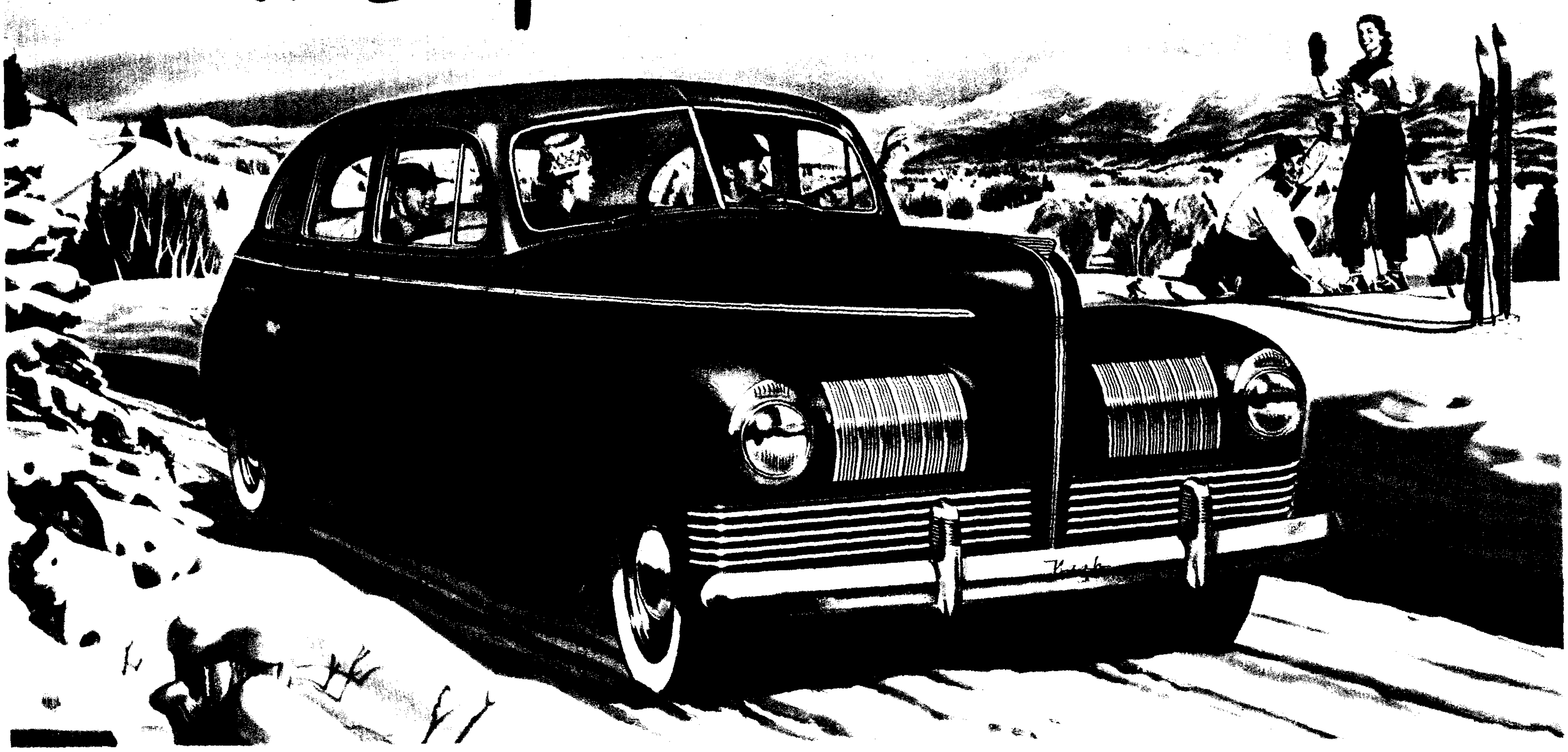
Crabs, which vary in size from a quarter of an inch to twelve feet between the tips of their outstretched claws, are one of the few forms of animal life that habitually walk sidewise instead of straight ahead. —*By Katherine Benton, Scarsdale, New York.*

The hundreds of books on health, medicine and drugs written by Galen, the famous Greek physician of the second century, formed a complete system of medicine that prevailed throughout most of the world for almost 1,300 years. In fact, his work on "Anatomical Operations" was the most authoritative book on the subject until 1811.

In electing certain candidates in the legislative elections of India, only Hindus are allowed to vote for Hindus, only Mohammedans for Mohammedans and only Christians for Christians.—*By Colfax Sanderson, Orlando, Florida.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

25 to 30 Miles a Gallon —a Big Nash Does it!



Now in the Lowest-Price Field, with—

25 to 30 Miles per Gallon of Gasoline!
Roomier than Cars Costing up to $200 More!
Flashing Pickup of New "Flying Scot" Engine!
A Coil Spring Ride on *All Four Wheels!*
New "Unitized" Steel Body—Stronger, Quieter!
Improved Weather Eye Conditioned Air System . . . and Convertible Bed!
Overall Economy Saves You $70 to $100 a Year!

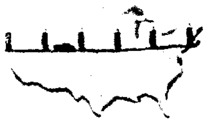
YOU can't believe it till you see the meter tick it off before your eyes. *You're getting 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline... in this big new Nash!*

No—it's no longer a motoring miracle—but economy that thousands of good drivers are discovering today and every day—in this newest car of the lowest-price field.

Tap that throttle—and *see* how you can streak from 15 to 50 MPH in 12 seconds, *high gear*, with Nash's new "Flying Scot" engine.

Find a road that's really rough—then feel the way you glide. Nash is the *first* and *only* car in the lowest-price field with costly coil springs on *all four wheels.*

S-m-o-o-t-h as a Swan


Cross America in 6 Stops for Gas!

Turn down a corkscrew lane and feel how you hug the curve, *feel* how effortless steering has suddenly become! Nash alone has this new Two-way Roller Steering.

Look at the seat — almost five feet wide. (No other car near this price is so roomy!) Hear how blessedly quiet the car is.

Nash is the *only* low-price car with this new kind of "unitized" body and frame of welded steel . . . rattle-proof, vibrationless — safer than old-style bodies.

Outside it's December—but inside the air you breathe is May—magically warmed and conditioned by that new, improved Weather Eye System.

From stem to stern, there's just no comparison with any low-price car you know! And it offers all of Nash's finer features. A Fourth Speed Forward with Automatic Overtake. A Convertible Bed for touring.

20 Cubic Feet of Luggage Room!

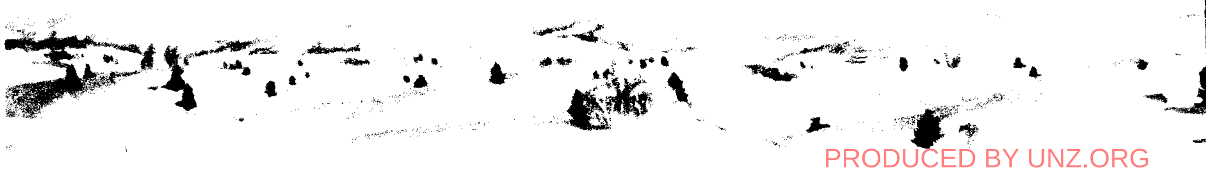
With Nash prices starting in the lowest-price field, with yearly savings of $70 to $100—common sense says "Buy it!" But first, for the thrill of an exciting experience—drive it today!

Nash Prices Now $70 to $159 Under Last Year

The Nash Ambassador "600". America's new low-priced car. 6-cylinder Manifold-Sealed Engine. 195 inches over all. Six models.

The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Six—105 HP . . . 6-cylinder Twin Ignition Valve-in-Head Engine. 202 inches over all. Six models.

The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Eight—115 HP... 8-cylinder Twin Ignition Valve-in-Head Engine. 202 inches over all. Five models.

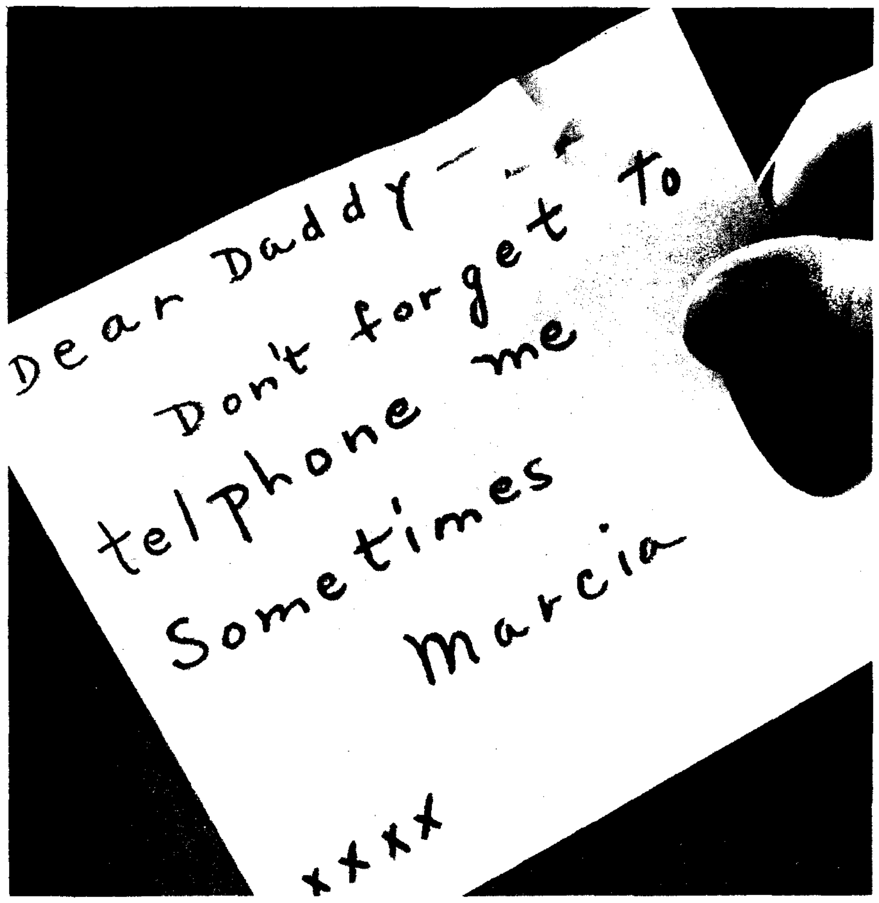


Go NASH

AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE!

A MESSAGE FROM MARCIA

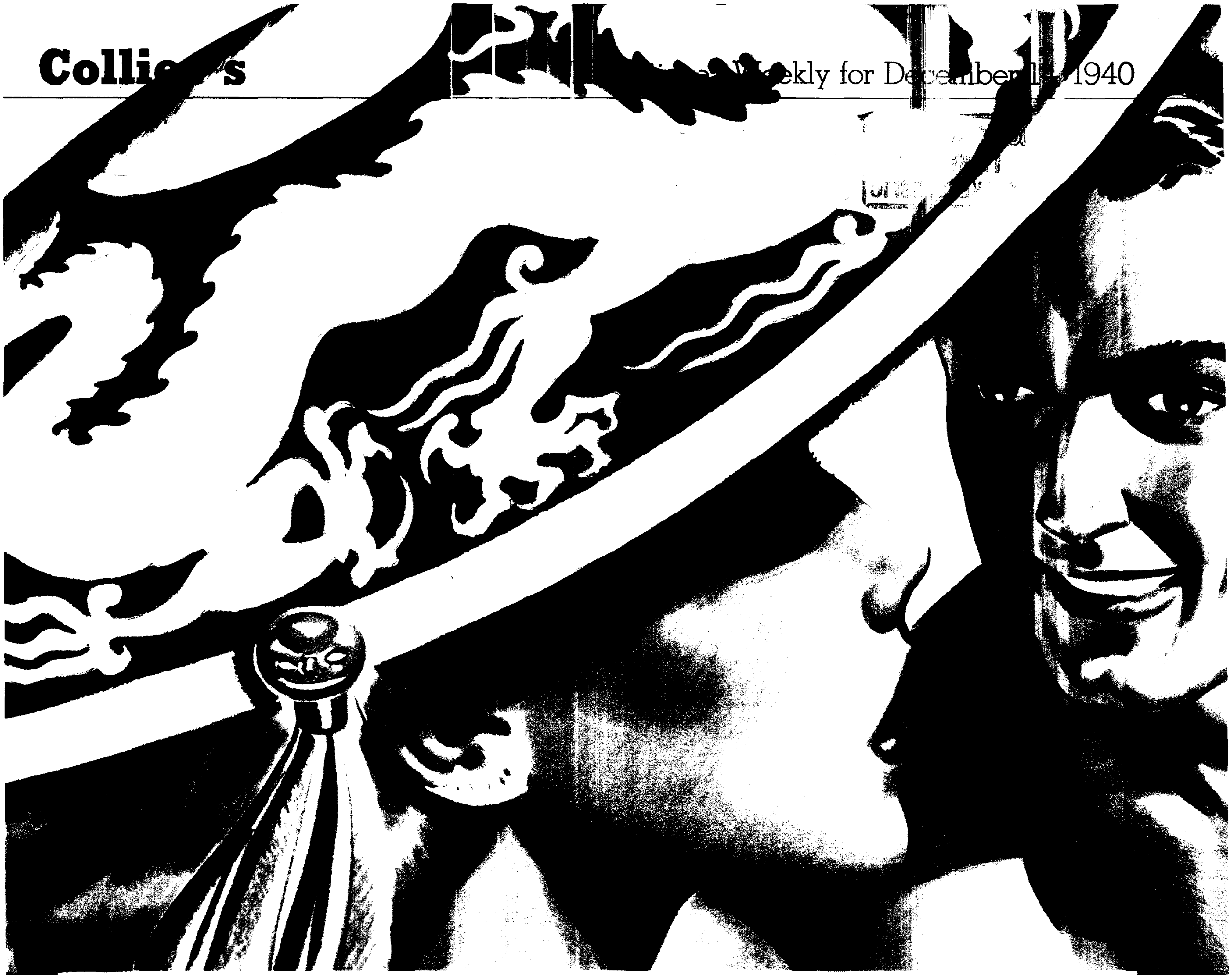
1 **JOE BRACKEN,** traveling a new territory for Scott & Barnard, Inc., came in from a hard day. . . . The business was there, but tough to get. New prospects, unfamiliar faces, all along the line. . . . Wearily, he began to unpack. . . . On the front of his last clean shirt, he found a note.



Dear Daddy—
Don't forget to
telphone me
Sometimes
Marcia
xxxx

2 **WOBBLY PENCIL LETTERS!** A little smudged where Marcia had struggled to pin it on. Four kisses too. . . . Precious kid! . . . Must be hard to love a Dad you seldom see. . . . Maybe he *could* keep closer to her — to *all* the family — by calling now and then. . . . Joe grabbed the telephone.

3 **ACROSS THE MILES** came his wife's welcome voice . . . Marcia's happy squeals . . . the exciting news that little Joe had climbed a couple of steps under his own power. Joe was still grinning as he hung up. . . . A family worth fighting for! A new day tomorrow. . . . He whistled softly as he went on unpacking.



His feet brought him reluctantly to Arlena Stuart. She stood smiling at him

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

A thrilling new serial in which M. Hercule Poirot enjoys a vacation from crime. With, to be sure, the most baffling mystery of his career to while away his holiday

WHEN Captain Roger Angmering built himself a house in the year 1782 on the island off Leathercombe Bay, it was thought the height of eccentricity on his part. A man of good family such as he was should have had a decorous mansion set in wide meadows with, perhaps, a running stream and good pasture.

But Captain Roger Angmering had only one great love, the sea. So he built his house on the little, wind-swept, gull-haunted promontory—cut off from land at each high tide.

He did not marry, the sea was his first and last spouse, and at his death the house and island went to a distant cousin. That cousin and his descendants thought little of the bequest. Their own acres dwindled, and their heirs grew poorer.

In 1922 when the great cult of the Seaside for Holidays was finally established and the coast of Devon and Cornwall was no longer thought too hot in the summer, Arthur Angmering found his vast, inconvenient, late Georgian house unsalable, but he got a good price for the odd bit of property acquired by Captain Roger.

The sturdy house was added to and embellished. A concrete causeway was laid down from the mainland to the island. Walks and nooks were cut and devised all around the island. There were two tennis courts, sun terraces leading down to a little bay embellished with rafts and diving boards. The Jolly Roger Hotel, Smugglers' Island, Leathercombe Bay, came triumphantly into being. And from June till September (with a short season at Easter) the Jolly Roger Hotel was usually packed to the attics. It was enlarged and improved in 1934 by the addition of a cocktail bar, a bigger dining room and some extra bathrooms. The prices went up.

People said: "Ever been to Leathercombe Bay? Awfully jolly hotel there, on a sort of island. Very comfortable and no trippers or charabancs. Good cooking. You ought to go."

And people did go.

THERE was one very important person (in his own estimation at least) staying at the Jolly Roger. Hercule Poirot, resplendent in a white duck suit, with a Panama hat tilted over his eyes, his mustache magnificently befurled, lay back in an improved type of deck chair and surveyed the bathing beach. A series of terraces led down to it from the hotel. On the beach itself were floats, rubber and canvas boats, balls and rubber toys. There was a long springboard and three rafts at varying distances from the shore.

Of the bathers, some were in the sea, some were lying stretched out in the sun, and some were anointing themselves carefully with oil.

On the terrace immediately above, the nonbathers sat and commented on the weather, the scene in front of them, the news in the morning papers and any other subject that appealed to them.

On Poirot's left a ceaseless flow of conversation poured in a gentle monotone from the lips of Mrs. Gardener while at the same time her needles clacked as she knitted vigorously. Beyond her, her husband, Odell C. Gardener, lay in a hammock chair, his hat tilted forward over his nose, and occasionally uttered a brief statement when called upon to do so.

On Poirot's right, Miss Brewster, a tough, athletic woman with grizzled hair and a pleasant, weather-beaten face, made gruff comments. The result sounded rather like a sheep dog whose short stentorian barks interrupted the ceaseless yapping of a Pomeranian.

MRS. GARDENER was saying: "And so I said to Mr. Gardener, why, I said, sight-seeing is all very well, and I do like to do a place thoroughly. But, after all, I said, we've done England pretty well and all I want now is to get to some quiet spot by the seaside and just relax. That's what I said, wasn't it, Odell? Just *relax.* I feel I must relax, I said. That's so, isn't it, Odell?"

Mr. Gardener, from behind his hat, murmured: "Yes, darling."

Mrs. Gardener pursued the theme: "And so, when I mentioned it to Mr. Kelso, at Cook's—he's arranged all our itinerary for us and been *most* helpful in every way. I don't really know what we'd have done without him! Well, as I say, when I mentioned it to him, Mr. Kelso said that we couldn't do better than come here. A most picturesque spot, he said, quite out of the world, and at the same time very comfortable and most exclusive in every possible way. The sanitation, he said, was absolutely the latest word, and the cooking was excellent. And I'm sure that's so. And what I like about it is, it's *intime* if you know what I mean. Being a small place we all talk to each other and everybody knows everybody. If there is a fault about the British it is that they're inclined to be a bit standoffish until they've known you a couple of years. After that nobody could be nicer. Mr. Kelso said that interesting people came here and I see he was right. There's you, M. Poirot, and Miss Darnley. Oh! I was just tickled to death when I found out who you were, wasn't I, Odell?"

"You were, darling."

"Ha!" said Miss Brewster, breaking in explosively. "What a thrill, eh, M. Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot raised his hands in deprecation. But it was no more than a polite gesture. Mrs. Gardener flowed smoothly on:

"You see, M. Poirot, I'd heard a lot about you from Cornelia Robson who was. Mr. Gardener and I were at Badenhof in May. And, of course, Cornelia told us all about that business in Egypt when Linnet Ridgeway was killed. She said you were wonderful and I've always been simply crazy to meet you, haven't I, Odell?"

"Yes, darling."

"And then Miss Darnley, too. I get a lot of my things at Rose Mond's and, of course, she *is* Rose Mond, isn't she? I think her clothes are ever so clever. Such a marvelous line. That dress I had on last night was one of hers. She's just a lovely woman in every way, I think."

FROM beyond Miss Brewster, Major Barry, who had been sitting with protuberant eyes glued to the bathers, grunted out: "Distinguished-lookin' gal!"

Mrs. Gardener clacked her needles.

"I've just got to confess one thing, M. Poirot. It gave me a kind of a *turn* meeting you here—not that I wasn't just thrilled to meet you, because I was. Mr. Gardener knows that. But it just came to me that you might be here—well, *professionally.* You know what I mean? Well, I'm just terribly sensitive, as Mr. Gardener will tell you, and I just couldn't bear it if I was to be mixed up in crime of any kind. You see—"

Mr. Gardener cleared his throat. He said: "You see, M. Poirot, Mrs. Gardener is very sensitive."

The hands of Hercule Poirot shot into the air. "But let me assure you, Madame, that I am here simply in the same way that you are here yourselves—to enjoy myself—to spend the holiday. I do not think of crime even."

Miss Brewster said again, giving her short, gruff bark: "No bodies on Smugglers' Island."

Hercule Poirot said: "Ah! But that, it is not strictly true." He pointed downward. "Regard them there, lying out in rows. What are they? They are not men and women. There is nothing personal about them. They are just—bodies!"

Major Barry said appreciatively: "Good-looking fillies, some of 'em. Bit on the thin side, perhaps."

Poirot cried: "Yes, but what appeal is there? What mystery? I, I am old, of the old school. When I was young, one saw barely the ankle. The glimpse of a foamy petticoat, how alluring! The gentle swelling of the calf—a knee—a beribboned garter—"

"Naughty, naughty!" said Major Barry hoarsely.

"Much more sensible—the things we wear nowadays," said Miss Brewster.

"Why, yes, M. Poirot," said Mrs. Gardener. "I do think, you know, that our girls and boys nowadays lead a much more natural, healthy life. They just romp about together and they—well, they"—Mrs. Gardener blushed slightly for she had a nice mind—"they think nothing *of* it, if you know what I mean?"

"I do know," said Hercule Poirot. "It is deplorable!"

"Deplorable?" squeaked Mrs. Gardener.

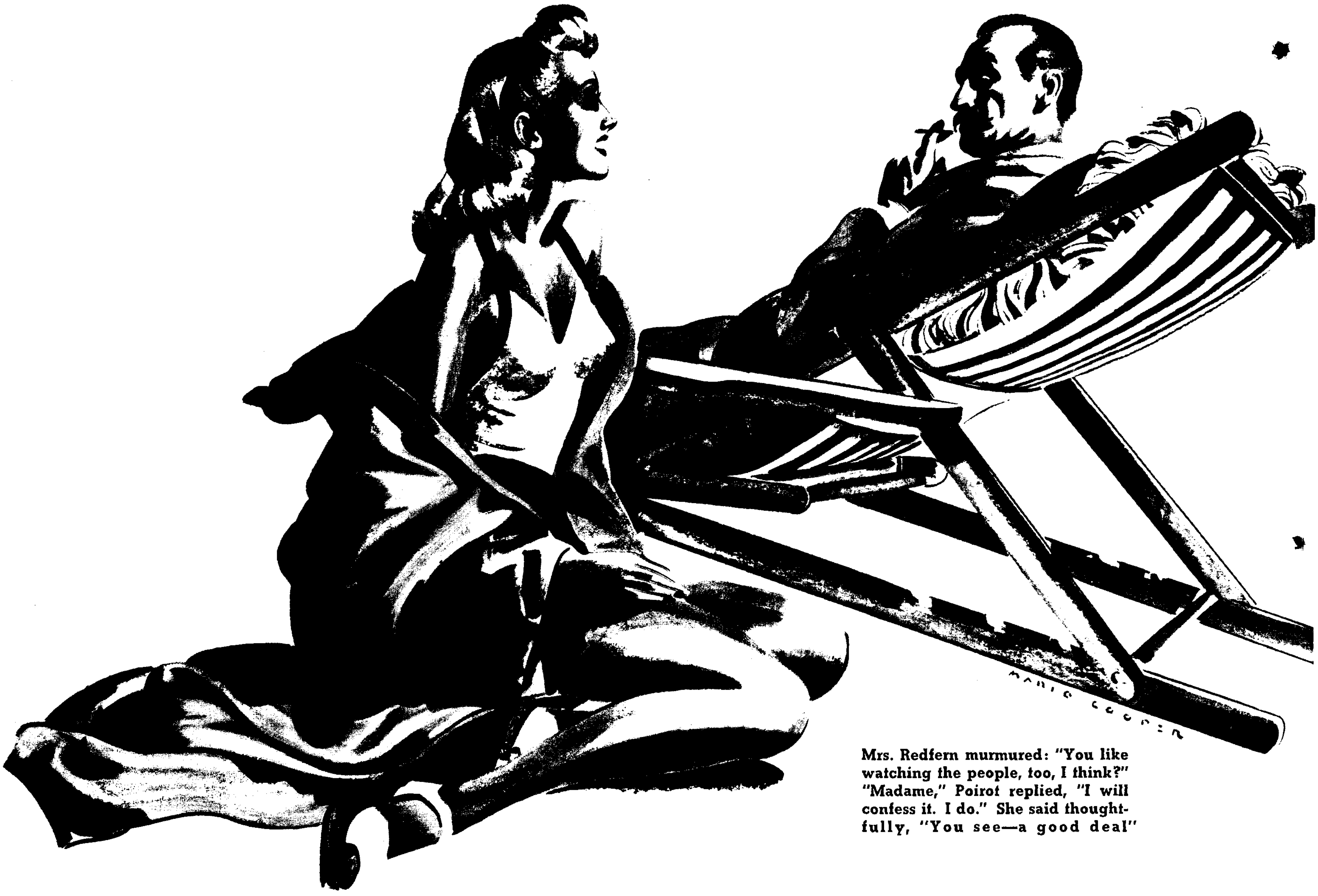
"To remove all the romance—all the mystery! Today everything is *standardized!*" He waved a hand toward the recumbent figures. "That reminds me very much of the morgue in Paris."

"M. Poirot!" Mrs. Gardener was scandalized.

"Bodies — arranged on slabs — like butcher's meat!"

"But, M. Poirot, isn't that too far-fetched for words?"

(Continued on page 55)



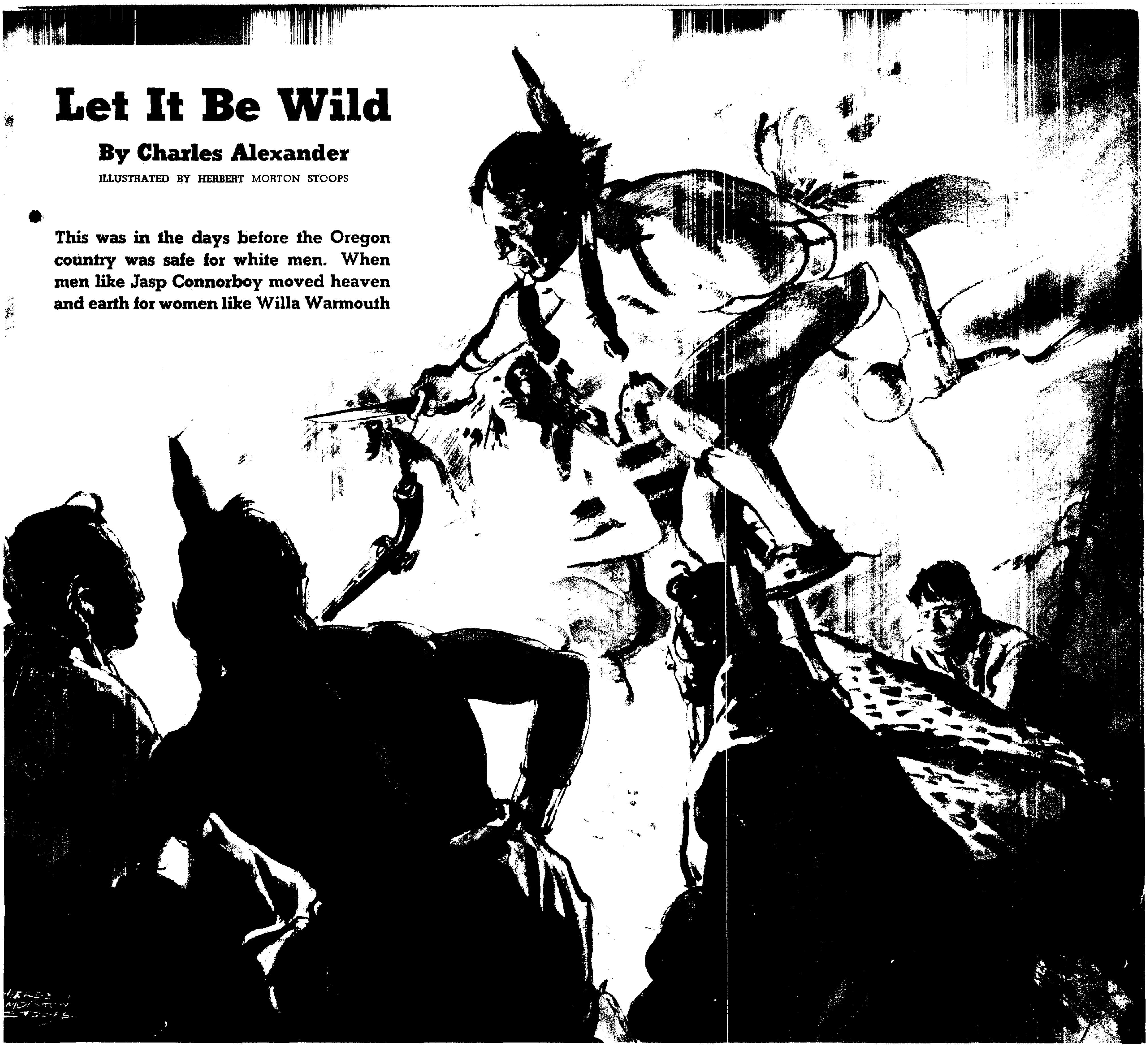
Mrs. Redfern murmured: "You like watching the people, too, I think?" "Madame," Poirot replied, "I will confess it. I do." She said thoughtfully, "You see—a good deal"

Let It Be Wild

By Charles Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

This was in the days before the Oregon country was safe for white men. When men like Jasp Connorboy moved heaven and earth for women like Willa Warmouth



He cut imaginary white throats with a knife flashing before him. His chant rose to a sustained yowl of triumph

THEY stood close, making one enlarged night shadow on the edge of the meadow, the timber a tall and quiet wall a little way behind them. There were some intrusive noises, very faint and far—a burst of softened yells, and once the thin, sharp whisper of a shot. These did not touch Jasp Connorboy, but the girl's arms tightened on him. The sounds might seem remote, but she didn't forget how close they were, made by the celebrating dragoons and settlers bunched around Town Oak, on Yamhill River not a mile away.

He whispered in her hair, and she wasn't tired of listening. "It's never no end of wonder," Jasp Connorboy whispered, "how things look different now."

She looked with him, across the slope, far to the alder fringe of Willetta Creek. There wasn't any kind of moon in sight, but the grassy new ranch fields seemed bright. A fir snag stood in the near field, burned and unshapely, like a giant black candelabra. Jasp Connorboy had curved his plow around its roots. It would come out of his field, its grasping stump and all, at his leisure in the rainy winter, after his apples had been shipped by sea and the house built. The house would be where he could see it from any spot on the ranch. With Willa inside it.

It was enough, for Willa, to be here quietly—these nights when she could slip out and meet him—with the work of the day dropped off as if it were nothing. What never wholly dropped from her—even here, with Jasp—was the long last year. In the winter Mr. Beauvey had found her digging the second of the two muddy mounds on the riverbank at Portland, behind the shacks. She couldn't dig the hole straight down and it filled hopelessly with yellow water. Mr. Beauvey had helped her lower the bodies of her father and mother, cover them with the horrible clay.

She was no more than Mr. Beauvey's bound girl now, though he was kind, leaving his flock of youngsters wholly for her to handle, and Mrs. Beauvey for her to get along with.

And now, early summer, far inland, in the valley she could always see Jasp Connorboy, with his sober-side grin. Jasper.

"It looked drab to me," Jasp Connorboy said, "as an old cowhide. My little three hundred twenty looked scattered over with nothing but toil, every acre. I was being drawed away. Hon, I was on the point of going."

THIS was an old story, but she listened hungrily. Jasp was a man grown, eighteen, the ablest wrestler on the Yamhill. "Enters my mind," he repeated, "how I was being drawed to the Californy mines, when you come, and I saw there was pay dirt worth a man's diggin', right at home. Right next door."

"It's not as if I was bringing you nothing." She lifted her smooth head; there were the stirrings of pride in her. "I wouldn't come to you with nothing, Jasp. The day we're wed we will file on my three hundred twenty. Then we'll have our full square mile, our own! They won't let me take up land till then."

He swung her off her feet. "Hon, you ain't a full woman till then. I'm marryin' you for your land—ain't that entered your mind?"

"Jasp, to be with nothing—"

He knew, and his long and boldly young face straightened. To be with nothing, jerked from the familiar security of the East, tossed into the Pacific forests. . . . He had grown to a man here. But he remembered his own young loneliness, the years of growing up with no people of his own he could remember.

There was more faint yelling from Yamhill settlement. Jasper's home-

(Continued on page 24)

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

BY GRANTLAND RICE

DAVID RANKIN
END—PURDUE UNIVERSITY

ROBERT REINHARD
TACKLE—UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

AGOSTINO LIO
GUARD—GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

RUDY MUCHA
CENTER—UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

ROBERT SUFFRIDGE
GUARD—UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE

ALFRED BAUMAN
TACKLE—NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

GENE GOODREAULT
END—BOSTON COLLEGE

FRANK ALBERT
QUARTERBACK—STANFORD UNIVERSITY

THOMAS HARMON
HALFBACK—UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GEORGE FRANCK
HALFBACK—UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

JOHN KIMBROUGH
FULLBACK—TEXAS A. & M.

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Fullback John Alec Kimbrough of Texas A.&M. is 22, a senior, majoring in Agronomy. Will be commissioned in Officers' Reserve Corps, U. S. Army, on graduation in June, 1941. Does not intend to play pro football, but friends believe he might be won over by record-breaking offer. Plans to work for U. S. Soil Conservation Service and raise cattle in Texas. Home town, Haskell, Texas

ADVISORY BOARD Selections by Sections:

PACIFIC COAST

PICKED BY HARRY SMITH AND GEORGE VARNELL

End:	Fred Meyer	Stanford
End:	Milton Smith	U. C. L. A.
Tackle:	Robert Reinhard	U. of Calif.
Tackle:	Bob deLauer	U. S. C.
Guard:	Ray Frankowski	U. of Wash.
Guard:	Leonard Younce	Oregon State
Center:	Rudy Mucha	U. of Wash.
Back:	Dean McAdams	U. of Wash.
Back:	Norman Standlee	Stanford
Back:	Frank Albert	Stanford
Back:	Peter Kmetovic	Stanford

ROCKY MOUNTAINS

PICKED BY C. L. PARSONS

End:	Carlos Soffe	Utah
End:	John Pudlik	Colorado
Tackle:	Floyd Spendlove	Utah
Tackle:	Lloyd Oliver	Colorado
Guard:	Rex Geary	Utah
Guard:	Cecil Scheffel	Denver
Center:	Frank Scott	Denver
Back:	Leo Stasica	Colorado
Back:	Bob Johnston	Utah
Back:	Isadore Spector	Utah
Back:	Paul McClung	Colorado

SOUTHWEST

PICKED BY GEORGE WHITE

End:	Howard Hickey	Arkansas
End:	Jack Russell	Baylor
Tackle:	Fred Hartman	Rice
Tackle:	Ernest Pannell	Texas A. & M.
Guard:	Marshall Robnett	Texas A. & M.
Guard:	Charles Henke	Texas A. & M.
Center:	Ken Whitlow	Rice
Back:	John Kimbrough	Texas A. & M.
Back:	Preston Johnston	S. M. U.
Back:	James Thomason	Texas A. & M.
Back:	Pete Layden	U. of Texas

BIG SIX—MISSOURI VALLEY

PICKED BY C. E. MC BRIDE

End:	Raymond Prochaska	Nebraska
End:	Fred Preston	Nebraska
Tackle:	Forrest Behm	Nebraska
Tackle:	Royal Kahler	Nebraska
Guard:	Warren Alfson	Nebraska
Guard:	Ed Schwartzkopf	Nebraska
Center:	Donald Pierce	Kansas
Back:	Paul Christman	Missouri
Back:	Harry Hopp	Nebraska
Back:	Roy Petsch	Nebraska
Back:	John Martin	Oklahoma

MIDWEST

PICKED BY GEORGE BARTON AND H. G. SALSINGER

End:	David Rankin	Purdue
End:	Charles Anderson	Ohio State
Tackle:	Alfred Bauman	Northwestern
Tackle:	Urban Odson	Minnesota
Guard:	Mike Enich	U. of Iowa
Guard:	Joe Lokanc	Northwestern
Center:	Raymond Apolskis	Marquette
Back:	Thomas Harmon	U. of Michigan
Back:	Forest Evashevski	U. of Michigan
Back:	George Franck	Minnesota
Back:	George Paskvan	U. of Wisconsin

SOUTH

PICKED BY O. B. KEELER

End:	Joe Blalock	Clemson
End:	Paul Severin	North Carolina
Tackle:	George Fritts	Clemson
Tackle:	Pat Preston	Wake Forest
Guard:	Alex Winterson	Duke
Guard:	Frank Deitz	Clemson
Center:	Bob Sharpe	Clemson
Back:	Jim Lalanne	North Carolina
Back:	Steve Lach	Duke
Back:	Jasper Davis	Duke
Back:	Ed Maness	Clemson

SOUTHEAST

PICKED BY FRED DIGBY AND FRED RUSSELL

End:	Edwin Elrod	Mississippi State
End:	Holt Rast	Alabama
Tackle:	Marshall Shires	Tennessee
Tackle:	Charles Dufour	Tulane
Guard:	Robert Suffridge	Tennessee
Guard:	Edward Hickerson	Alabama
Center:	Robert Gude	Vanderbilt
Back:	Robert Foxx	Tennessee
Back:	James Nelson	Alabama
Back:	Merle Hapes	Mississippi
Back:	James Thibaut	Tulane

EAST

PICKED BY BILL CUNNINGHAM

End:	Gene Goodreault	Boston College
End:	Alva Kelley	Cornell
Tackle:	Nicholas Drahos	Cornell
Tackle:	Al Blozis	Georgetown
Guard:	Agostino Lio	Georgetown
Guard:	George Kerr	Boston College
Center:	Chet Gladchuk	Boston College
Back:	Francis Reagan	U. of Penn.
Back:	Charles O'Rourke	Boston College
Back:	James Castiglia	Georgetown
Back:	Walter Matuszczak	Cornell

THE football campaign of 1940 set at least two records: One was the quality and the quantity of talent from East to West, from North to South, that sent so many fast and powerful teams into action.

The other record was the number of blunders made by officials in important games when the jittery judges on too many occasions stole the headlines from the football stars themselves.

In addition there were aftermath flare-ups, with which the officials had nothing to do—such as Ohio State substituting the wrong man, illegally, twice to beat Purdue 17 to 14, whereas Purdue should have won 14 to 7.

There was the occasion where Ohio State officially accused Carl Snavely, the Cornell coach, of waving a magic signal-calling program from the side lines to the old tune known as "Every little movement has a meaning all its own." There was the Boston College-Georgetown battle of the bruising behemoths, by all odds the best all-around display of skill and power shown all year. In this game the deciding touchdown was given Boston College on a forward-pass interference against the ruling of the umpire or field judge who happened to be on top of the play.

But the turmoil and the tumult reached its classic climax in the Cornell-Dartmouth hang-over at Hanover, when Referee Red Friesell gave Cornell a fifth down and Cornell an unearned touchdown. Fortunately, President Day, Graduate Manager Jim Lynch and Coach Carl Snavely promptly suppressed the maelstrom by awarding the game to Dartmouth, 3 to 0. This reversal of the score set up another record for the seventy-one years of intercollegiate football play.

Why should things like this happen? There are several answers: One is that too many football officials become jittery under the heavy responsibilities they carry. Another is that they take themselves too seriously as masters of the field. A captain's protest, such as Lou Young of Dartmouth made in the Cornell game, deserves full checking. The third reason is that referee, umpire, field judge and linesman too often lack the team play needed to bring about the best results. The official closer to the play is certainly entitled to the sounder verdict in the swirl of twenty-two men.

Beyond all this the campaign of 1940 surpassed the march of the calendar, dating back to 1869, for the number of fine teams and high-grade stars. I doubt that any past season has shown as many exceptionally good teams as Minnesota, Texas A. & M., Stanford, Boston College, Georgetown, Tennessee, Michigan, Cornell, Nebraska, Fordham, Northwestern, Washington, Mississippi State, Mississippi, Pennsylvania—not to overlook Penn State, S.M.U., Lafayette and Texas Tech.

I doubt that any past season has shown us greater backs than Harmon, Kimbrough, Franck, Albert, Standlee, O'Rourke, Thomason, Hapes, Hovious, Lalanne, Eshmont, Foxx, Nelson, Thibaut, Hunt and fifty others. Nor a superior crop of big, fast forwards such as Mucha, Gladchuk, Lio, Kerr, Suffridge, Shires, Reinhard, Drahos, Bauman, and many others flanked by a crop of fine ends.

The season of 1940 also presented the best football game of many years in the meeting of Boston College and Georgetown. This was a classic at least two years ahead of its time in the matter of fundamentals and open play combined. It was by all odds the best college game I ever saw.

I have seen games just as exciting—notably Notre Dame and Ohio State some years ago. T.C.U. and S.M.U. when Sammy Baugh was on the job. Yale and Princeton when Frank and Kelley reigned—but these teams were not in the same class with Boston College and Georgetown that day in the matter of material and breath-taking razzle-dazzle. These two teams proved you could still combine the smashing line play of Minnesota with all the wild and wide-open game of the Southwest.

But this season the main power in football moved back again to the Midwest and the East. The Midwest took the jump with Minnesota, Michigan and Northwestern trailed by Notre Dame, Iowa and other helpers. The East came charging back, not through the ivied towers of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, but from Boston College, Georgetown, Fordham and Cornell.

The South called on Tennessee. The Southwest banked its claim upon Texas A. & M. The Far West had Stanford, which played no intersectional game. But the Midwest and the East had at least seven magnificent football teams to overmatch any other terrains this fall.

There are two other details that play an important part in selecting an All-America line-up: One involves injuries to leading stars, such as Ison of Georgia Tech, Piepul of Notre Dame, Standlee of Stanford. The other concerns the schedule played. This is important. There is a big difference between facing breathers every week or so and tackling a Minnesota, Michigan, Texas A. & M., Stanford or Tulane roundup. You can include Georgia Tech, Nebraska and Vanderbilt in this list.

It might also interest you to know that in addition to the unbiased reports from Collier's Board, which is made up of veteran football writers who carry the full faith of their sections, we also checked the opinions of rival coaches against every leading entry sent in. The record shows that more than 500 telegrams were received and some 200,000 words written in assembling the All-America nominations.

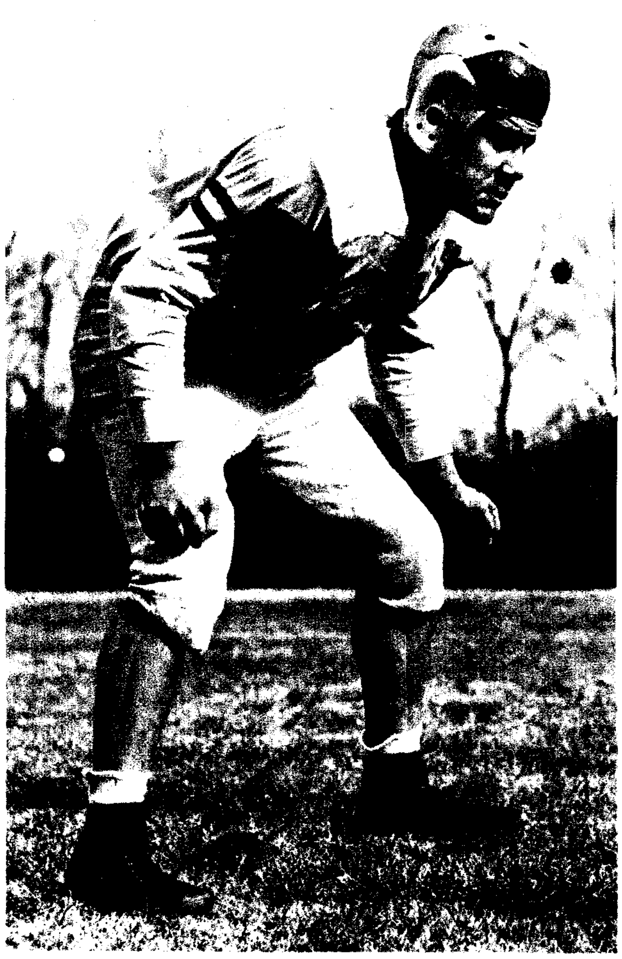
In checking over the long list of All-America nominations

Above, Center Rudy John Mucha, University of Washington, age 21, a Physical Education major. Hopes to play professional football after graduation and later to coach. Already has offer from the Philadelphia Eagles. His home is Roseland, Ill.

Below, End Gene Goodreault of Boston College, 22, majoring in Education. Plans to play pro football to finance graduate study. Started all games for past three years. Home, Haverhill, Mass.

Halfback George H. Franck, University of Minnesota, age 22, a senior majoring in Physical Education. Is also a track star. Plans coaching after graduating; undecided about professional football. Franck's home town is Davenport, Iowa

Halfback Thomas D. Harmon, University of Michigan, a second-year man on Collier's All-America and one of football's all-time standouts with a three-year scoring total that broke Red Grange's scoring record of 15 years' standing. Harmon is 21 and a senior, majoring in Speech. He does not intend to play professional football and hopes to be a sports announcer. Home, Gary, Indiana



Guard Agostino Lio, Georgetown University, is a senior, majoring in American History. Wants a coaching job after graduating but will play pro football if nothing is open. Home, Passaic, N. J.

as the season ended there were certain distinct elements that caught attention. These were:

1. The amazing number of brilliant backs from every campus sector, East and West, North and South. This list surpassed any harvest crop in football history. Recommendations included over sixty ball carriers, kickers, passers and blockers of high grade.
2. An unusual number of fine centers and guards, where the competition, next to the backs, reached its peak.
3. A better grade of tackle play, where normally the tackle crop is a trifle thin.
4. The decrease in the quality of fine end play. The Midwest and the Far West had little to offer. The same was true of the Southwest, West and the East. The South had a slightly higher average. This, at least, was the opinion of rival teams and coaches, when leading ends were put under the microscopic test. Most of them had their good days. They also had their merely average days. They also had days such as a Harmon or a Kimbrough can't afford.

Guard Robert Lee Suffridge, University of Tennessee, a senior, age 21, majoring in Education. Hopes to have a coaching assignment after graduation. No pro football plans. Home, Knoxville

Another feature of this 1940 All-America is its large size, hooked with its speed. The line, from tackle to tackle, averages around 220 pounds—and yet is an active, aggressive, mobile line that can get along in a hurry.

The backfield averages 200 pounds. I can't recall a past All-America backfield that packed as much combined speed and weight and power, as much drive, as many all-around elements of backfield play.

In this backfield we have: two power men, two speedsters, three passers, two kickers, three fine blockers and three able defensive tackling backs who can rattle the tusks of a jungle elephant.

An All-America backfield entry should be capable of handling many fundamental assignments. For example, Harmon can run, smash, kick, pass and tackle. Kimbrough can drive, pass, block and more than take care of his own in all-around defensive play. Albert is a kicker, passer, ball carrier and unusually keen at the quarterback work of directing a touchdown assault. Franck is one of the fastest men football has ever known, and he is also a first-class defensive back. And outside of Albert at quarter the other three are physically equipped to face any man-to-man pressure when it comes to collision on the field.

They can all give—and they can all take. In Harmon, Kimbrough and Franck we have an average around 208 pounds that is still amazingly fast and alert. In my opinion it stands as the greatest all-around All-America backfield we have been able to name in the All-America selections. And just back of these nominations there were many others crowding in, such as O'Rourke of Boston College, Foxx of Tennessee, Thomason of Texas A. & M., Hapes of Mississippi, Standlee of Stanford and many, many others.

The Line

A big, powerful line that averages around 212 pounds. A line capable of many outside duties in the kicking department, one that supports the backfield cast. In this line such performers as Lio, Reinhard and Mucha are first-class kickers whether you look to field-goal placements, kickoffs or punting. They have the versatility needed to carry on an All-America ranking. The line is big but fast, extremely strong in defensive play—aggressive on offense.

The All-America Squad

Here are the nominations from Collier's All-America Board from which the final selections were made:

Centers: Mucha, Washington; Gladchuk, Boston College; Apolskis, Marquette; Frick, Pennsylvania; Gajecki, Penn State.

Guards: Suffridge, Tennessee; Lio, Georgetown; Robnett, Texas A. & M., Kerr, *(Continued on page 71)*

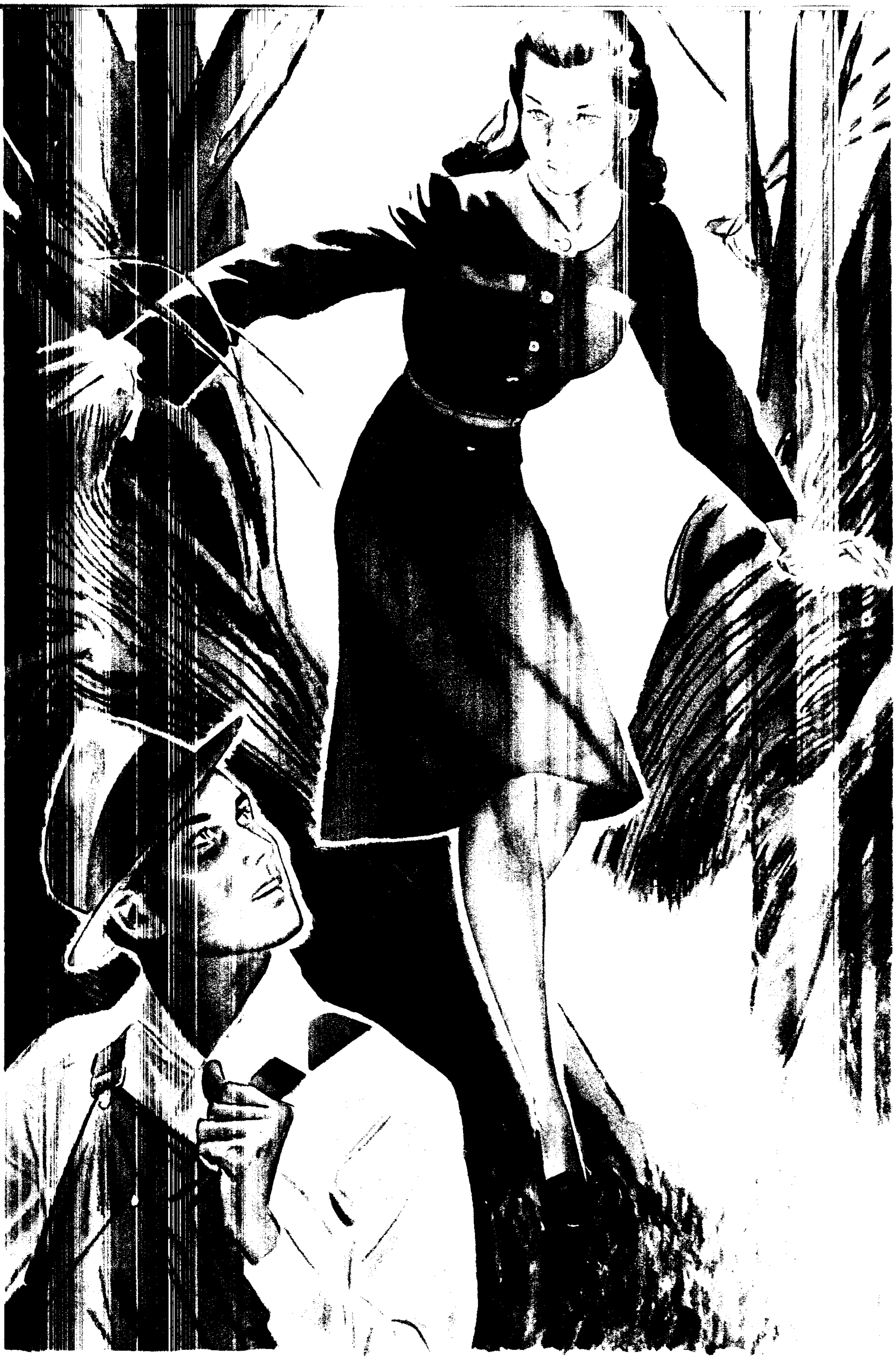
Tackle Robert Richard Reinhard, age 20, University of California, is a junior, majoring in Engineering, and plans on following an engineering career. May turn pro. Home town, Montrose, Calif.

Home is the Sailor

By John Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The story of a young voyager who traveled farther than he realized



"Hello, Dot," he said. "Where're you goin'?" "I'm just walkin'," she said

THE folks were eating supper when he got home. He stopped in the doorway, setting his thin shoulders against the pull of his packsack.

"George!" his mother said. "Well, son!"

She was older than he'd remembered, sort of gray and tired; but she looked all glad and shining now. She pushed her chair half away from the table, starting up; and then sank back, twisting her hands in her apron. Twisting them there because she knew how he hated to be touched and fussed over now that he was sixteen. She was even crying a little, as if happiness was something that hurt. He was back home, wasn't he? Okay. Then why all the tears?

His brothers, Tucky and Ned, were different. They were taking it big, squirming on their chairs, itching to talk. Three months hadn't changed them any. They still wore overalls and shirts that had been cut down to fit.

"Have a good trip?" his father asked.

"Pretty good," the boy answered.

He felt something like relief. It was going to be all right—the old man wasn't going to be tough. Not when he was so careful and steady about filling his pipe.

"I expect you're hungry," he said.

"Some," the boy admitted.

"You better eat while the food's hot."

The boy said, "Thanks, Dad."

He went around the table, letting the packsack slide away from his shoulders. His mother dipped warm water from the reservoir of the wood-burning range. The boy was washing when his father said, "Get a clean plate, Mother. George can eat in my place; I've got to get at them weeds. . . ." Deliberate steps crossed the room; the screen door creaked.

Instantly, Tucky and Ned scrambled away from the table, chattering questions. The kitchen wasn't the same now that his father had gone. It was—well, friendlier. He and the old man had never got along, so it wasn't new. But it bothered the boy. Maybe because he'd come so far alone, seeking warmth and light and faces he knew; because he'd walked strange, dark streets, hearing talk and laughter in which he could have no part. Lighted windows and folks having fun, and you went on, lugging your pack out to the railroad yards.

Maybe the old man had gone out, knowing things would be easier in the house if he wasn't there. Sure, and maybe it wasn't so good hoeing weeds and hearing the excited way Mom and the kids talked, feeling left out of it. The thought was new and troubling. The boy dried his hands slowly. Bein' on the bum changes a guy, he thought. Funny, me bein' sorry for the old man. . . .

"Hey, George!" Ned pulled at the leg of George's dungarees. Ned was five, chubby-faced and sober. His stiff, blond hair was still wet where he'd tried to slick it down before supper. "Did you get clear to China?" he asked. "Did you bring me something, George? Did you?"

"What do you think?" said George.

Tucky said, "George's busy, Ned. Pipe down."

"I warmed the potatoes," his mother said.

She was standing close by, smiling. There was a warm sweetness about her that stirred an almost forgotten hunger in the boy. He wanted to touch her; wanted to feel the white of her starched apron against his face. Strange, but cleanness was a thing you could smell. And it went deeper than just soap and water and clothes that had been dried in the sun. Maybe remembering had something to do with it. Gentle hands and a soft voice smoothing away your fears. . . . Maybe that's why he wanted to kiss her.

But kissing was kid stuff and he was a man. He'd been on the bum, hadn't he? He'd ridden boxcars and slept in jails. He'd worked in the black gang on a lousy tramp.

"Fried spuds," he said. "They do look good, Mom."

"Did you get clear to China?" Ned asked again.

George pulled his chair up to the table. "Sure I did. Shanghai and Hong Kong. We stopped in Manila, too, an' we hit a typhoon two days out of Singapore. . . ."

THE names were magic on his lips—dates and places, and ships rolling across all the far seas. The great and sprawling ports of the Orient; the blue straw hats of the ricksha coolies, each bearing a license number stamped in white; the funny leather mittens the Japanese wore on their feet instead of socks. . . .

"Gee!" said Ned. "You been every place!"

Tucky said, "George's a sailor."

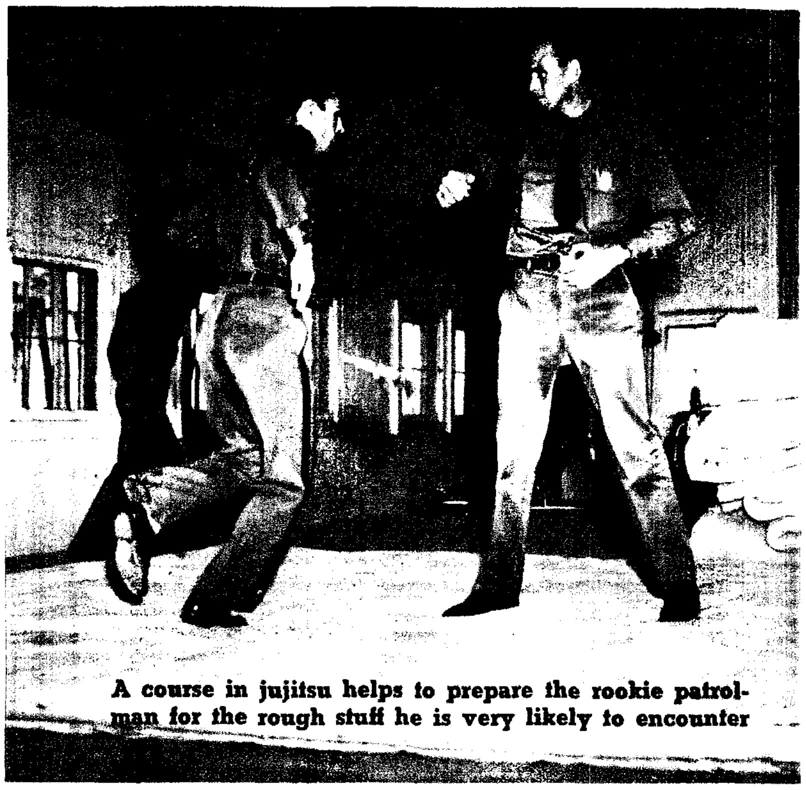
"A black-gang man," said George. "An oiler."

Ned blinked. "Oiler? What's a oiler?"

This was surer ground. George had seen engine rooms, though he had never worked as an oiler. Still, there wasn't much difference between an oiler and a wiper—not enough so the folks would know. And it was a small lie compared to the other. George had never been to the Orient. The ready detail was just remembered fo'c'sle talk; heard on a four-day run in a steam schooner that had never been out of the sight of land.

(Continued on page 78)

Officers of the U. S. Border Patrol ride the fence on the international boundary near El Paso, Texas. Smuggling by land is a near-hopeless job despite the 2,200 miles of border that must be watched constantly



A course in jujitsu helps to prepare the rookie patrolman for the rough stuff he is very likely to encounter

Family of aliens caught crossing the border is escorted to Border Patrol headquarters where they will be questioned

BORDER PATROL

By Walter Davenport

You've got to be young—and healthy. You may be bored or you may be shot. You'll freeze and fry. It won't make a man of you because you're that if you get in. So, meet the U. S. Border Patrol

ALL night we watched the blue-black sky. Through the glasses the darkness was heavier. Like Old John said in the Sabinas saloon that morning, in that part of Texas you could see farther and see less than anywhere else in the world and, he said, at night it only got farther and farther and less and less.

Anyway, it was a swell night to look for fugitive airplanes. There wasn't a star. There wasn't a cloud. It was just a clear, chill Rio Grande night. The silence, the solitude, the immense distances made us solemn. Hard peering at the sky made us drowsy. The Border Patrol inspectors told us that we shouldn't be afraid of missing the plane if it came because in that vast silence we'd hear its croon for miles and in that black-out we'd see her lights at ten thousand feet and more. Usually she flew high, taking no chances of identification. Anyway, she covered her letters and numbers.

So there we lay in the Texas waste, west of the Pecos River, not far from the ghost cow town of Langtry, now a museum piece. Ten minutes south and we'd be on the poverty-stricken edge of the gulch that holds the shallow Rio Grande. The river was mocking its name, a forlorn ramble of jaundiced water. The plane we watched for belonged in that setting—sinister, mysterious, outlaw. She had flown north two nights before. Where she had gone the Border Patrol didn't know. If she held to habit she'd be coming south tonight.

Everything Strictly Undercover

Who owned her, who operated her, we didn't know. The Border Patrol has no planes and couldn't scout her. What she carried into the United States we didn't know—maybe aliens, maybe narcotics, maybe both. What she carried into Mexico, well, that was more mystery—maybe arms, maybe fugitives. It's been going on for months.

The Mexico Border Patrol knew pretty well where one of her Mexican bases was—a well-engineered landing field some fifteen or twenty miles south of the river, on a high-level mesa southwest of Villa Acuna in the state of Coahuila. They had airplane photos of that one and were very reticent about how they'd got them. All they'd say was that "it has been managed." Mexico doesn't want you flying around shooting pictures of her. And the Patrol was certain that there were other bases although their undercover men—Mexicans—had never got to them, saying that it was worth a man's life. They said, too, that to get to the known landing field while the plane was there was suicide. The Patrol had asked the United States Army to pick up the mysterious one, but the Army apparently hadn't gotten around to it.

So we still looked for the fugitive plane, letting our imagination ride wild and wondering whether it was Secretary Hull's Good Neighbor Policy or just Washington's absorption in what was happening in Europe that caused the Army Intelligence or the State Department to ignore her. Well, that was none of our business. Nobody of any consequence was creeping into the United States from Mexico by land. The earthbound Border Patrol was seeing to that. But the arms of the wingless Patrol were not long enough to reach into the skies. So we just waited and talked.

Two German ranch owners in the Sierras de los Burros in Mexico had but recently made contact with the plane, or one of the planes, and one of them had given the pilot a letter in code to be mailed in the United States to the German's son in Del Rio, Texas. It was simple code. The Patrol had it although they wouldn't say how they'd got it. And nobody seemed to care. They told us that sometimes it doesn't do to ask questions. Here was the note and the decoders made short work of it. It meant so

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GRAVY TRAIN

Rothart was tough and young, and believed that football coaches are measured by games won. He was wrong

By Stanley Frank

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE Ivy Leaguers were beginning the last rubber of bridge and the losers among the poker-playing coal miners were agitating to raise the ante to a quarter on opening pairs when the train slid into Pittsburgh. Rothart set fire to a cigarette, stepped to the platform and surveyed swiftly the dimly lighted station. He spotted his party and beckoned with a gesture which was more of an order than a welcome.

The group approached him, walking in the stiff-legged, loose-hipped manner affected by men who are accustomed to making muscles. They looked like a troupe of overstuffed acrobats, with every one qualifying as the bottom man in a pyramid. Their indifference to the December night, expressed by the conspicuous lack of overcoats, advertised their self-conscious toughness.

Rothart nodded shortly to the men he identified from pictures in the papers, muttered "harya" to those he knew by name. He shook hands with Horton, the halfback who almost had beaten him the year before.

"Glad to be with you, Coach," Horton said.

"It's about time you were on my side," Rothart answered.

Horton grinned and walked off. Nice kid, Horton. Helluva ballplayer, too.

There was a brief struggle with baggage and then they were all aboard. All except Rothart, who scanned the emptying station and made his cigarette burn impatiently, and the major.

"Life is very complex," the major said irrelevantly. Rothart was irritated vaguely by the major, the assistant coach wished upon him by a bunch of stuffed shirts three thousand miles away. The major, a mountainous man, looked too satisfied; Rothart, in his late thirties, liked them lean and hungry. In Rothart's book, the major was a fat slob.

"When you and I were in college," the major was saying, "a kid whose pants and coat didn't match was a mug, a misfit trying to be a social climber. Now the Ivy Leaguers dress like high-class bums and the coal miners look like junior executives. The world moves on."

Rothart flipped his cigarette across the tracks and watched the shower of angry sparks flare, then fade.

"What's eating you, chum?" the major asked.

"Vorshak didn't show," Rothart snapped. "The best end in America goes cute on me. He knows I need him, so he plays hard to get."

"Maybe he'll take a later train," the major said.

"The hell he will. I've sent him a couple of wires. Know what he said in the last one?"

The major said he didn't know.

"'Get something up.' The lousy little mutt knows he's got me on the hook. It would be different if I didn't need him. The only team in the East with a decent pair of ends goes to the Rose Bowl. That Cornell kid, the good pass receiver, is basketball captain and won't make the trip. Just before we left New York the Colgate kid tells me he's flunking in chemistry or something. Another bright boy has a Christmas job with a band. This is supposed to be a team for an All-Star game for refugee kids. If it is, the other guys must have all the stars."

"It's always something," the major said casually. "Last year we didn't have blocking backs. The year before we couldn't buy a kicker."

Rothart stopped a passing conductor. "How long are we here?" he asked.

"A half-hour," the conductor said.

Rothart went into the station, got a handful of change at the newsstand and dialed long distance in the first phone booth.

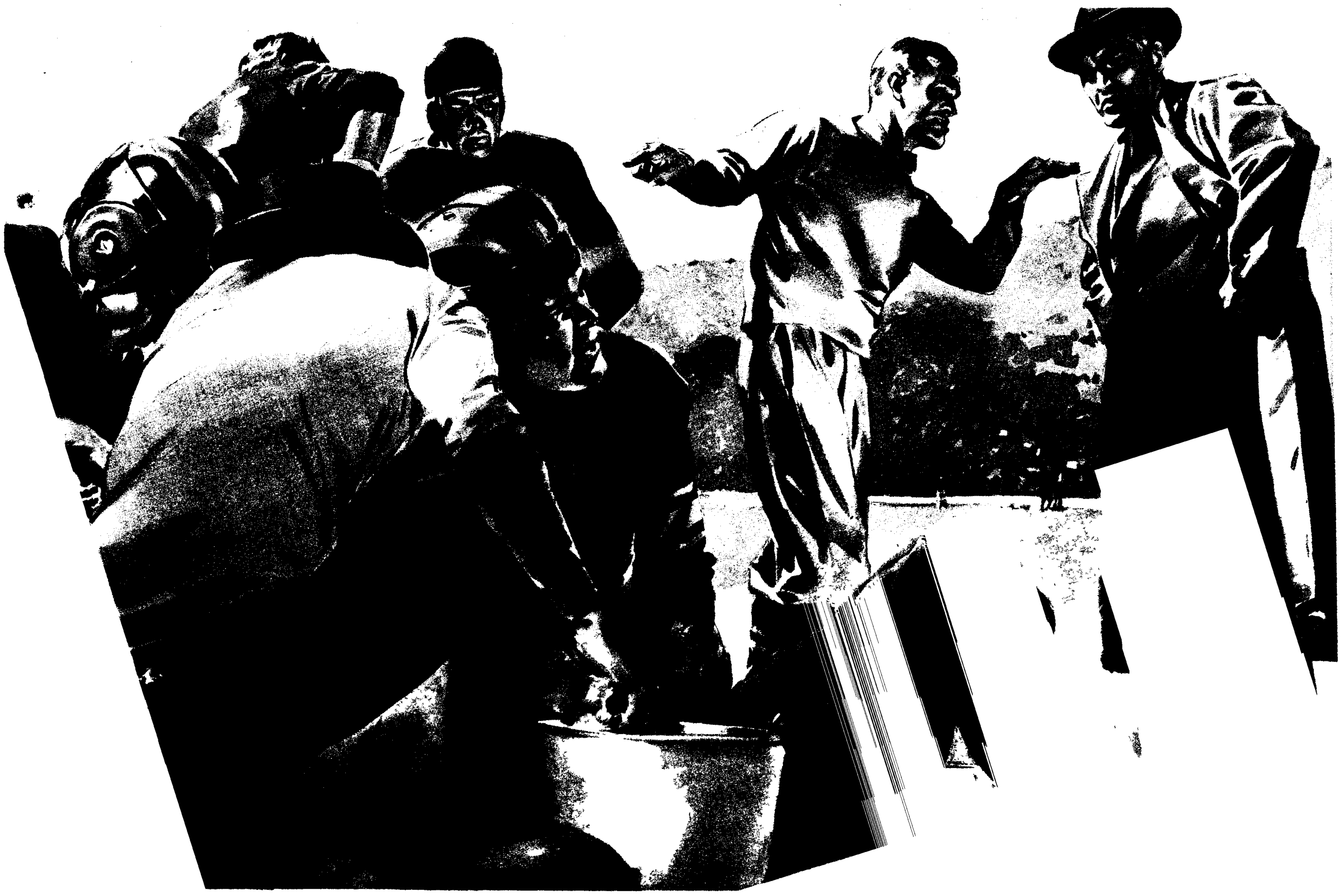
"I want to make a person-to-person call to Steve Vorshak," he told the operator. He consulted his notebook and gave her the number. "That's a college and I don't know exactly where you can locate him. Ask for the graduate manager's office and tell 'em it's important you reach him immediately. And please hurry. Yeah, I'll wait at this number."

Rothart was on his third cigarette when the telephone summoned him.

"Yes? Yes, I'm calling Steve Vorshak." He waited for the connecting click. "Hello. Hello, Vorshak? This is Bill

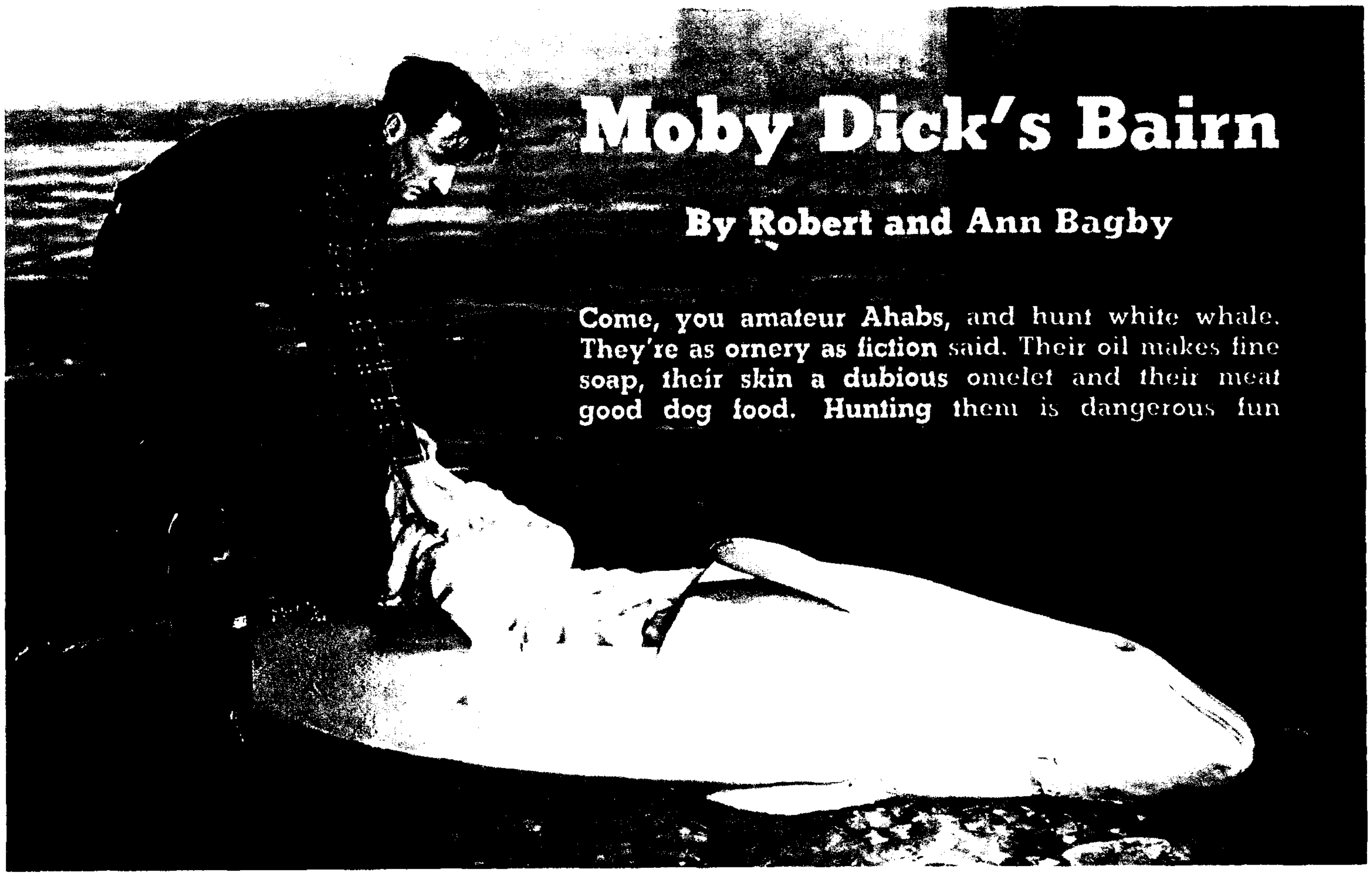
(*Continued on page* 32)

"This man is in no condition to continue," the referee said. "Take him out before he is hurt seriously"



The hunting canoe starts back to camp, 2,000 pounds of white whale in tow and the rifleman on the alert for another shot

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Stripping away the outer skin, or muktuk, reveals a layer of blubber from which the oil is derived. Eskimos eat the skin

Moby Dick's Bairn

By Robert and Ann Bagby

Come, you amateur Ahabs, and hunt white whale. **They're as ornery as fiction** said. Their oil makes fine **soap, their skin a dubious** omelet and their meat **good dog food. Hunting** them is dangerous fun

THE only white whale most people ever heard of is the grotesque fellow of fiction, Moby Dick. But we saw white whales, caught them and ate them.

These snow-white whales belong to the Arctic. They roam the bays and coastal waters, feeding on small fish, shellfish and salmon. They themselves are prey to killer whale and hunters. We saw them in Hudson Bay and in the Churchill River, where it empties into the bay. They run in schools, and on a good clear day their white backs flash in the light like hundreds of whitecaps as they appear and disappear in the water.

A full-grown white whale measures about sixteen feet, weighs from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds. The newborn whales are almost black. As they grow older, the skin turns gray, and finally a pure white.

The oil of the whale is used in making liniments and fine soaps. The skin is used for leather. But to the natives around the bay, the meat is as valuable as oil or skin. The working huskies must be fed, and the whale is good food for the dogs. Part of the native's summer homework is to bring in enough whales to feed his team all winter. To the occasional sportsman who finds his way north and wants to try his hand at something new, the white-whale hunt is a pulse-quickener.

The natives use canvas-covered canoes about twenty feet long and powered with outboard motors. One man at the stern maneuvers the canoe. Two others handle the harpoon and the rifle.

Harpoon rifle, towline and buoy are the equipment for the hunt. The harpoon is a small barbed iron fitted into the iron-tipped end of a long, slim pole. One end of the towrope is tied fast to the harpoon, drawn up the length of the pole and secured with a slip loop at the top. When the harpoon is thrown into the whale, the pole releases and is drawn back into the boat. The towline, with a buoy tied to the other end of it, is quickly thrown overboard. The buoy is nothing fancier than an empty gallon oil can. It floats and serves to mark the path of the harpooned whale.

If you want to hunt for sport, the natives will look you over pretty carefully before they take you out. Day after day, you may get one flimsy excuse after another—rough water, the wrong tide conditions, or just "not a good day." At first we thought them unfriendly fellows, maybe lazy, but when we got a taste of the hunt ourselves, we soon realized it's a dangerous business.

We started at dawn in two small boats. In one there were two of us, and a man at the motor; in the other canoe a guide, an Indian at the motor and two Oklahoma sportsmen named Hudson and Bell. A whole school of whales was splashing around on the other side of the river. The canoes sliced across the water, throwing an icy spray in our faces. When we reached the spot where we had seen the whales they had disappeared, but they came up farther down the river.

The little motors whined up, down and across the river. After about an hour the other boat drew near to the whales. The motor was shut down, and the canoe glided quickly and quietly over a large male. The harpoon shot out, made its mark, but the pole did not release. Carrying the pole upright in its back, the whale swooshed around and plunged at the boat. The canoe rocked, tipped, and took water. The towline jerked and whirled in the air, and a loop of it shot around Hudson's arm. The whale streaked down with the towline, and the rope pulled tight on the man's arm. Hudson, blessed with good reflexes, yanked his arm free, but another wild jerk, a mad splash from the whale, and the rope whipped across the hunter's neck. Then man-high splashes from the ton of struggling whale in the water blotted the canoe from sight.

In a long minute we saw the canoe again, rocking precariously but with four men in it. Hudson had freed himself a second time.

Some water was hastily bailed out of the canoe, the motor started, and the chase began. A hundred feet ahead we could see the buoy, trailing the shuttling whale in his desperate effort to escape. Back and forth the boat followed the whale for a half-hour. Rifles cracked every time the whale appeared above water. Ten bullets found their mark on the big white body before it leaped almost clear of the water and splashed back dead. One bullet in the head or the spine will kill the whale, but this is not easy to accomplish, for most times the whale shows only a small area of head above water. The boat drew up to the buoy, and the hunters hauled the line in. The guide cut a double gash in the whale's neck, pulled a rope through, and tied this to the canoe. Lashed to the boat, the whale was brought in near shore and anchored. Then we went out in the river again.

One kill usually frightens away the whole school and it was an hour before we caught sight of whales again. Our boat pulled over three whales, one of

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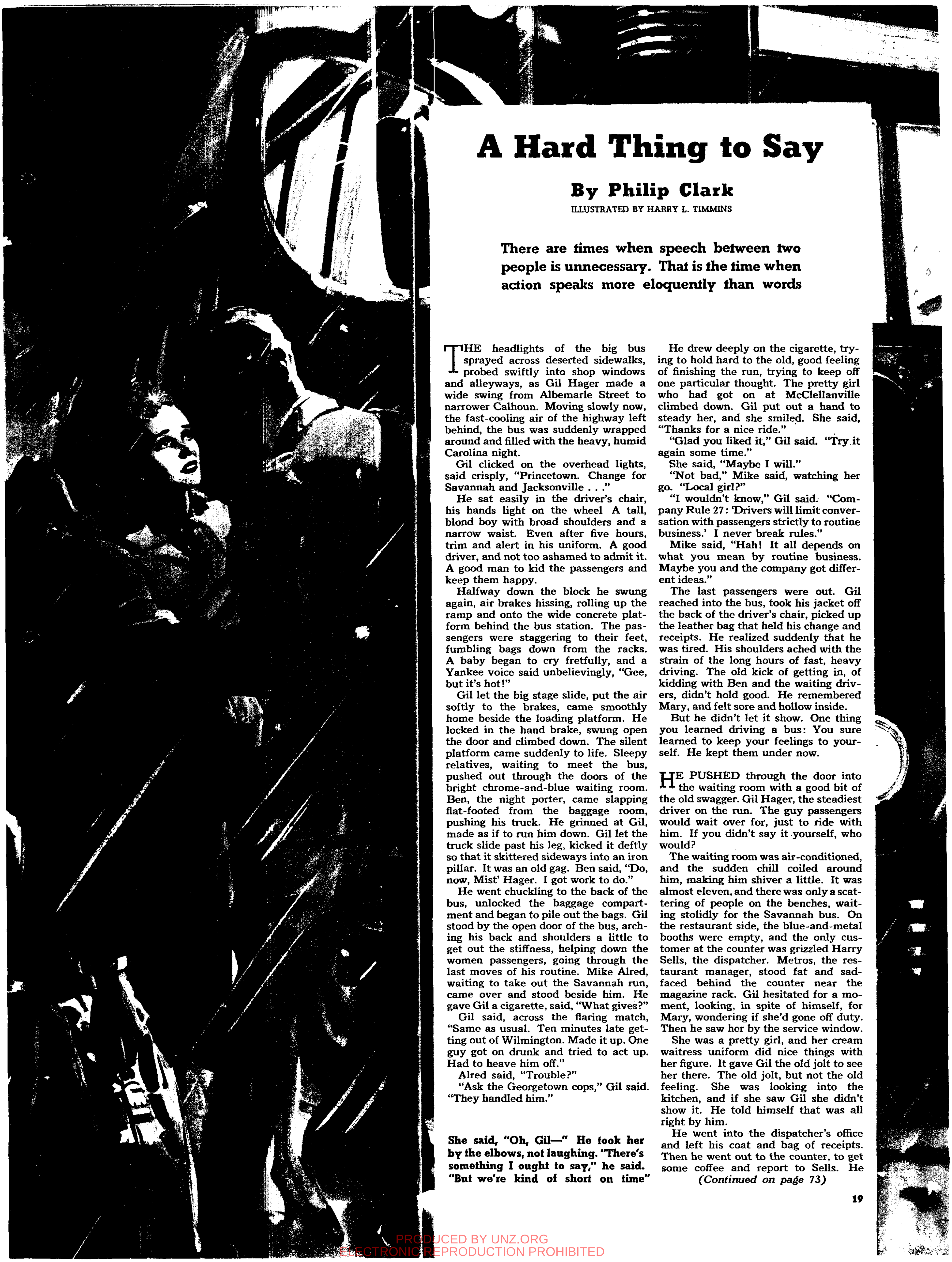
White guide with harpoon and float to mark course of whale. Whale meat is husky dogs' food

A Hard Thing to Say

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

There are times when speech between two people is unnecessary. That is the time when action speaks more eloquently than words



She said, "Oh, Gil—" He took her by the elbows, not laughing. "There's something I ought to say," he said. "But we're kind of short on time"

THE headlights of the big bus sprayed across deserted sidewalks, probed swiftly into shop windows and alleyways, as Gil Hager made a wide swing from Albemarle Street to narrower Calhoun. Moving slowly now, the fast-cooling air of the highway left behind, the bus was suddenly wrapped around and filled with the heavy, humid Carolina night.

Gil clicked on the overhead lights, said crisply, "Princetown. Change for Savannah and Jacksonville . . ."

He sat easily in the driver's chair, his hands light on the wheel A tall, blond boy with broad shoulders and a narrow waist. Even after five hours, trim and alert in his uniform. A good driver, and not too ashamed to admit it. A good man to kid the passengers and keep them happy.

Halfway down the block he swung again, air brakes hissing, rolling up the ramp and onto the wide concrete platform behind the bus station. The passengers were staggering to their feet, fumbling bags down from the racks. A baby began to cry fretfully, and a Yankee voice said unbelievingly, "Gee, but it's hot!"

Gil let the big stage slide, put the air softly to the brakes, came smoothly home beside the loading platform. He locked in the hand brake, swung open the door and climbed down. The silent platform came suddenly to life. Sleepy relatives, waiting to meet the bus, pushed out through the doors of the bright chrome-and-blue waiting room. Ben, the night porter, came slapping flat-footed from the baggage room, pushing his truck. He grinned at Gil, made as if to run him down. Gil let the truck slide past his leg, kicked it deftly so that it skittered sideways into an iron pillar. It was an old gag. Ben said, "Do, now, Mist' Hager. I got work to do."

He went chuckling to the back of the bus, unlocked the baggage compartment and began to pile out the bags. Gil stood by the open door of the bus, arching his back and shoulders a little to get out the stiffness, helping down the women passengers, going through the last moves of his routine. Mike Alred, waiting to take out the Savannah run, came over and stood beside him. He gave Gil a cigarette, said, "What gives?"

Gil said, across the flaring match, "Same as usual. Ten minutes late getting out of Wilmington. Made it up. One guy got on drunk and tried to act up. Had to heave him off."

Alred said, "Trouble?"

"Ask the Georgetown cops," Gil said. "They handled him."

He drew deeply on the cigarette, trying to hold hard to the old, good feeling of finishing the run, trying to keep off one particular thought. The pretty girl who had got on at McClellanville climbed down. Gil put out a hand to steady her, and she smiled. She said, "Thanks for a nice ride."

"Glad you liked it," Gil said. "Try it again some time."

She said, "Maybe I will."

"Not bad," Mike said, watching her go. "Local girl?"

"I wouldn't know," Gil said. "Company Rule 27: 'Drivers will limit conversation with passengers strictly to routine business.' I never break rules."

Mike said, "Hah! It all depends on what you mean by routine business. Maybe you and the company got different ideas."

The last passengers were out. Gil reached into the bus, took his jacket off the back of the driver's chair, picked up the leather bag that held his change and receipts. He realized suddenly that he was tired. His shoulders ached with the strain of the long hours of fast, heavy driving. The old kick of getting in, of kidding with Ben and the waiting drivers, didn't hold good. He remembered Mary, and felt sore and hollow inside.

But he didn't let it show. One thing you learned driving a bus: You sure learned to keep your feelings to yourself. He kept them under now.

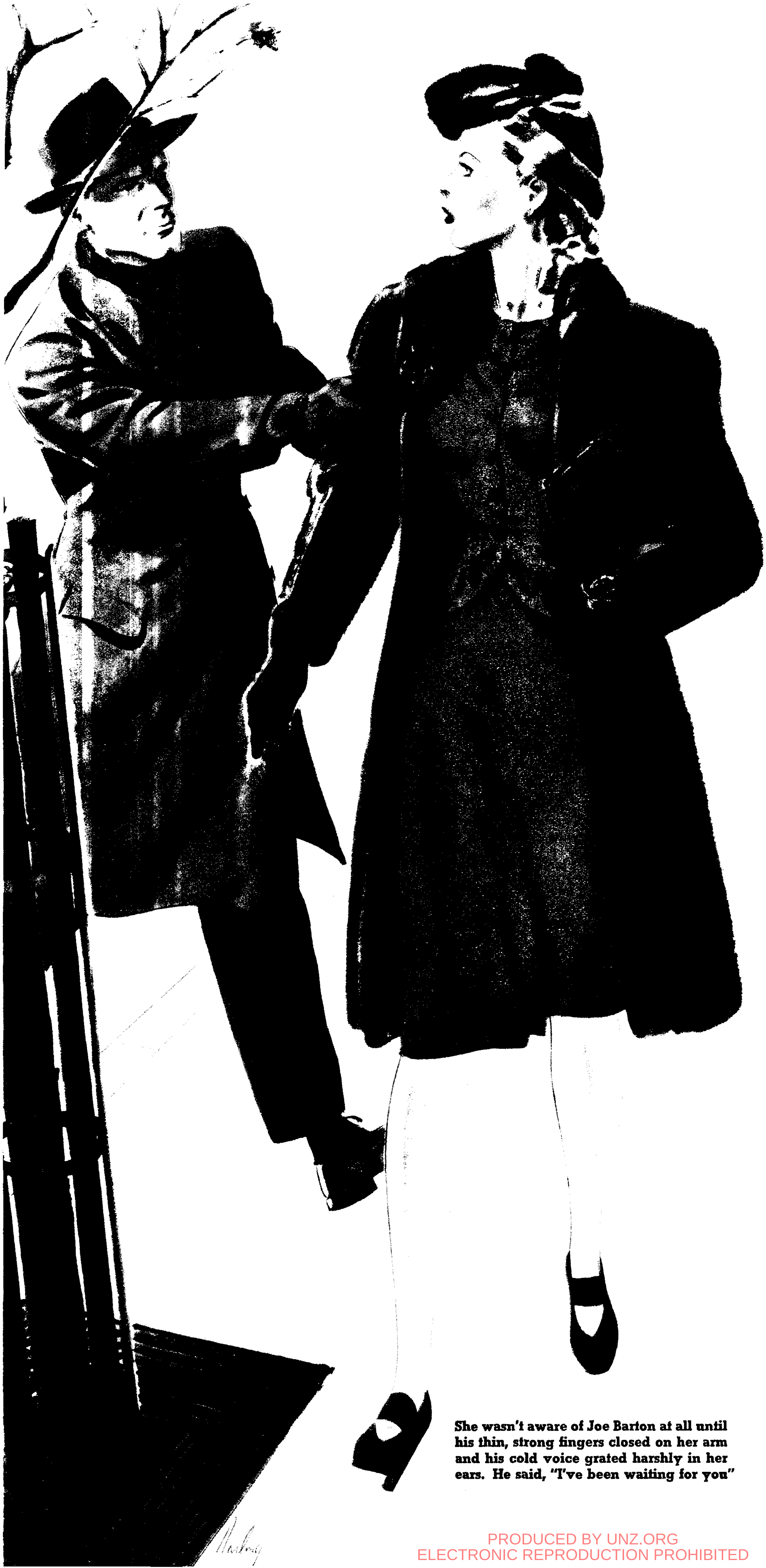
HE PUSHED through the door into the waiting room with a good bit of the old swagger. Gil Hager, the steadiest driver on the run. The guy passengers would wait over for, just to ride with him. If you didn't say it yourself, who would?

The waiting room was air-conditioned, and the sudden chill coiled around him, making him shiver a little. It was almost eleven, and there was only a scattering of people on the benches, waiting stolidly for the Savannah bus. On the restaurant side, the blue-and-metal booths were empty, and the only customer at the counter was grizzled Harry Sells, the dispatcher. Metros, the restaurant manager, stood fat and sad-faced behind the counter near the magazine rack. Gil hesitated for a moment, looking, in spite of himself, for Mary, wondering if she'd gone off duty. Then he saw her by the service window.

She was a pretty girl, and her cream waitress uniform did nice things with her figure. It gave Gil the old jolt to see her there. The old jolt, but not the old feeling. She was looking into the kitchen, and if she saw Gil she didn't show it. He told himself that was all right by him.

He went into the dispatcher's office and left his coat and bag of receipts. Then he went out to the counter, to get some coffee and report to Sells. He

(Continued on page 73)



She wasn't aware of Joe Barton at all until his thin, strong fingers closed on her arm and his cold voice grated harshly in her ears. He said, "I've been waiting for you"

Kid Tinsel

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE managing Eddie Gordon, a clever young middleweight fighter, Pop Mallory dies; and, in accordance with the terms of his contract, Eddie has a new manager wished on him: *Mallory's daughter, Pat!*

But Eddie—who has never cared for the girl—rebels. He will not take orders from Pat Mallory; and he tells her so. . . . Joe Barton—commissioned by Max Ellison, New York's most astute fight manager, to sign up Eddie Gordon—motors into Birmingham. Unable to find Eddie, he drives out to a roadhouse that the fighter often patronizes. But Eddie is not there.

Accompanied by a pick-up acquaintance—Nick Bellis—Barton leaves the place. It is late at night, and very dark. Presently, the two men engage in an altercation over money they have won in a gambling joint. They fight; and, drawing a small revolver, Barton shoots Bellis to death.

While motoring toward Birmingham, he almost collides with another car. The two cars stop. The occupant of the other car is—*Eddie Gordon* (Barton recognizes him from his photographs). Realizing that the fighter may, later, prove to be a dangerous witness, Barton strikes him on the head with the revolver. When Eddie tries to put up a fight, the New Yorker drops the gun and speeds away. He feels fairly sure (and he is right) that Eddie did not see his face, in the darkness. . . .

Eddie and Pat Mallory both go to New York City. There, Eddie calls on Max Ellison, who, recognizing the tremendous publicity value of the tie-up between a fighter and a girl manager, advises him to let Pat handle his affairs. The wise old fellow intimates that, should Eddie do well in the ring, he will have his lawyers break the contract; after which, he will be one of "Ellison's boys."

Ellison has a lively young daughter: Barbara ("Babs"). Meeting Eddie, she makes no effort to hide her admiration for him. And, almost at once, Eddie has an enemy: a man who loves Babs Ellison—*Joe Barton!*

Eddie wins his first important fight. When it is over, Barton has a talk with a tough whom he calls "Morrie." He tells Morrie that he may have to ask him to "take care of" Eddie Gordon—"permanently." . . . Following an interview with Pat, Cliff Halliday, a noted sports writer, takes her out for dinner. The spot to which they go is crowded. And, to her dismay, Pat sees Eddie—*the man she loves*—with an attractive girl: Babs Ellison. She is anything but happy, as she watches them.

V

HILLMAN'S gymnasium is famous, but not impressive. The entrance is a dingy and obscure doorway on Eighth Avenue, up from which a flight of dark and decrepit steps leads to a huge room on the second floor.

At the far end of this room are two elevated rings, properly padded and roped. In the intervening space you will find rows of chairs, none of them quite comfortable, and customarily inhabited by fight managers, would-be fighters, hangers-on and spectators who have dared the excursion because the placards on Eighth Avenue have informed them that here they may watch the training antics of some of the world's best boxers for the nominal fee of twenty-five cents.

Along the walls there are light bags and heavy bags and an array of pulley machines. There is a stairway leading to a balcony and on that balcony will be found some definitely unsanitary mattresses which are used for exercises which are designed to harden the abdominal muscles. There are punching bags on the balcony, too; but no boxing ring.

At the foot of the balcony stairway is a lunch counter of extreme modesty where you may purchase soft drinks, beer, faintly gray sandwiches, apples and gaily garbed confections which sell for a nickel each. Milk is also dispensed at this counter, and is in general favor.

Scattered about the interior, in the two rings, banging away at the bags, going through rope-skipping and general limbering exercises, are pugilistic gentlemen of greater or less reputation. There are short, squat, ugly individuals who show the scars of many battles; there are lithe, clean-limbed youths—most of whom will look like their veteran contemporaries in the course of the next few years. There is a nondescript array of unhandsome men in whose eyes there is a shrewdness and little of human kindness. These are the managers, the trainers, the friends of the fighters who train there daily and among them are the leeches who hope to beg or borrow.

Sitting stolidly and glassy-eyed you find other men, too; men mostly under thirty, and some few older than that, who visit Hillman's gym every day because they have nowhere else to go; men who walk on their heels and grin foolishly and make queer motions when you converse with them. These are men who, a few years since, held the pugilistic spotlight. They are strays from the army of punch-drunk, slap-happy fighters; men who took

(*Continued on page* 46)

Christmas over the fireplace, in a rope of mixed evergreens. The big bouquet of greenery and berries will last all winter. Better eat the fruit now

Gardens in the House

By Ruth Carson

Collier's House of Ideas needs some green plants—and here they are in a garden delightful the year around

VISITORS to Collier's House of Ideas have their own favorite high spots. There's the darkroom-bathroom, and the built-in bunks in boy's room and the tandem lavatory in the master bath. Elsie de Wolfe likes the way natural woods are used all through the house. Helen Hayes came in, lured by a friend's praise of the wood-block floor in the living room, and then tumbled for the kitchen herself. Shipwreck Kelly insisted on demonstrating to Dan Topping and wife Sonja Henie the closet doors that take his fancy, just like those on a telephone booth.

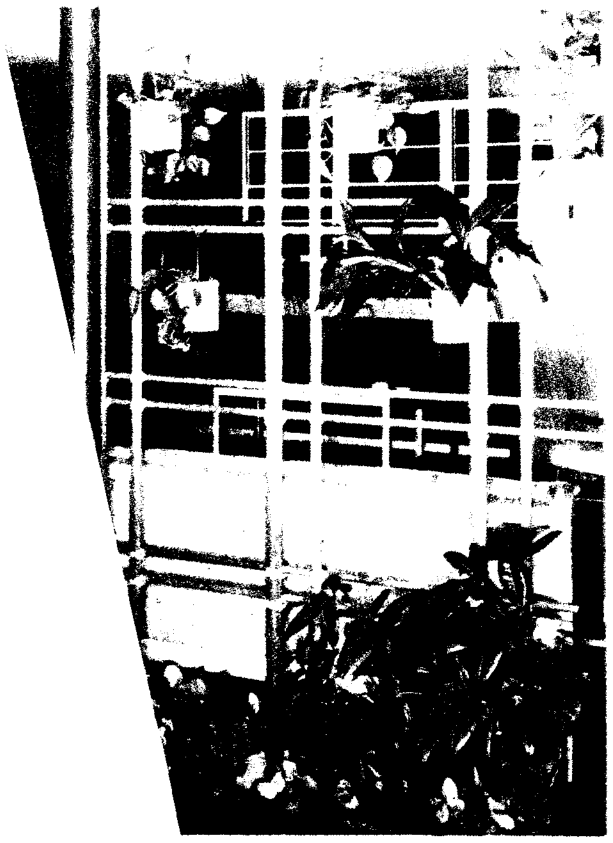
But everyone talks about one thing—that the house doesn't look like a model house. It looks livable and lived in. There are a lot of good reasons for this, thanks to Architect Edward Stone and Decorator Dan Cooper. You've read about them in past articles. One of the subtlest and yet most real is the fact that there are actually living things in and around the house. Green plants they are—used, not as an afterthought in a pot on the window sill and hedging the foundations, but as an important part of the house plan and its decoration.

You've seen how Mr. Stone gained spaciousness for a small house by including the whole outdoors through windows that reach to the ceiling, even to the floor where possible, doing away with that hemmed-in feeling of four walls with smallish holes cut for windows. Mr. Cooper abetted him by using no curtains to block your view. You look right out to terraces that seem to extend each room. Sliding glass doors make it possible actually to combine the many-purpose room with its terrace by opening one whole side of the room. Planting boxes are provided besides, in the house and on the upper terraces, further breaking down any sharp division—house here, garden out there.

It's winter now. But this mingling of indoors and out is as pleasing as ever. Collier's planting experts have seen to that. They are Mr. A. M. van den Hoek whose job is all the planting that goes on at Rockefeller Center, New York, where Collier's House is located, and whose head is packed with more information about plants than you could read in quite a few books; and Mrs. Dorothea Wells, who, in eight years of running a flower shop, has sold fewer boxes of cut flowers than any other florist. She's done a boom business instead in unusual arrangements of flowers and greens that has launched her into landscaping jobs as well.

Step through the hall into the living room, as every visitor does on first entering Collier's House, and see what they have done. The living room isn't limited by four walls. Its far end is glass from ceiling to floor. And just on the other side of the glass, in the angle between living room and many-purpose room, is a bed of planting that makes a living bouquet to decorate both rooms. There's an eight-foot cedar at one end for height—a variety whose angular branches are sparse and trim enough so that you can see out between them. Its grayed green needles grow in interesting whorls. At the

(*Continued on page* 70)



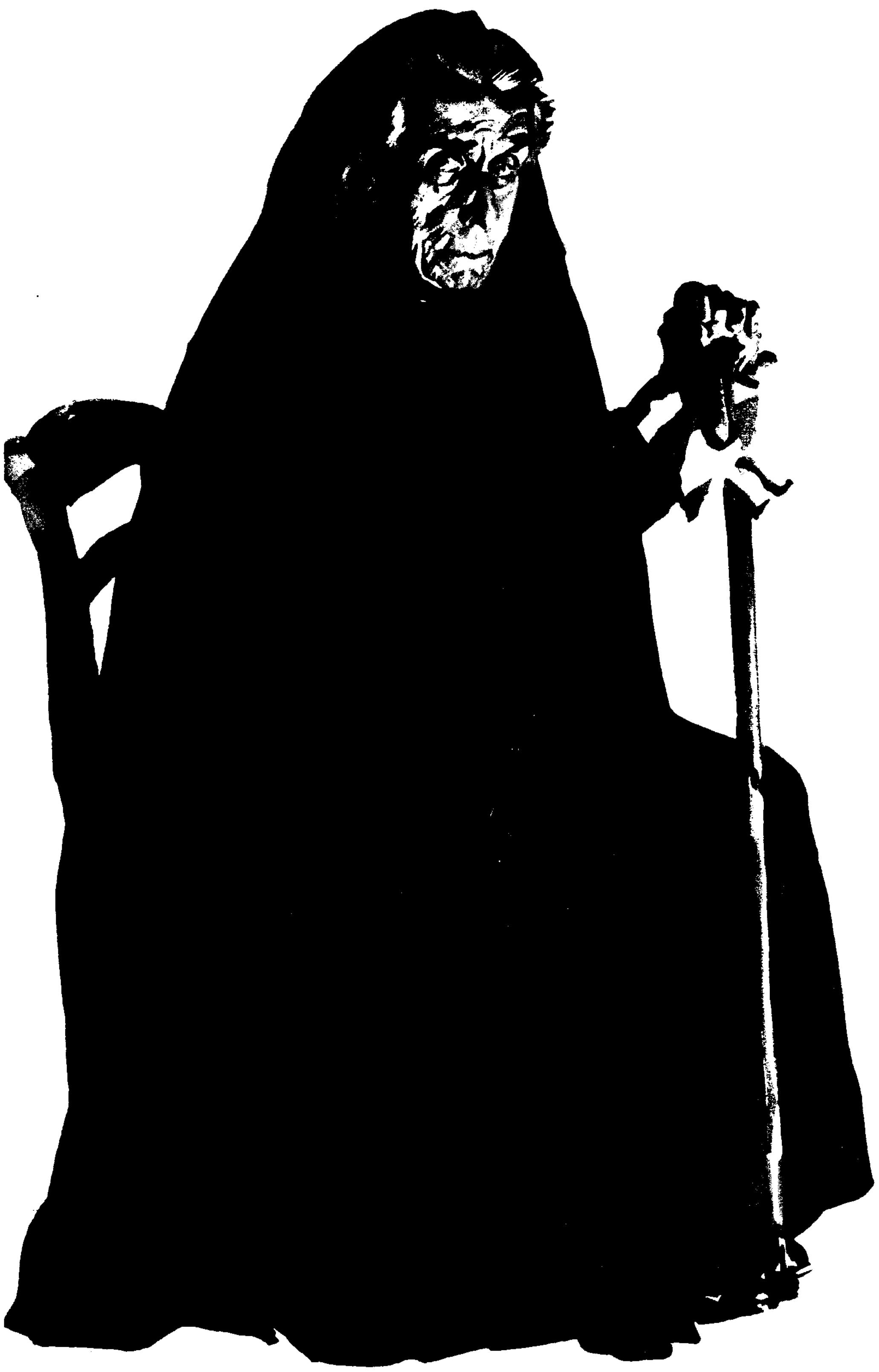
Above: Trellis partition back of fireplace sofa. **Above, right:** Planting in the terrace decorates living and many-purpose rooms. Never mind the reflection

Right: Christmas rope up the stairway, of pine, yew, hemlock, blue spruce and cypress for a mixture of greens, with fruits of flowering crab for color

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY SAMUEL H. GOTTSCHO

There Was Marching

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan



Her eyes had the ageless light of a soul in whom memories still blaze

GENERAL ERICH VON MUELLER was quite out of patience. He glowered at the meek little man from the Gestapo.

"My respects to Herr Himmler," he said, with a cold and level insolence, "but we have searched that town twice —every street and every building. The army cannot go looking under beds every time some Frenchman writes a letter to frighten the Gestapo."

"They drill at St. Pierre, Baron-General."

"I don't believe it."

"Nine letters we have had—nine—"

"Then the Gestapo has seven more times to look. Good day."

"But my orders are—"

"I command this district!"

"Oh, very true, Baron-General. But I must report this interview to Berlin."

"Report and be damned. Clear out."

"Heil, Hitler!"

The man from the Gestapo picked up his hat and brief case; performed a ludicrous backward shuffle to the door, turned and was gone. General von Mueller stared after him with a hard-eyed contempt.

"Little swine," he said.

His aide, Staff-Captain Versen, coughed nervously. "They will make an issue of it, sir," he said. "Perhaps it would be wise to search St. Pierre again."

The general snorted. "Gott im Himmel—no!" he said. "I went through the same monkeyshines in Bohemia. Hundreds of anonymous letters saying they drill for rebellion in this town and that. Those Gestapo noodle-heads kept ten divisions running search parties all last winter. Now the French are up to the same trick. Bah! Has the German army no dignity?"

Staff-Captain Versen sighed. "You are right, of course, Herr General," he said. "But, with your permission, I will ask our own intelligence to keep an eye on the St. Pierre situation."

"Stupid! Haven't I just finished telling you—"

"Your pardon, sir?"

"Well?"

"It is absurd to think that a group could be drilling in St. Pierre. But the Gestapo does not like to admit mistakes."

"Might try a fake, eh?" the general said.

"They are great fakers, sir."

"H'mph . . . very well, Versen. Ask Colonel Bruck to watch them." Then the general winced. "Perhaps some day our Leader will know that fish-faced sneak and his secret police for what they are."

"We all hope so, sir!"

Two days later, Staff-Captain Versen brought his general a report from Colonel Bruck, of the army intelligence. "Ahem . . . in the matter of St. Pierre, sir."

"Well?"

"The Gestapo has a new sound detector in a truck. Colonel Bruck says it is a device they are using in the cities at home to catch people who have their radios tuned low on foreign stations. They now tour the streets of St. Pierre with this truck."

General von Mueller grunted. "Clever fellows, Versen. I dare say they will pick up some splendid French profanity!"

"Intelligence is worried."

"Bah!"

BUT the General did not say "Bah!" when, the next afternoon, Herr Director Schonterner of the Gestapo's French bureau stamped into his headquarters. Director Schonterner was accompanied by his snubbed operative, who now smirked triumphantly, and by a grim factotum of the Hitler guards from Berlin.

"Will the baron-general be so good as to listen to some evidence?"

"Evidence of what, Schonterner?"

"Forbidden drilling and a plot for rebellion, General!" snapped the Hitler guard.

"In St. Pierre?"

"Yes!"

Director Schonterner motioned to his assistant, who set a portable phonograph on the general's map table. As the record started, there was a blurred cacophony of noises, but presently there emerged an unmistakable tramp-tramp of marching feet. A hoarse, croaking voice came through the measured drill beat. It spoke squad drill orders in French and, finally, when the sound of marching stopped, these clearly defined words: "Soldiers of France, you have drilled well. We shall meet tomorrow night at the same time for some work with the machine guns. Dismissed!"

The sound recording then blurred off into a medley of street noises, radio programs and unintelligible conversations.

General von Mueller got to his feet, skepticism clouding his eyes. "Where is the place?" he said.

Director Schonterner clicked heels. "The cellars of the Château de Exermont at St. Pierre, Baron-General. You will require at least a battalion to surround them."

"A company of *soldiers* will be enough," said the general.

THAT night, General von Mueller and Staff-Captain Versen, having stationed their men around the ruins of the château, walked through a rear courtyard which was still littered with rubble from Stuka bombs. The general was in a very bad humor indeed. "Fakers," he grumbled. "I'll sprain an ankle in this rubbish."

"No, my General! Listen!"

From the other side of a splintered oaken door, half-underground, came the sound of marching feet. A dim light filtered through chinks in the ancient masonry.

Staff-Captain Versen drew a pistol, but General von Mueller pushed him aside. He rapped on the door with his cane. A deep, husky voice said, "Company, halt!" in French. Then, there was complete silence, but the lights within the cellar were not extinguished.

"Careful, my General!"

Ignoring this caution, General von Mueller shoved open the decrepit door with an elbow. He walked into the cellar and came abruptly to a stop.

A very old Frenchwoman, dressed in widow's weeds, looked up calmly from a chair. The wrinkles in her tragic face quivered, as if from pain, but her eyes had the fierce and ageless light of a soul in whom memories still blaze and cannot be put out. One might guess that she had seen the fall of Paris in 1870 and Verdun's glory in 1918 and now faced the great bitterness of 1940, indomitable and unchanged.

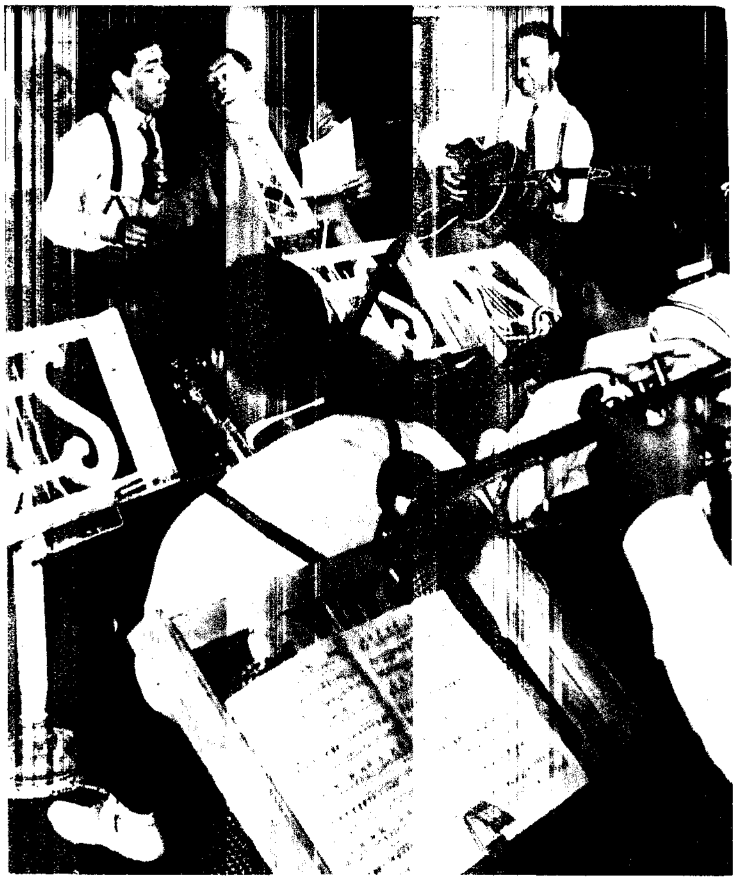
"Boches!" she said.

Then, she turned to the company she had been drilling. They stood in a ragtag double rank—and the tallest and eldest of them was a boy of ten or eleven years, who held his tin sword at salute. An aproned tot in the front row snuffled, from a head cold or excitement, but gripped her broomstick firmly. There were signs about that this cellar was their dwelling place as well as their drill hall.

"Soldiers of France!" said their commander, "let us show these savages that they have left us a song!"

GENERAL VON MUELLER and Staff-Captain Versen picked their way slowly back through the shattered walls of the château. The younger man was smiling, because his general had been lenient with the old lady and the children and because the Gestapo would look like proper fools. But Baron-General von Mueller frowned, somberly.

"A good song, that Marseillaise," he said. "I'm afraid we shall hear it again . . . yes . . . again."



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KORGER

The enterprising Schnitz organization overlooks no source of income. Here a few of the "Characters" shine up a car. Schnitz booked the job, of course, and supervises it from the running board

Right, above, Broadway's busiest jitterbug stops in at a Cab Calloway rehearsal, in case the boys should happen to need a tip on tempo. He gets a warm welcome, Mr. Calloway being a smart man

The Mayor of 44th Street

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

Want a riot started? Want your song plugged or your car polished? Schnitz and his Characters are at your service. References? Benny Goodman, Martha Raye, Raymond Scott and other satisfied customers

WHEN Benny Goodman's orchestra opened at the New York Paramount in February, 1938, the streets outside were picketed by wildly dressed youngsters carrying placards: "CORN IS BANNED BY GOODMAN'S BAND," and "BENNY'S HOT, DUCHIN'S NOT." Within the theater was some of the most carefully organized chaos ever recorded by a flashlight camera. Kids danced on the stage, in the aisles, and on the laps of surprised patrons.

Two young men dangled over the edge of the balcony where they shagged in air, and when the management tried to start the movie, dozens of phonographs hidden under seats all over the auditorium blared out Goodman's noisiest recordings. The only person who neither danced nor protested was a sallow, pimpled youth named Schnitz who slumped in the center of the first row, arms folded. From time to time he blew a police whistle, initiating new frenzies.

Next day the newspapers carried headlines using phrases like "spontaneous demonstration" and "adolescent orgy," but every publicity man in New York knew that it had been about as spontaneous as the finale of a Shubert operetta. Schnitz made sure that the right people heard how he had planned, organized and staged the whole affair, and let it be known that it was the last riot he'd arrange for love. Since then he did the famous "March of the Jitterbugs" at the Raymond Scott opening, November 6, 1938; the notorious tearing up of seats at a Tommy Dorsey première—to say nothing of hundreds of minor "wildly enthusiastic" exhibitions. Never, however, did any mention of the hard-working producer appear in the news.

Schnitz wanted it that way. A man in his position has to be cautious, for he plays too many roles in life to allow one passing characterization to obscure the others. In addition to being *der Fuehrer* of all the maddest, most music-crazy boys and girls in the city, whom he calls "Schnitz's 200 Characters—200, he's president of Schnitz's Instrument Moving Service, chief of Schnitz's Parking-Ticket Fixers, co-president of the Gate Crashers' Club, and all things to the Autograph Collectors' Union. Then there's Schnitz's Band Booking Agency, Schnitz's Have-Your-Car-Polished-By-A-Character Company, not forgetting "The Nickel-Nickel-Nickel," an organization designed to push the nickelodeon sales of bands dear to Schnitz.

As one of the bigwigs of the Paramount Theater in Times Square put it: "Schnitz seems *awfully* old for nineteen!"

Schnitz's mother claims that, aged twelve, he looked like Eddie Cantor—"only more nervouser." His fidgetings turned his classes into educational Holy Roller meetings; so he gave up school. Sharing a bed with his two brothers exhausted the three of them—so he renounced sleep, and rambled around Brooklyn all night instead. Not knowing the glamor boys and girls of the rotogravure pages irritated him, and he met them all, one after another, with the impatience of a man chewing a hangnail. Each celebrity was cajoled into autographing his own photograph as proof of the meeting, and the walls of the Schnitz flat bulged with pictures. He went right on collecting, though. "What the hell," he says, "if F.D.R. can find time to save stamps, I can make room to collect autographs."

Those two enthusiastic collectors, F.D.R. and Schnitz, finally met on October 18, 1936, when Mr. Roosevelt attended a dinner at the Ritz-Carlton in New York. As the President stepped from the hotel, surrounded by secret service (*Continued on page* 53)

Above, President Schnitz calls a board meeting over a convenient pool table and the 200 Characters (below) converge on Broadway to carry out the master's orders

EDITH
MASON
MAN
SCHNITZ
200
RAC
20
33 097

Let it be Wild

Continued from page 11

stead looked darker. Boy and girl held closely to each other. Then they went back to the settlement. A council fire still winked under Town Oak and a man seemed to be speaking there to the settlement men, subdued and firm. The firelight spotted his blue uniform. Jasper left the girl at the door log of the Beauvey cabin; they were silent, not to waken the youngsters within. He turned toward Willetta Creek and his narrow cabin, pausing first to join the council circle, as befitted a man.

The dragoons were ready to ride at dawn, a bold column, forty strong, behind their young lieutenant. The seventy additional volunteers, some gathered at other settlements as the dragoons rode through, some the men and boys of Yamhill, milled about at their leaving-taking. They crowed of the scalps they'd fetch home, dangling at their belts. The bugle sounded a rare music to them, instead of imperious command.

They shouted to the fretting officer, "Phil, we're a-comin'!" instead of, "Yes, sir, Lieutenant Sheridan, sir!" Young Philip Sheridan hoped the trail would take some of that out of them.

Willetta Warmouth wasn't among the women whose faces went from laughter to tears, till near the last, when Sheridan had given up hope of order and was making one last rapid inspection. His black glance sharply examined boys with faces smudged to hide the lack of beard hair. He hadn't owned a razor long enough himself to quail them.

ANNIE, Mr. Beauvey's eldest, flew from this scene to the Beauvey cabin, clutching her whipping pigtails. She gasped the news and Willa stopped her ironing at the heavy board.

She wouldn't believe. But she left the cabin with Annie, came slowly into the slanted, sharp shade of Town Oak where the crowd was thickest. Jasper moved from where he waited with the volunteers; he leaned his rifle on his hip and lifted her hands. "I guess I have to go. It's the Rogues, Willa."

Dust danced where sunlight clashed with oak shade; a teamster bawled monotonously at his indifferent mules. Jasp awkwardly searched his own honesty. "I never understood it before." He jerked his head toward the young officer.

"It's what he said last night. A job, he said. A dirty job that got to be done. There'll be no safety for any, unless we go and put those Rogue Indians down."

Willa's eyes flashed on the neat officer with a darkening hate. She pulled her hands free. "He told you! Jasp, it's hundreds of miles! Why don't the people on the Rogue fight their own war? And the soldiers—they're paid to fight! Jasp, it's different if they bother us—I'd fight with you—here!"

She was near to a weeping girl at this moment, among the boisterous kissing of the volunteers all about them. She looked from Jasp, his eyes on the ground, to the officer; knew he had defeated her. "You're brave when there's dancing!" The words were for Sheridan and they reached him. "But when there's fighting hundreds of miles away—"

He stood before her, grim and young as any, tightly reined. "Ma'am, if this man's tied to your apron strings, he'd best stay behind. We want no man with his mind divided."

He was no taller than she; she slapped him above the collar with the brass symbols floating indistinctly on it. In the widening silence a redheaded volunteer from Scotts Mills yelled, "Kiss the lad an' make up, gal. Kiss 'im!"

In the wave of laughter the commands cut cleanly and horses shuffled as the men mounted. The dragoons moved, the sunlight a shifting glint on white belts and burnished scabbards. The rabble of volunteers thinned into an uneven line behind, now not boisterous, but intent as they set their way southward.

"Heck! The picture in the catalogue had a gal sittin' in it!"

DAVE GERARD

THE Dutch iron was cold and Willa carried it to the fireplace to fill it. She opened the little door in it and filled the inside with red coals. It began to heat immediately.

"That very iron Jasp give you," Mrs. Beauvey told the girl from her low rocker, "come from an Indian massacree. You never knowed it, but it was them French Archambeaus on Luckiamute River. Massacreed in their sleep, and a large family they was too. Our men, they hung Indians to trees right and left for it. Jasp was there. He got that foreign iron from the ashes for you, the other men not thinkin' about their women."

Willa took a baby dress from the basket, long as a nightgown, and shook it out swiftly. Mrs. Beauvey was huge, in her chair; she had a young one every other season. She was a stylish woman, with piles of lacy belongings in every wash.

She kept Mr. Beauvey harried and seedy, though he tried to appear a touch neater than his neighbors. Mrs. Beauvey had embracing smiles for the world, and a way of tongue-whipping Willa when they were alone.

"One thing," she nodded, "Jasp knows you now, you tryin' to keep him home, tied to you, like an Eastern girl, when there's Indians to be kilt. He can wait a while till Annie gets her hair put up and she'll make him a good, respectable wife."

Willa stood back from the sticky vapor of the ironing board. There was danger of a tear springing out, and if one did and fell on the hot iron Mrs. Beauvey would hear it sizzle. . . . Mr. Beauvey came home late, when Willa was minding the supper pots, and he had several gaunt elderly men with him.

All evening they talked of war. . . .

Standing night guard, Jasp moved in the darkness, barred the trail with his rifle and a muttered, "Halt!" The answer to his challenge was a snort. "Hell! Who do you think you are, a wooden soldier?"

Jasp withdrew his rifle. It was the Scotts Mills volunteer he had stopped, a youth who was all red hair and temper above the neck. Jasp had had fights with him; he was easy to down, but hard to hold.

"I promised my gal a scalp with feathers." The youth peered closely at Jasp, to see what he would do. "I'm goin' out an' get it. No chance of takin' one when them bluebritches is in the fightin'."

Jasp warned, "You'll be missin', come morning. You won't have a Rogue scalp. You won't have your own."

"You know," Red whispered, "them Rogues is kin to the Apaches, down Mexico way? They ain't Coast Indians, they're 'Paches? How did they get clean up here on the coast? I'll tell you. Same way we got here; we come lookin' for trouble. I aim to get me some."

He moved tentatively to pass and Jasper did not stop him. Jasper drew back to his post beside the trail; he heard the reckless scuff of Red's boots a moment in the brush.

Jasp wouldn't be relieved during the night; he could only listen outwardly, and peer inward on his thoughts. He must keep finger on trigger, so he could give the alarm while being borne down with a short-handle ax in his skull. The Rogues were numerous, with Shastas, Klamaths, Modocs, Umpquas and Coquilles joined with them.

It wasn't war; it was waiting and dying, a man or a handful at a time, over all the jumbled, forested Rogue wilderness. The volunteers chafed, striking wherever rumors led them. It was like chasing summer grasshoppers. You struck, and when you lifted your hand cautiously the hopper wasn't under it.

The regulars couldn't even cook breakfast without tooting a bugle and sending a horseman to Fort Vancouver for permission. The commander there sent a courier to Washington City to ask the President. Jasp had heard that the President sent a ship to ask the king of England. But the volunteer companies, scattered from the rich gold-specked interior to the coast, chafed and shot Indians on sight, scalped them in defiance of military rules. The volunteers knew that a scalped Indian went to hell, instead of to the Happy Hunting Ground.

The Rogue coast was splotched with red, a hundred miles inland and a hundred miles north and south. Two months now, and no end to it, scarcely a beginning that Jasp Connorboy could see. Nearly three weeks on the slow march down the length of Oregon. . . . He would ride home in one week, when the job was over. He could ride home now, if he let himself. There was no proper authority to stop him.

Willa. Willa wasn't like the settler girls. Her people had been somebody, in the corner of New York State they had come from. Her father had been a master, in a kind of school Jasper hadn't known about, where grown young men studied. What had an old man with chalky fingers been doing, driving a wagon west? The tide of emigration brought all kinds.

Mr. Warmouth's raft had gone to pieces in bitter November, running the Columbia narrows. Down had gone his wagon, with all he had except wife and Willa. Clinging to a feather bed, they had floated onto a rocky shore.

JASP had held her tight, while she told of the shack among the cabins on the river at Portland. The endless rain beating in. Mr. Warmouth on the dripping bunk, burning with ague. Her mother there later, when he was gone. The two muddy graves. Mr. Beauvey coming down from the saloon to help.

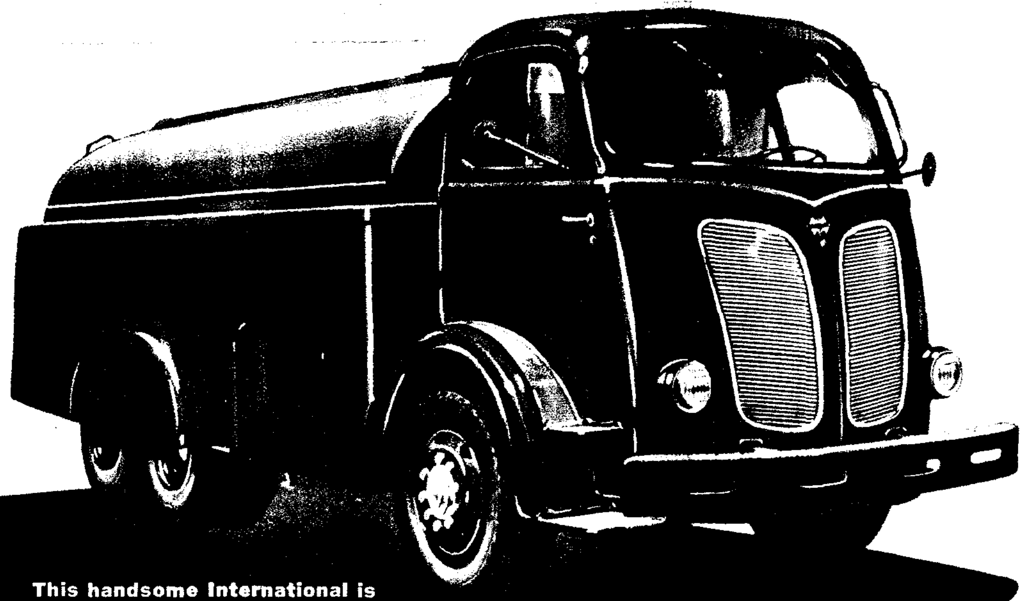
And now—Willa was alone, and hating him. . . . Jasper shifted his stiffened muscles; a ghostly lemon light was filtering into the bottom land and another night was over. At the turn of the trail six rods beyond where he stood he made out slim columns, like girls' bodies. They were the silvery trunks of the group of cascara trees there, marking the boundary beyond which soldiers could not go without orders.

He moved watchfully to the cascara clump, peered beyond. The thick trunk of a red madrone rose, and at its base, in the short fern, lay a still, huddled form.

Jasper turned it over. Red's face grinned up at him, with that helpless but unconquered grin Jasp had seen on the faces of other slain volunteers. His crown was redder than ever, red as the gaping gash across his throat.

Jasp knew what had happened. Red had paused in the pitch blackness beside the madrone tree. A naked arm had snaked from behind the tree and pinned him fast. And a knife. . . . For a

INTERNATIONAL



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B Longines, *Hall of Fame*, Pocket . . . 69.50
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D Longines, *Hall of Fame*, Bracelet . . 69.50
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LONGINES CHRISTMAS WATCHES

long space Jasp studied a cryptic, pin-wheel design freshly scratched in the smooth red bark of the madrone. It was the sign of Red's slayer.

He lifted the loose body. It must be buried in white man's soil, or it would be dug up again. It entered his mind there was a young farm girl at Scotts Mills would have to be told.

MRS. BEAUVEY warned, "Speak when you're spoken to, Willa Warmouth. Some girls don't know their betters. If I was you I wouldn't count on Jasp Connorboy having you, when he comes home. Annie has growed like a weed this summer. I can dress her now so any man would take her for a woman."

Annie was in the room and heard this. She didn't giggle as usual; she looked with quick, estimating eyes at the older girl. Willa worked on, sprinkling baby clothes with loose fingers, doing up the clothes in balls to keep damp for the ironing. Always doing up another woman's baby clothes.

She waited for Mr. Beauvey's return. He rode in before dark, wearily retailed his news. He had been to Portland on a commercial errand; that village was growing by jumps, he said, with new cabins everywhere in the woods. There were ships tying up to trees, so many ships were there, come for food and wooden boards for San Francisco, where miners were landing by thousands.

The Rogue War was dragging on, he had heard. No one knew when the boys would be home. He added: "Those left alive."

Willa watched him levelly and after dark he came to her in the vegetable garden, questioningly. She said at once, "Mr. Beauvey, I want a horse, and Annie to help me. For four days."

He guessed with ready shrewdness, "It's two days' ride to Portland, two back. I rode by your and Jasper's homestead, Willa. I saw new boxes, split out of cedar, under the little apple trees. A new tight pole fence."

"The bears got in once. I did the work of Sundays."

Mr. Beauvey fingered his watch chain. His days were wearing him; the lines creeping from his ears toward his jowls showed this sadly. Yet he was kind. Willa pressed him, almost timidly:

"Do you think they will fetch a price—like last year? There are one thousand and forty-eight apples."

"Last year Garnjobst had twelve dozen to ship, red apples. Those miners bid them up to five dollars an apple. Your pippins should bring three-four thousand. That is from the ship captain. You'd best sell to him at Portland dock. I'll handle it for you—you can't be riding there alone."

"I'll ride." She stood tall and still, looking past him toward Willetta Creek. "Mr. Beauvey—do you think, some of the apples are mine?"

"Of course! You and Jasp are spoken; what's his is yours." He added, pressing her shoulder: "Jasp doesn't know what a valuable woman he's getting."

She moved back; she couldn't have even the misunderstanding of his kind hand between them. Yet she daren't tell him. . . . A door slammed, a shrill voice raised:

"Father! Willa!"

"Coming, Annie, child." He whispered before going to the house, "See Captain Jonas on the Sandwich Isle Belle; tell him I sent you; trust him. Do not let Mrs. Beauvey's idle tongue upset you; bless you, child."

Willa's face burned, alone in the garden. But she was resolute. . . .

"I had thought of that." Sheridan measured the hard determination in the tall volunteer before him. "I had thought of catching Aiinos alive—but who knows where that red devil is? Connorboy, if you know, you're apt to find yourself under arrest for not telling me."

"If I told you," Jasper said coolly, "you'd send your whole company, with their nice pretty sabers rattling so Aiinos could hear them a mile away."

Sheridan let the insolence pass; the man was a ragged volunteer, not a soldier. He muttered, "Aiinos!" and reviewed the whole amazing event. "He was a good Indian. Taught to read and write and figure. He had worked four years at the agency blockhouse here. He loved the agent like a dog; he was trusted completely. And last night he brained the agent from behind—took to the brush—his squaw admits he's been the spy in our midst all the time! All summer he's told the Rogues where to ambush us! I wish—" the young officer checked his wrath—"I could lay hand on Aiinos!"

"No one but an Army man," Jasp said with deliberate contempt, "would have trusted an Indian."

Sheridan stared beyond Jasp with narrowed eyes; he said at length, "Connorboy, I'll give you one minute to talk."

"Aiinos," Jasp said patiently, "is worse than a spy. He's the worst thing there is—a war chief and medicine man rolled into one. There won't be a white man left on the Rogue if he is left loose. . . . Enters my mind," Jasp said shortly, "I didn't come to ask you. Come to tell you I was going after him. Don't put your men to trailin' me. You got to be able to hide under a leaf, to catch Aiinos."

A squad of tired dragoons slumped by, going out on trail patrol. Sheridan looked at the steely fall sky; winter lay behind it. "All right, Connorboy. Go ahead and drag him in. Don't simply kill him. Drag him in where I can hang him! . . . But I warn you—you'll only lose your own hair. Painfully." . . .

Aiinos' squaw hadn't lied to Jasper. By late afternoon he had found a tall rock above a pool opaque with blue depth. It was lost in a deep and twisted canyon country south of the Rogue. A rushing sound came from the pool; every few moments, regularly, a whirlpool against the rising rock broke up with a watery explosion.

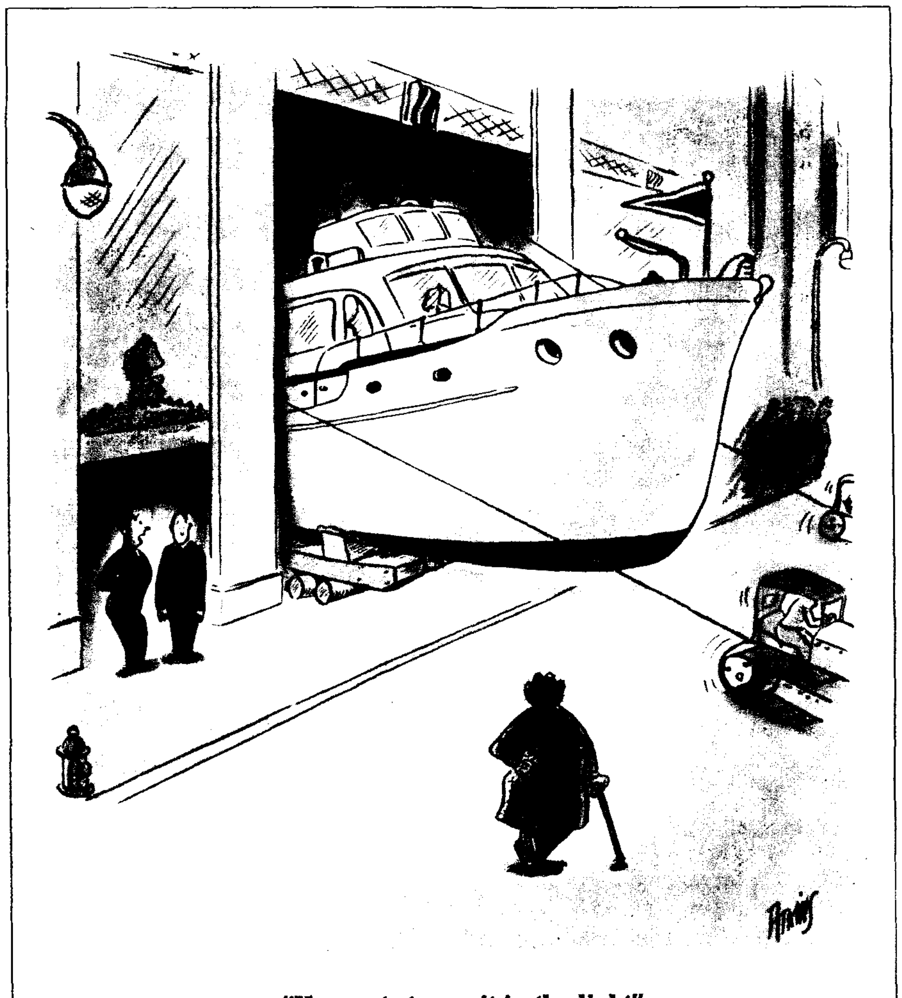
Jasp crawled to the top of the rock. Its brow was a natural raised dais, overhanging the pool. Small white rocks were set out in a huge circular labyrinth—the pin-wheel pattern of a whirlpool; the pin-wheel design that had been scratched in the bark of the madrone tree where Red had died. He crept down from the rock; he could only hide and wait, rolling a pebble in his dry mouth. Aiinos was coming to this rock tonight to make war medicine. His squaw had said so, and Jasp knew she feared to lie.

SHE had lied plenty to Sheridan, when he questioned her in Aiinos' cabin near the agency. When Sheridan had gone Jasp had told her, in simple Chinook jargon, that he was going to scalp her papoose now, where he lay on a blanket goggling his black eyes. She had looked young Jasp over, and she had talked. Then Jasp had gone to Sheridan. . . .

Slowly cool shadows overlay the forest. Jasp waited. He couldn't plan, beyond the seizing of Aiinos. After that, he had to try to keep the Indian's wind shut off so he couldn't screech, yet would still stay alive. He must carry him bodily—silently—out to Sheridan. He was the champion wrestler of Yamhill. He would try wrestling Aiinos.

The night deepened. Jasp shifted his head so his ear was in better position to hear. . . . His bitterness was softened now. He could think of the letter the courier had brought from the north, which lay under his shirt. He could see the lines Mr. Beauvey had written:

"Mr. Jasper Connorboy—Dear Sir. Your betrothed Miss Willetta Warmouth has left here, she sent my child Annie back from Portland with the gold for your apples, all but a sum she kept to pay her passage home to the East. I rode after her by horse, I reached Portland village as the Sandwich Isle Belle was departing down-river. For three



"He wants to see it in the light"

ELMER ATKINS

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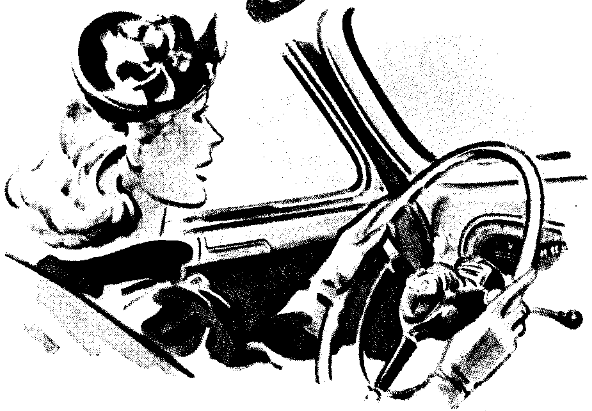

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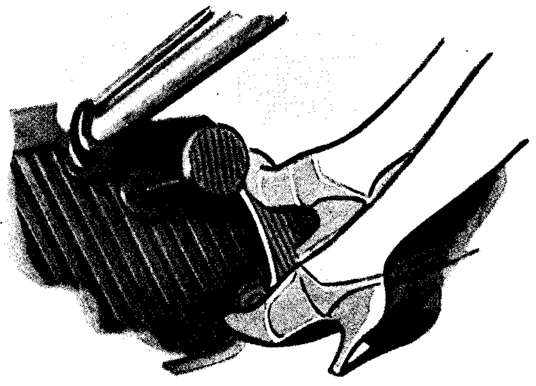
The lever you see on the steering column of an Olds Hydra-Matic is *not* a gear-shifter. It's a direction control. Set it for "forward" and leave it there. The gears shift automatically through all four forward speed ranges!



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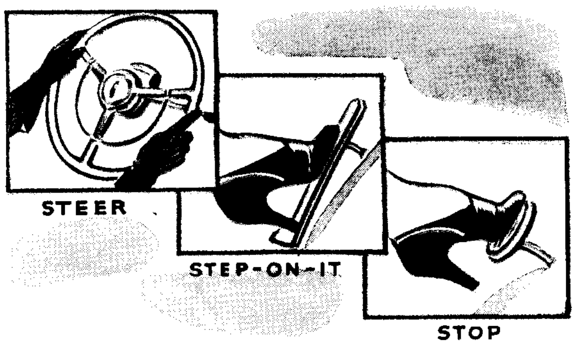
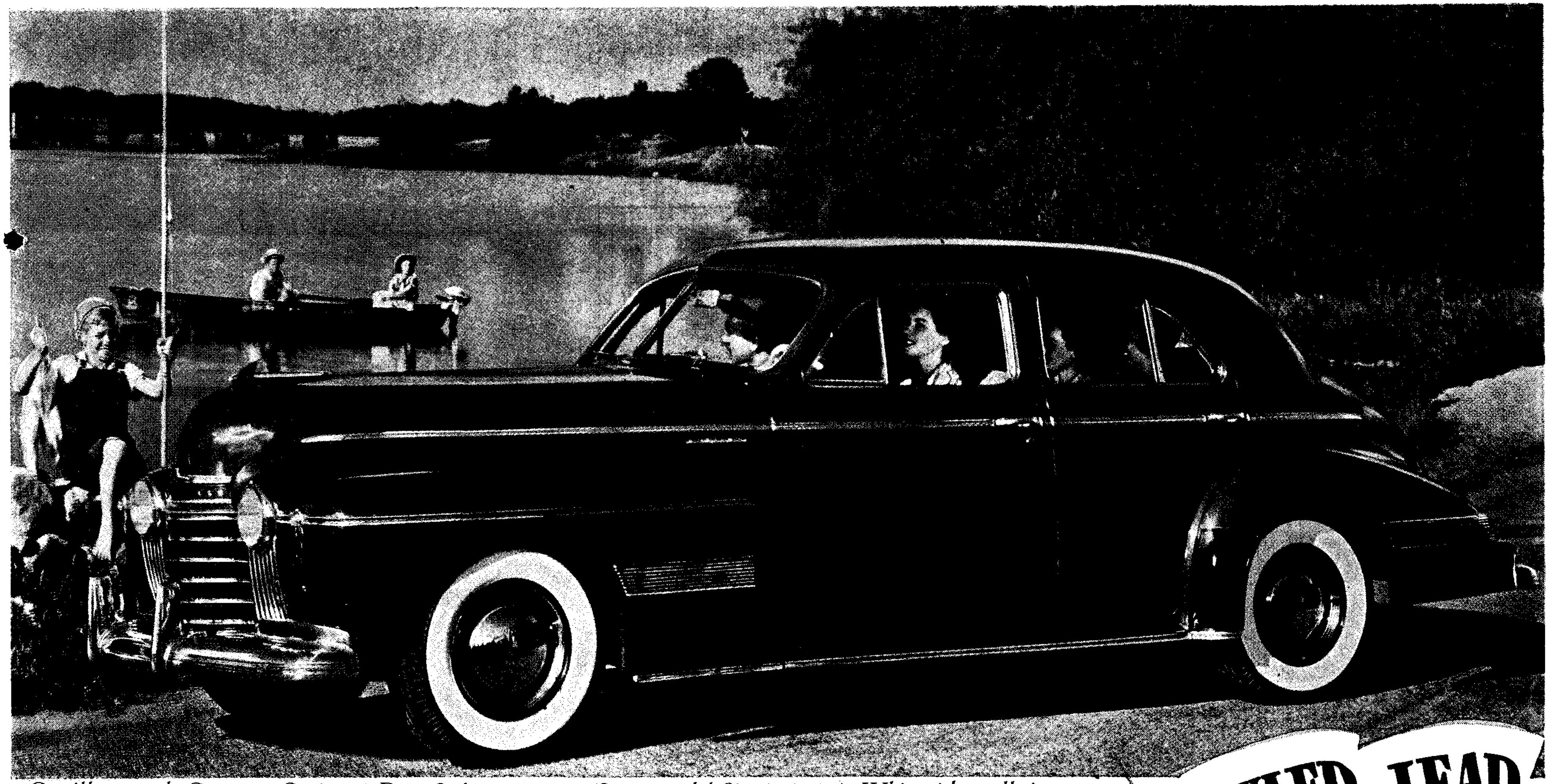
The clutch-pedal that you *don't* see on the floor board is gone for good. With Hydra-Matic Drive, there's no clutch at all in the car—no work for your left foot to do. You drive with the right foot *only*—save driving *effort!*



Driving is simplicity itself. You guide the car. You press the accelerator to *increase* speed. You press the brake to *decrease* speed. Driving operations are reduced to the least possible number. And there's nothing new at all to *learn!*



Car illustrated: Custom 8 Cruiser 4-Door Sedan, $1135 (Same model Six, $1099*). White side-wall tires extra.*

MODERN in *looks*... modern in *size*... modern in *style* and *comfort features*... that's Oldsmobile for 1941. But the most modern advancement of *all* is Oldsmobile's sensational Hydra-Matic Drive.★ Here's driving at its *simplest,* driving at its *easiest—performance* at its thrilling *finest!* You enjoy quicker getaway, snappier response and smoother cruising. You save money on gasoline. *All without shifting gears or pushing a clutch!* Visit your Olds dealer and see the new Oldsmobile Sixes and Eights—the big low-priced Olds Specials—the stunning Dynamic Cruisers and magnificent Custom Cruisers. *Then,* try "no clutch, no shift" driving!

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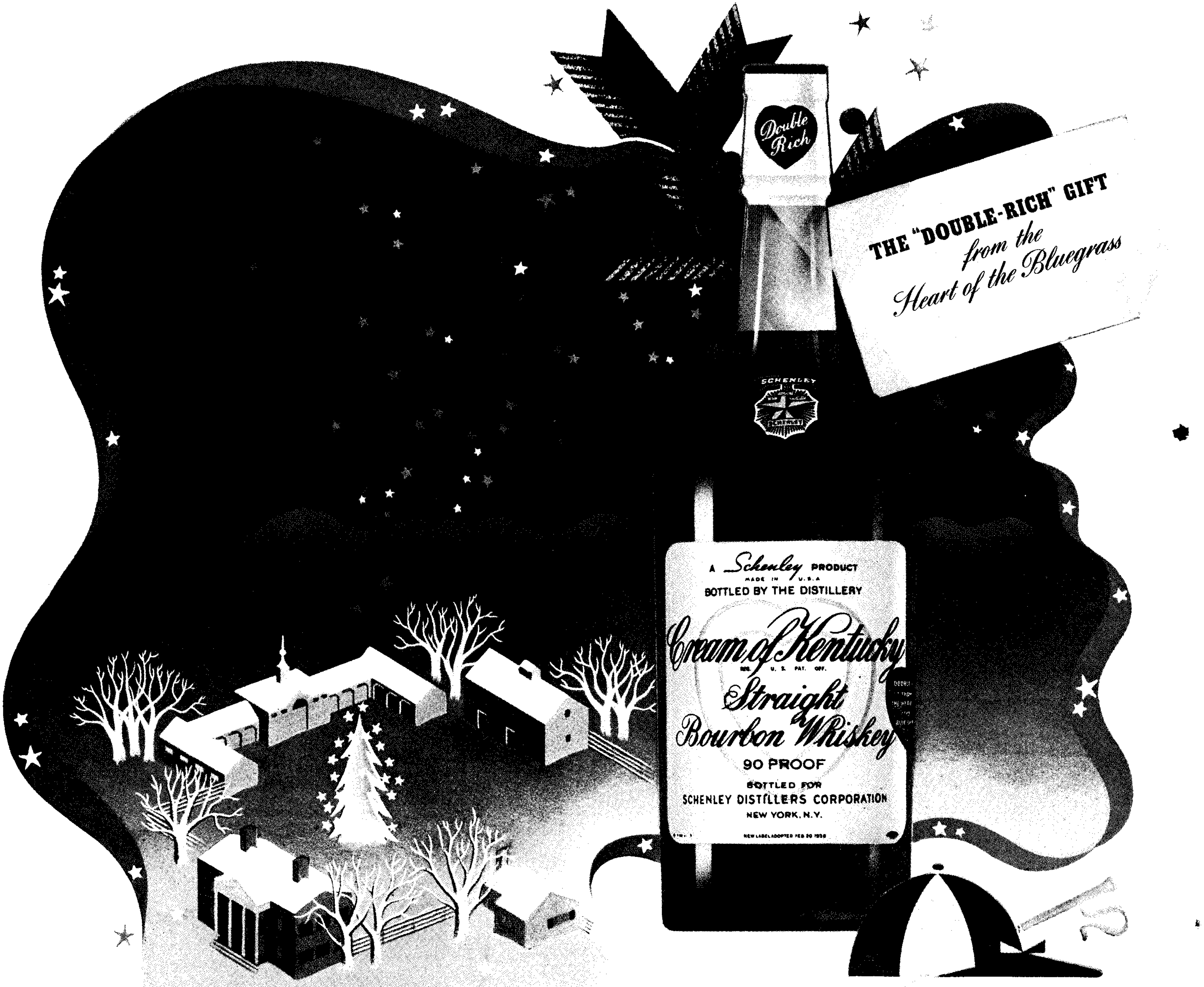

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days I followed the bank of the Columbia, through extreme difficulties of way. I could view the ship on her tacks but could not signal her to stop. I came near Astoria worn by my trip. The ship was standing across the bar and all her sails set. My boy, God alone knows what to say to you more. . . ."

The medicine rock seemed to grow larger in the night; it leaned above the world of the treetops. Jasper set his teeth on the pebble. The bitterness was gone. He had no blame for Willa. She was a gentle girl, raised sheltered in a different world. The West had not been gentle. . . .

EARLY moonlight was a dull gold wash on the rock above—and then on the stark figure on the brow above the pool. Jasp's ears had been strained to catch a beetle's breath, but he hadn't heard Aiinos come. He started his slow crawl upward.

He moved by inches. . . . He flattened on the bare slope of the rock, a dozen paces from Aiinos. Bent double, the naked chieftain danced the outer pattern of his whirlpool design, cutting imaginary white throats with a knife flashing before him. His chant rose to a sustained, prickling yowl of triumph.

Jasp could see dark forms in the forest. Warrior eyes were fastened on Aiinos, drawing savage courage from him. Jasp gathered himself for the spring.

A flash of light broke about Aiinos blindingly. Jasp thought as his rush carried him to the Indian: Tricky, he is. He had a pistol full of powder to burn, with no ball in it. He's learned tricks at the agency. . . . The warriors would believe the flash was Aiinos' god, bringing him new medicine to use against the whites. Jasp figured he would use the blind moment following the flash for his own purposes. He saw the knife rise as he caught Aiinos' throat; he bored in, thrusting the Indian over the cliff. They were falling, locked together. The whirlpool broke with its heavy belch, drowning the sound of their splash.

Jasp had Aiinos' knifehand. As they broke water his fist swung a heavy white-man painkiller to the Indian's jaw. Aiinos' head fell forward in the water. . . .

Captain Jonas took the Sandwich Isle Belle from Portland dock down the Columbia River. He danced her across the broad bar with her sticks bending and swung south on the green swell of the Pacific. He put in at little harbors —Yaquina, Alsea, Winchester—anywhere he might pick up goods he could resell to the miners at San Francisco. Among his barefoot seamen he was a little, whipcord man, growling into his stubby beard. But he was sharp. He kept an eye on his unwanted passenger —the tall girl from Yamhill who had outbargained him.

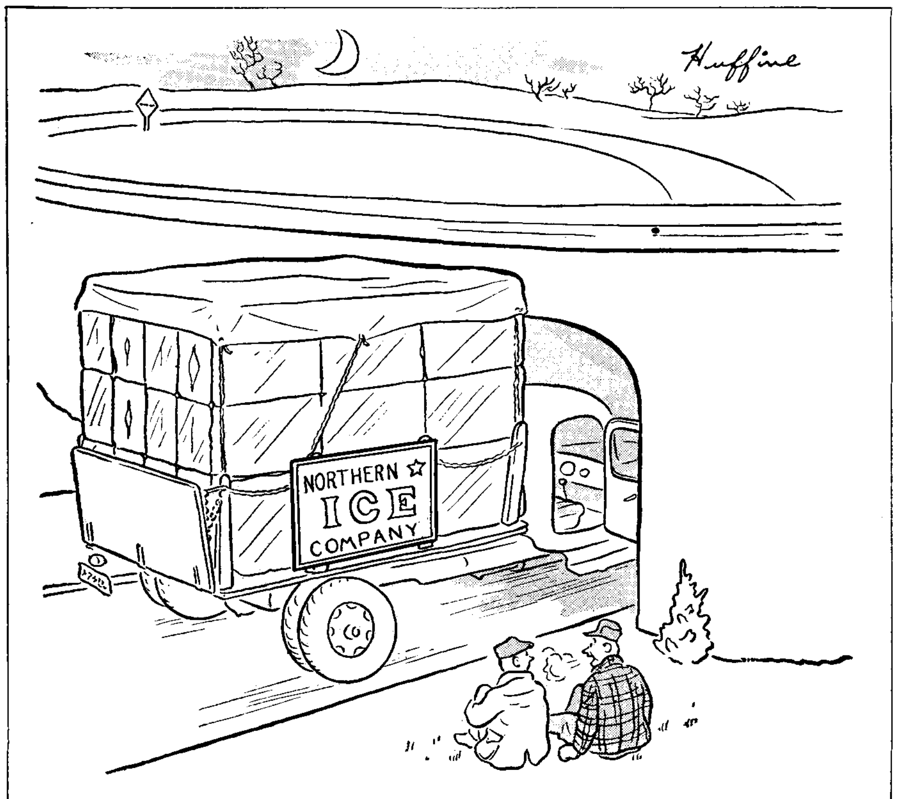
He had eyed Willa with wintry disapproval when she came aboard at Portland. "I'll carry no runaway lass," he told her. She showed him her red pippins, packed in fern in cedar boxes. She said, so briefly he knew she meant it: "I go with my apples. There are other ships and captains who will take me."

She was going home to New York and he could carry her as far as he was going —San Francisco. Only she didn't meet his eyes when she said it. He had an honest reputation among the settlers he traded with. He wasn't carrying a runaway daughter to a rendezvous with some trapper or handsome renegade along the coast.

She asked a seaman to carry her apples ashore. "Here," Jonas said hurriedly. There was a profit in the red apples he couldn't withstand. "I'll take ye. I warn ye, at Frisco I'll put ye in the hands of a master who's New York bound with no stops."

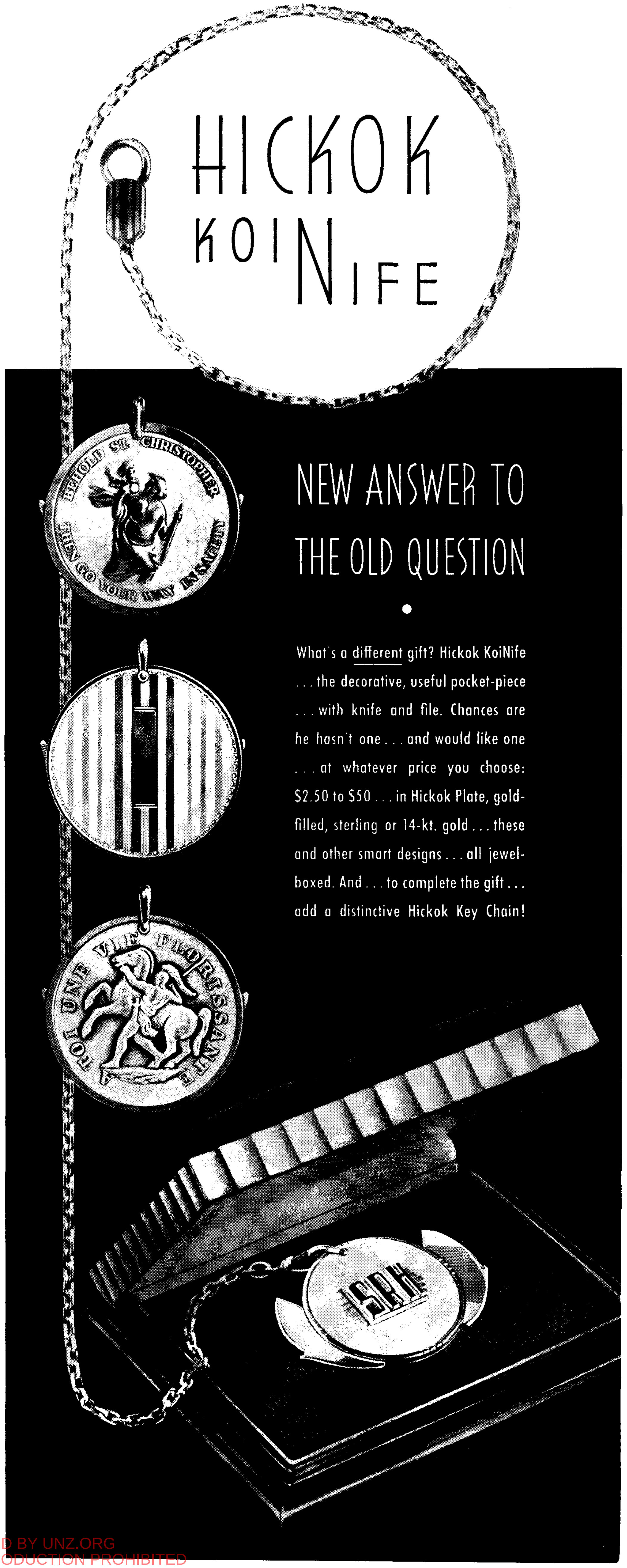
He chased a plump, giggling Kanaka girl forward and gave Willa the tiny cabin next his own. She kept mostly to the cabin, till its swaying walls drove her on deck. The little barkentine was schooner-rigged aft; she could breathe on deck there, of evenings when darkness made this safe. She watched the little harbors they entered. Captain Jonas watched her. Travelers—men—left the Belle at these stops or new ones came aboard. Any one of them might know that she belonged with Mr. Beauvey and take her off the ship. She was neither wedded nor of age. In frontiersmen's eyes she was a child who couldn't know what was best for her, who must be taken charge of.

The wind held and the Belle rounded westernmost Blanco. The mouth of the Rogue was but hours away. War flamed there; Jonas might not stop. The girl crept on deck in the evening, moved



"If tomorrow is a fairly warm day we should be able to go through by noon"

DAVID B. HUFFINE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MOM: Hear that? All Junior wants is a dog. We've got to get over to those kennels Sunday—kerchoo!—before all the puppies are picked over. Kerchoo!

POP: You mean we've got to do something for that cold you're catching or you'll be in bed till Christmas. What you need is some fast-acting Sal Hepatica.

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MOM: It's the grandest Christmas! Thanks to you, I threw off my cold in time for us to get the pick of the kennels!

POP: Better thank Sal Hepatica, dear. For speedy action in fighting colds, it's a marvel!

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TUNE IN! EDDIE CANTOR in "Time to Smile"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

close, unseen, to the tobacco smoke that came strong on the air.

She heard men talking, Jonas cursing the Rogues. But soon or late, he said, peace would come. "Many will be dead," he said, "but mark ye, them that comes after will prosper. Come another hundred years, ye'll see the coast a grand white man's country."

Willa listened. She must know if he intended putting into the Rogue. She could not lie on her bunk through the night, if Jonas was sailing on by. The talk went on. It was about war or new gold strikes.

SHE felt her way to the rail. The Belle's wake was an uneasy track beneath her eyes. . . . When she had brought the apples to Portland she had had an hour to visit the two muddy mounds on the riverbank. But they were gone, lost, with new raw cabins set in disorder over the ground where the graves must be.

Jasp Connorboy had loved her, and he had marched away, his soberside grin wiped from his young face. He had marched away before ever he had touched her. A fear of this savage land had swept her; she had struck Lieutenant Sheridan then, and Jasp's face had set as he put foot to stirrup. Eastern girl. Not good enough for this land.

There were lone cries of a shag flapping about the ship; they were close in to the white teeth of Rogue River bar. . . . She had thought Jasp hadn't loved her. . . . He was a man grown, and he must love his land first, and make it secure for his woman to live in.

On shore fires blossomed like yellow stars low on the water. Jonas gave brief orders. "They've seen us; they've lit beacons to guide us in. I ha'e powder and shot for the lads ashore, and must be they need it. We'll unload in the night. Come sunup we'll stand out with the tide."

Willa moved toward her cabin, a wild fluttering in her breast. Sharp footsteps fell behind her—Captain Jonas. "Ye'll stay in ye're cabin, miss." He turned a thick bronze key in her door lock.

At daybreak Jasper emerged from the sentry trail and Sheridan's camp lay before him. A sentry raised his musketoon, lowered it briefly, then fired into the air and loosed a wild yell. Jasper dragged a naked, bound Indian who wouldn't march at the point of a gun, who would die in any fashion rather than be hung by the hated soldiers.

Dragoons ran from their tents, stuffing in shirttails. There were shouts, then hoarse cheers. Jasper dropped his burden. He was slumped with weariness; then he saw, across the camp in the door of the agency blockhouse, a trim military figure watching. He straightened and waited.

Sheridan came to him from the blockhouse. Jasper said, "There's your war," and watched the officer.

"Connorboy—I don't know how you did it. I guess it takes a volunteer." His hand went out. Jasper thought, "That's a lot for him to say. For a little feller he's got a grip like a blacksmith." He told Sheridan, "Hang him quick. The Rogues savvy that. One minute he's a *hyas* chief. Next he's hangin' high in your camp. That licks Indians."

"I'll give him fair trial and hang him in ten minutes! Connorboy—you're wanted at the agency."

Now he was tired again, too empty to wonder who wanted him, as he stepped into the blockhouse. Wounded crowded the floor. Willa stood there.

She came close; he was worn, and his face not young as she had known it. She said, "I—gathered the apples before frost. And sold them. The bears chewed down one tree. I built a fence. Jasp—"

Jasper's eyes followed the river to the sea. Far out a handful of sail grew smaller. He said, "The ship's gone."

"I left it in the night." Willa wondered how long she could stand thus before him. "I took a small boat from the ship. It wasn't worth much. Jasp—I brought the Dutch iron." She lifted it from a bench. It was something to look at instead of Jasp's eyes. "Captain Jonas locked me in. I broke a hole in the door with the Dutch iron."

"You stole and you lied. Told them you were going to New York."

"I stole and I lied! I told you I'd fight—for—"

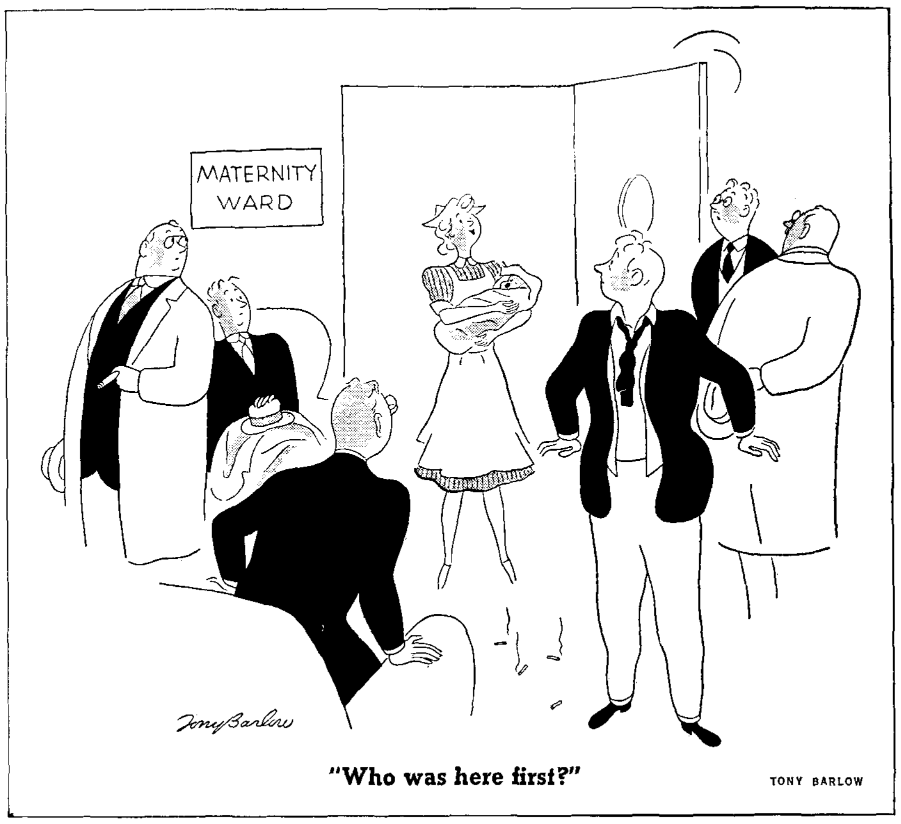
For a moment he looked at her. He slowly straightened; he seemed more like Jasp, the look of two hard, dry rocks left his eyes. He took her hands.

"Enters my mind," said Jasp Connorboy, "you're the girl I love. If I catch up a second horse, can you ride home?"

There was a line of dried moisture across his lips; she set her lips hard on his. "Can't your horse carry double?"

"It's slower. Hon, it's a long way. Through a wild country."

He heard her rightly. "Let it be wild," her whisper said.



"Who was here first?" TONY BARLOW

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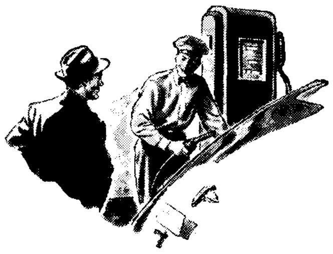

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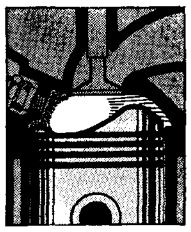

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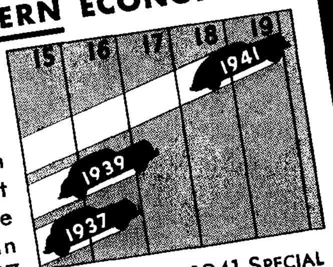
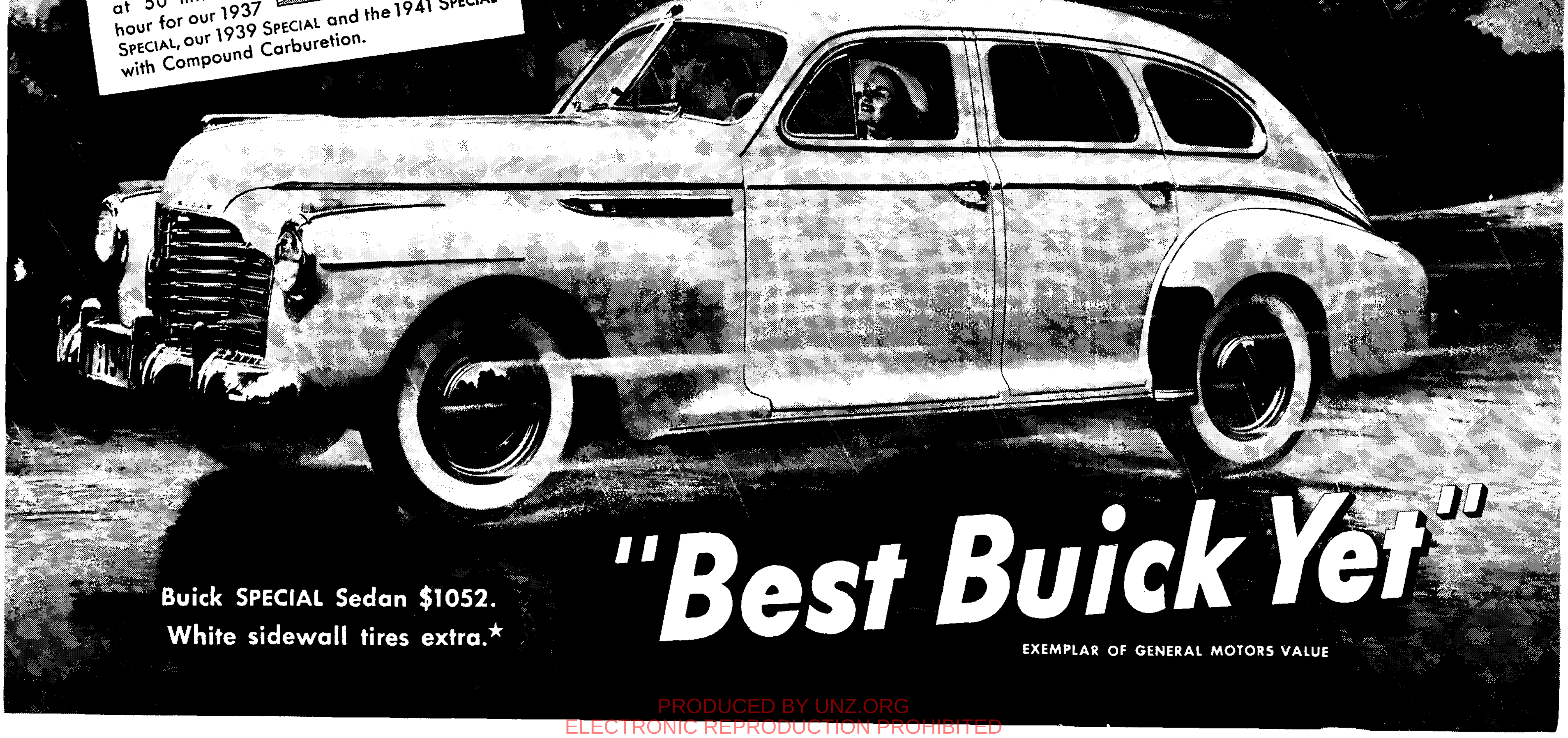


You can see how Compound Carburetion steps up miles-per-gallon in this chart. It shows the mileage at 50 miles an hour for our 1937 SPECIAL, our 1939 SPECIAL and the 1941 SPECIAL with Compound Carburetion.



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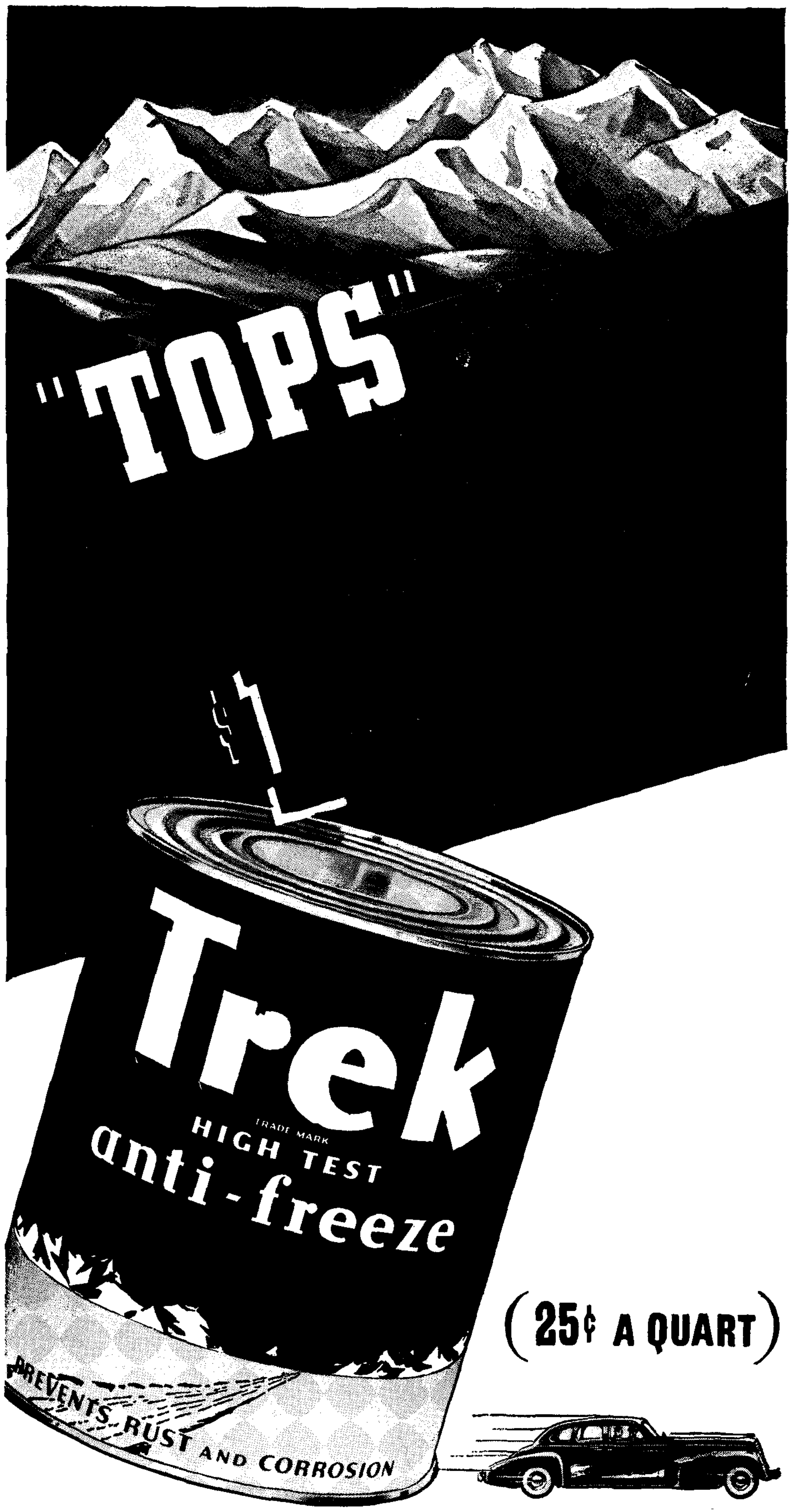

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Trek

Gravy Train

Continued from page 17

Rothart. I'm calling from Pittsburgh and my train leaves in a coupla minutes. I'm asking you again to come along."

"Sure, I'll play ball if you play with me." Vorshak's voice was as metallic as the wire carrying it: "What's in it for me?"

"They're playing this game for charity," Rothart said.

"I suppose," Vorshak cut in, "they'll run a benefit for me if I break a leg. Nuts on that charity—talk sense."

"There'll be a lot of pro scouts out there," Rothart said hopefully. "You can do yourself a lot of good if you stand out—as I know you can."

"LISTEN, I've got plenty offers already. I'm practically signed with the Packers. You ain't fooling nobody. Do I get it or don't I?"

"How much do you want?" Rothart stalled.

"You know how much. A hundred and fifty. In cash, not box tops."

"You're crazy!" Rothart protested.

"I might be able to get you fifty. But—"

"This must be a lousy connection. It sounded just like you said fifty. Say, I can get fifty bucks for playing a couple of basketball games during vacation—an' I can't play basketball."

"I'll give you a hundred. That's as high as I can go."

"Keep talking. You're doing better."

"Come on, take the hundred. As a personal favor to me."

"Don't give me that. What the hell did you ever do for me? One-five-oh or no dice."

"All right, you'll get it. But you better be worth it in the game."

"Don't worry about little Stevie," Vorshak said glibly, "he'll be there with bells on."

"There's a midnight train out of Pittsburgh tonight. I'll arrange your ticket with the passenger agent."

"Make it for tomorrow night," Vorshak said. "I got a date tonight." His leer leaped over the wire as if it were alive.

Rothart grabbed at his collar convulsively. "You don't get a dime if you're not on that train tonight," he shouted. "You'll miss a day of practice as it is."

"Calm down, Coach," Vorshak soothed him. "Get me a ticket for the plane and I'll be waiting there for you."

"That's more extra money," Rothart grumbled. "I don't see why—"

"You talk like it was your dough. And by the way, with the ticket, leave your personal check, from you to me, for the hundred and fifty."

"Don't you trust me?" Rothart screamed.

"Sure, sure. You're okay, but sometimes you guys claim you've been misquoted."

"You think of everything, don't you?" Rothart said savagely.

"I do the best I can," Vorshak said.

Rothart hung up and the booth suddenly was intolerably small. For the first time in his life, he had encountered an attitude toward football as cynical and as self-centered as his own, and it left him with an infuriating feeling of futility. It was as if he had lost a game of particular significance—and he wasn't accustomed to losing.

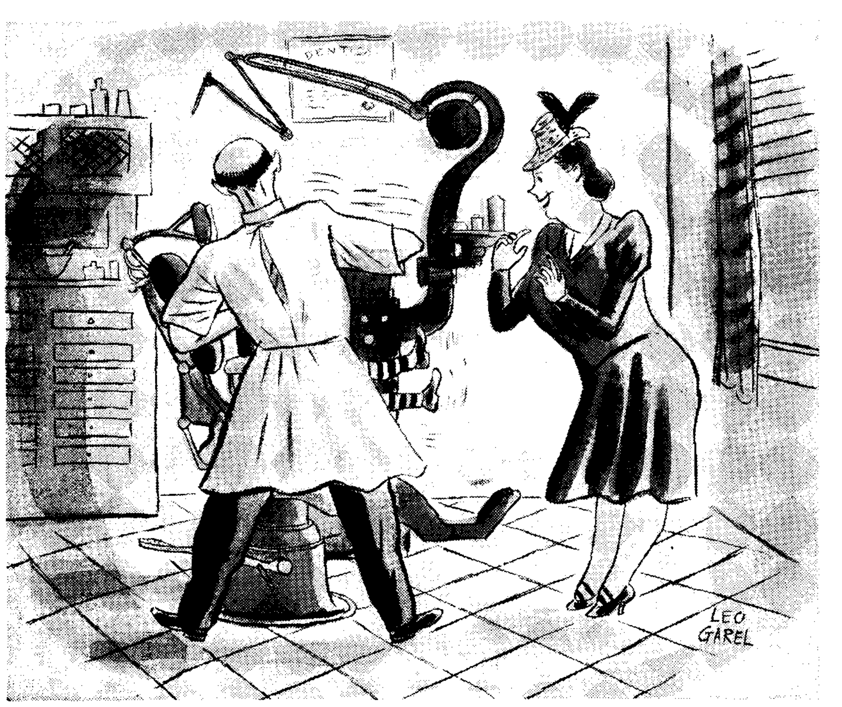
Someone bawled "Boe-erd," and he went into the cheerful confusion of the car. Bags were piled in the two open spaces at the far end. The aisle was jammed with big men, and each one constituted a traffic problem, but Rothart noticed that they already had divided themselves into two loose groups. The Ivy Leaguers were drifting toward the bridge game and the coal miners from the football factories were kibitzing the poker players. Rothart banged on the metal partition of a berth for attention. They went on dealing the cards. The major blew a sharp blast on two fingers. That did it.

"You can take any berth in this car or the one behind us," Rothart announced. "They're all lowers. We'll have a private club car tomorrow. I'll hold skull practice there every day. At other times you men can use it for studying."

He got a raucous horselaugh on that one. Rothart waited until it died. He had taken teams on long trips before.

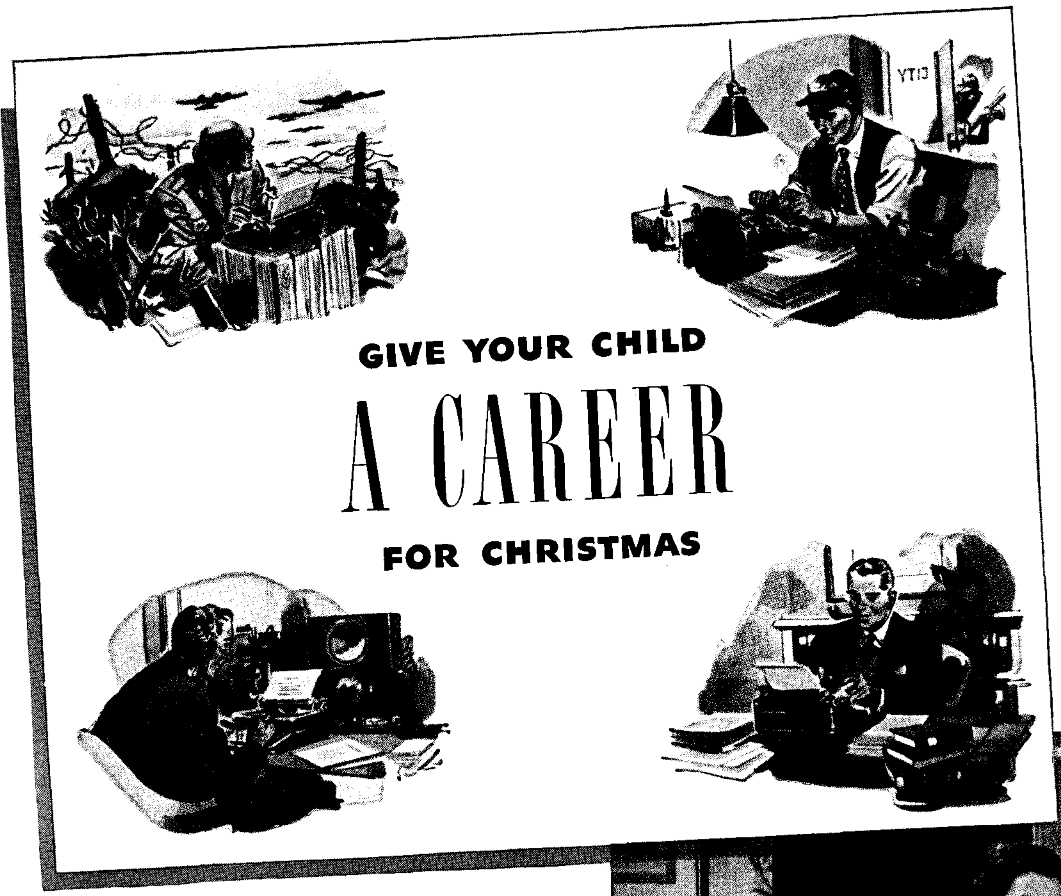
"Sign checks in the diner. Your allowance is four dollars a day. You should get by on that all right."

"If things get tough we can eat



"Just a little wider, Johnny, a little more —just so the man can get his finger out"

LEO GAREL



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Like other Royal Portables, the Arrow model is really a *standard* office machine in *portable* size. MAGIC* Margin, Touch Control*, geared bob-less shift, dust-proof construction—those features which have helped make the full-sized Royal the World's Number One Typewriter, are all included in this Royal Portable. Important: Only Royal has a keyboard *identical* with that on a standard typewriter! (One reason typing teachers recommend the Royal for home use.)

ROYAL QUIET DE LUXE MODEL...$64.50

The Royal Quiet De Luxe is the last word in Portable perfection. An interesting feature is the smart, brass-fitted, airplane-luggage case which accompanies this superb machine. All Royal Portable cases are so constructed that the machine cannot fall out—even if the case is carried open. If a typewriter table isn't available when you travel, simply place the Royal case on its back on an ordinary chair. The typewriter fits into grooves on the lid, approximates table height. This model also available in green, maroon, or black.

ROYAL ARISTOCRAT WITH BLACK CASE...$59.50(CASE ILLUSTRATED EXTRA)

This great machine has all the features of the model on the left except that of *super*-silent operation. Rubber suction-cup feet leave table tops unscarred. Your choice of a green, maroon, or black "*no-glare*" finish.

Other Royal Portable models are the *Companion*, at $49.50, and the *Mercury*, a serviceable, sturdy typewriter for only $34.50. Carrying case and "Self Teacher" are included with every Royal Portable.

For a free home trial, write to Royal, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. Your local dealer, who is authorized to sell you any Royal on an easy-payment plan which includes a small carrying charge, will gladly deliver a new machine to your home for a free trial.

The only STANDARD Typewriter in Portable Size

ROYAL PORTABLE

$34.50 to $64.50—terms as low as $3 down, $3 a month

Holiday Preferences with the Best of References

SCHENLEY
SCHENLEY
BLACK LABEL
Light-Bodied Blended Whiskey
To create better spirits every drop of this superb whiskey has been "melded."
BOTTLED FOR Schenley Distillers Corporation, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Shaped like a shotgun shell, in sterling silver lined with gold, he will find this jigger the measure for that liquid treasure, *Schenley Black Label.*

Chromium Muddlers in Golf Club, Riding Crop, Boat Hook, Duck Decoy and Shotgun Shell designs match most masculine sports, including elbow-bending (if you festoon a set of them around the broad shoulders of a bottle of *Schenley Red Label*).

Hand-made, blown crystal Whiskey Sour Glasses make a sweet gift . . . particularly when they're accompanied by a quart of *Schenley Red Label.*

A jigger, corkscrew, ice hammer and bottle opener all rolled into one grand gift. Tied around a decanter of *Schenley Red Label,* it is guaranteed to make a "pro" out of any amateur mixologist.

Fine crystal Old Fashioned, Straight Whiskey or Manhattan glasses with permanently embossed or engraved game birds and fish. To make his thanks articulate we suggest *Schenley Black Label.*

This gadget grinds ice fine, medium or coarse. Stainless steel . . . rustless . . . it's available in black or red, like *Blends by Schenley.*

This crystal highball glass holds 22 ounces. Hand-engraved grain pattern reminds you that, from grain to glass, nothing is better in bottles than *Blends by Schenley.*

This chrome and leather "Tantalus Set" will triply tantalize if you pre-fill its hand-cut crystal decanters with America's Mildest Bottled in Bond Rye and Bourbon, *Old Schenley.*

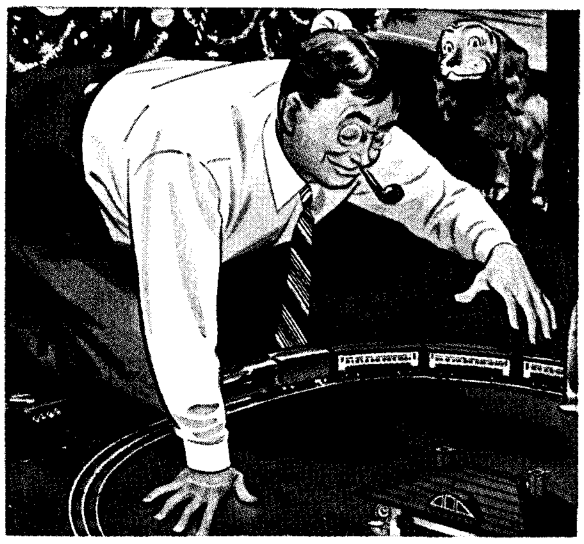
SCHENLEY
RED LABEL
Light-Bodied Blended Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD SCHENLEY
Straight Whiskey
100 PROOF
Rye
Bourbon
America's Mildest
BOTTLED IN
BOND
SCHENLEY
America's Lightest
BLENDS

Crystal "Egg-Nog" cups (and bowl) with non-tarnishable sterling silver bandings. But be sure to include the priceless ingredient . . . America's Mildest Bottled in Bond, *Old Schenley*.

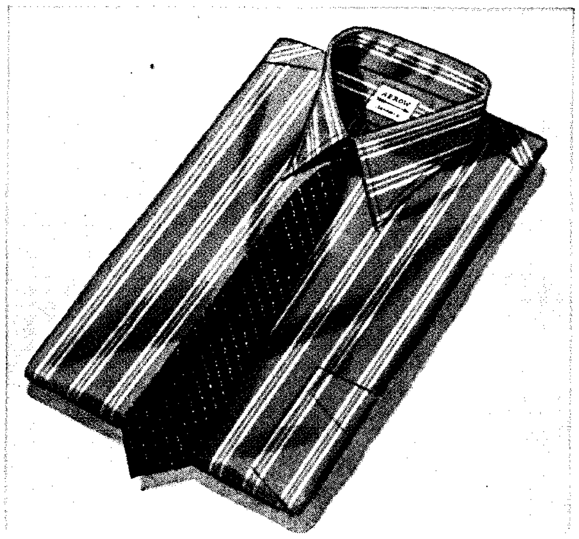
This hand-made, hand-polished, brass-banded Maple Ice Tub and Tongs would look mighty nice under the tree with a quart of Bottled in Bond *Old Schenley* resting comfortably in it.

Schenley Black Label 65% Grain Neutral Spirits—Schenley Red Label 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits—Both Blended Whiskey and 90 Proof. Old Schenley Straight Whiskey 100 Proof. Available in both Rye and Bourbon. Copr. 1940, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C., N. Y.

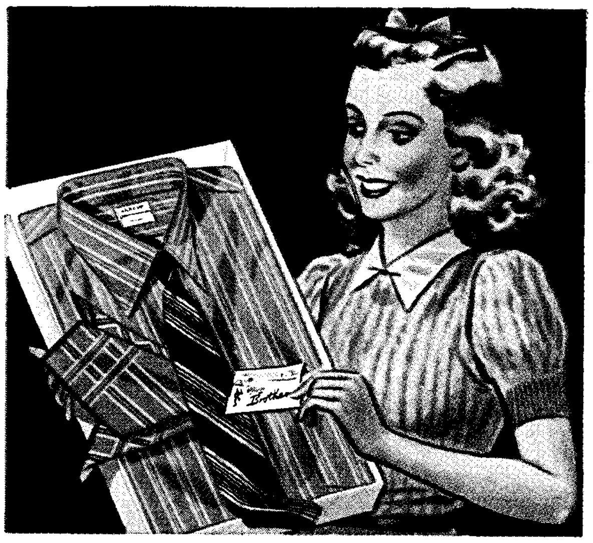
Christmas Gifts for Big Boys



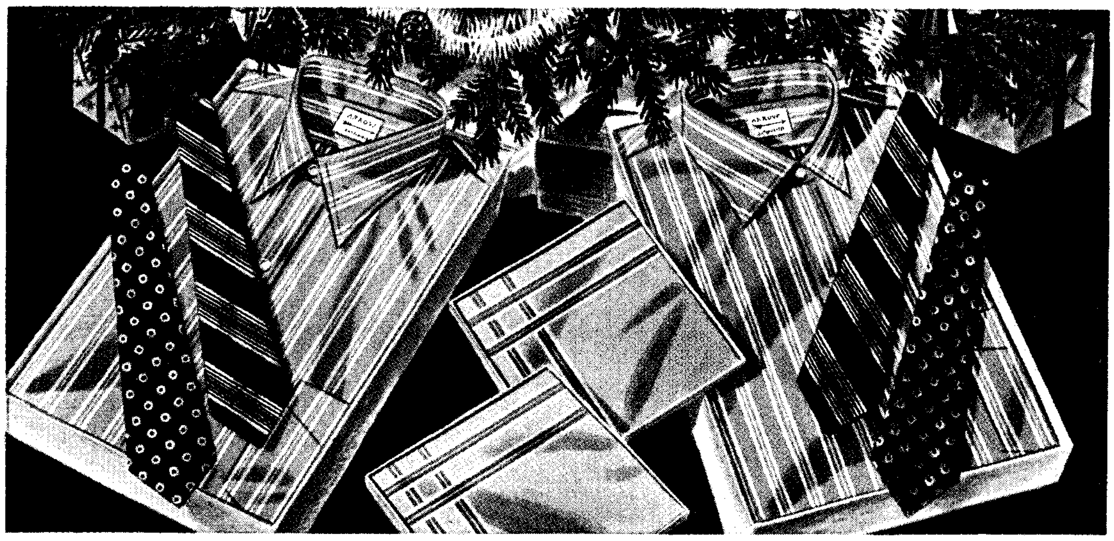
To a "boy" over 21, never give electric trains—at least, not *directly*. Trains are not good for him: keep him up all night, make him look dissipated. But—



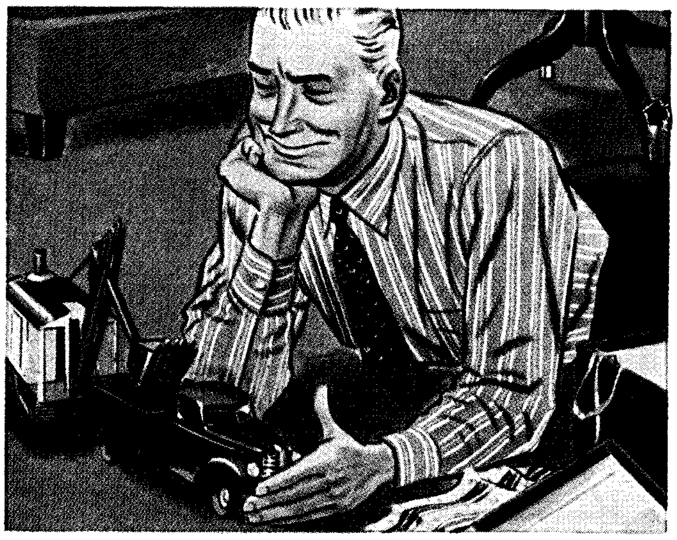
To make him look elegant, give him Arrow's brand-new Christmas feature: *Morley Stripes*, a cheery, handsome example of the stylish cluster stripe.



The Morley Shirt, handkerchief, and shorts come in four shades each: the tie in three patterns of four colors each. Sis holds a harmonious Morley trio.



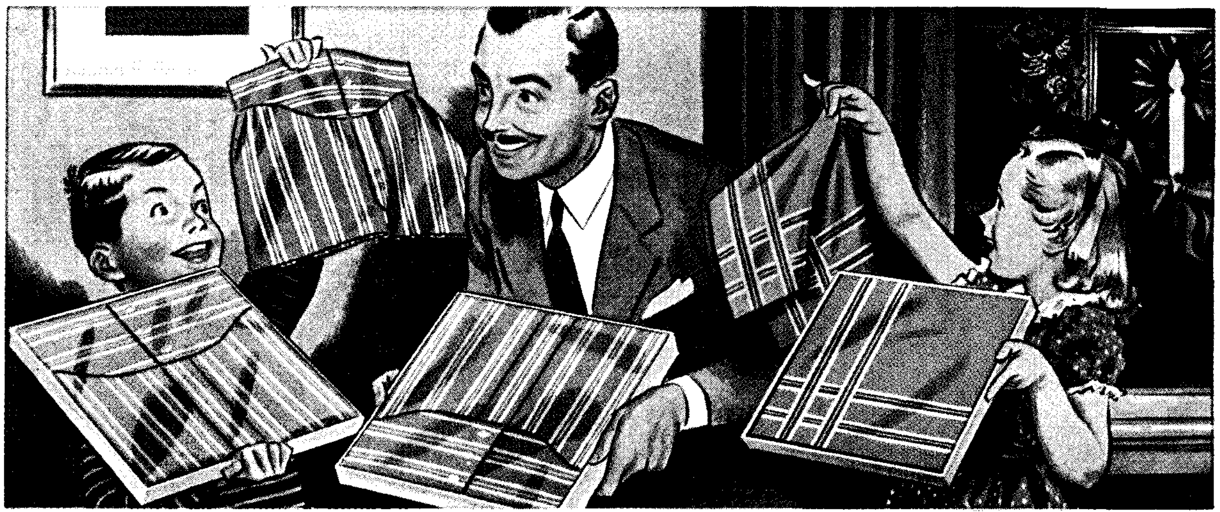
Morley Stripes is a most versatile gift: you may give the shirt alone, shirt and tie, a whole ensemble in one color—or any combination you think he'll like. The shirt is a fine broadcloth, has the famous Arrow Collar and the exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit men find so neat. It is $2.



Each of the Morley tie patterns takes to the Morley Stripe Shirt like a grown man to a toy crane. These fine Arrow Ties knot perfectly, thwart wrinkles, and cost only $1, each.

ARROW
SHIRTS · TIES · HANDKERCHIEFS
UNDERWEAR

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow
Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
Troy, New York



Copyright, 1940, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

The most comfortable thing you can give a man is Arrow Shorts, famed for the absence of a chafing center seam. Like Arrow Shirts, the shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk, the fabric can't shrink 1%! In Morley Stripes, 65¢. The Morley Stripe handkerchief is 35¢. See the whole Morley family at your Arrow dealer's today.

the blubber off Krapaustas," someone boomed.

Krapaustas, the huge All-America tackle, was startled by the guffaws, then beamed happily, pleased to have been chosen for special mention.

"We've got a long haul on the train," Rothart added. "Take it easy. We'll have four days for workouts when we get there. That's all."

The players went for their bags, milling and shoving in the aisle. When men who didn't know each other bumped accidentally, they spoke with bright and studied familiarity, as if they were resuming interrupted conversations.

"How 'bout a bottle of beer?" the major asked Rothart. "We cramp their style when we hang around."

THEY went to the club car and the major gave the Filipino boy three quarters when he served them. The major, refusing a glass, took a long belt out of his bottle. "Mother's milk," he murmured. "This will help kill the time."

Rothart turned the glass slowly in his hands, made no answer.

"You still thinking about Vorshak?" the major asked.

"He's coming, but I hope he breaks his neck," Rothart said. "It burns me to think one lousy kid can throw a monkey wrench into the works. You've been scouting the Western clubs all year. You know how much we need Vorshak. They'd run us ragged around the ends if we didn't have him and if I played the defensive halfbacks tight, they'd murder us with passes."

"Look, chum," the major said, "with or without Vorshak we'd have a full house, so why worry? Nobody cares who wins the game anyway."

"I care," Rothart rasped.

"You better go to bed," the major said. "You got troubles enough already."

Everything irritated Rothart in the morning. Messinger, the center who did not intend to return to school, was blissfully belaboring his saxophone and disregarding the shower of paper wads the other players were throwing at him. The major was telling amiable lies to a group around him and the boisterous laughter aggravated Rothart. Players seldom laughed when he spoke to them; they listened attentively. The inevitable card games were beginning. Rothart didn't play cards. He had no edge when mere chance controlled the result.

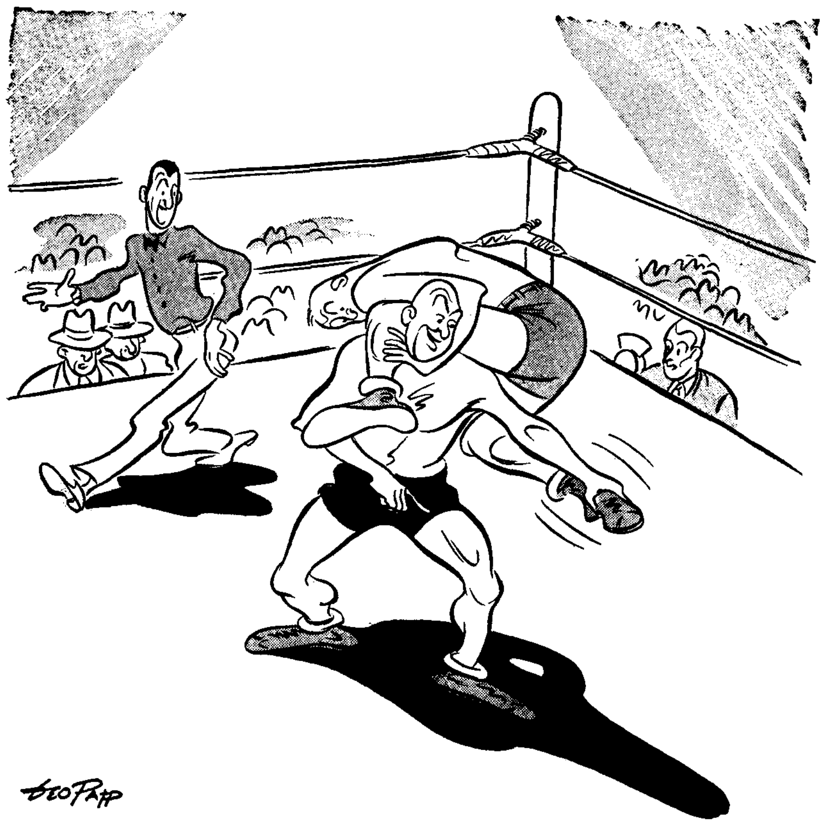
He called Joey Belsamo, his own quarterback for three years, into the drawing room to discuss the plays and tactics to be used in the game. Belsamo was the type of ballplayer Rothart understood: Intense, a perfectionist. Belsamo had the poise and compactness of a good middleweight fighter. Rothart knew he would make a good assistant coach, but he hesitated to give him the job. Belsamo was too ambitious to remain an assistant.

Rothart diagramed a half-dozen plays new to Belsamo and outlined how he wanted them used in conjunction with the maneuvers taken from his team's repertory, which the quarterback already knew. "This stuff is tricky," he said, "but the boys can learn it."

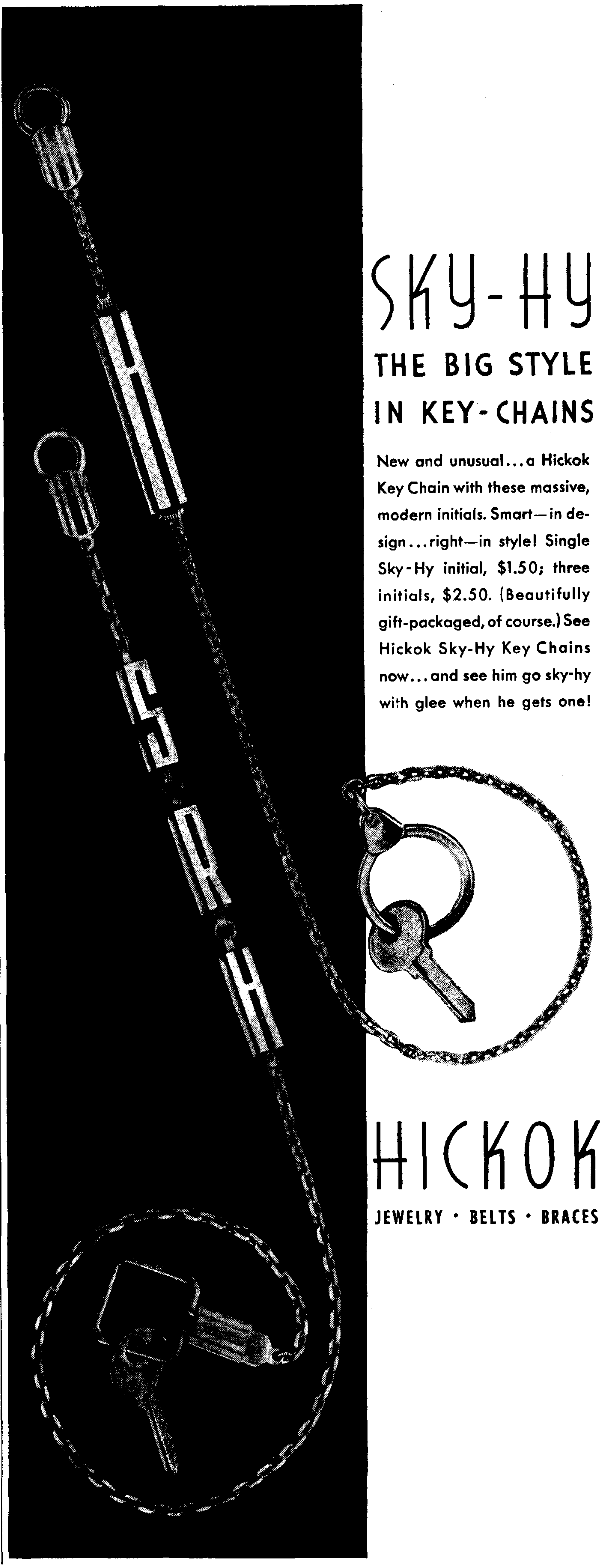
He began to have his doubts, though, after the first skull practice in the club car. Nobody paid much attention to him. Some looked out of the window at the scenery; some looked bored. Krapaustas dozed gently and Rothart had to interrupt a description of an intricate spinner to break up a three-handed word game in the rear of the car. The blocking backs groaned in unison when Rothart charted their assignments on reverse plays and the linemen stirred restlessly when he attempted to clarify the mysteries on the blackboard. The major drew doodles on a telegraph pad and said nothing.

Rothart had intended to lecture for an hour. He let them go after twenty minutes. A maddening feeling of impotence was communicated to him by the indolent, insolent faces that stared at him. He felt as if he were making an objective analysis of his own image in a mirror, and the reflection was disturbing. These men, Rothart realized, were matured, mechanical products of football, like himself. He, who always had reduced the emotion and enthusiasm of a college team to cabalistic charts, knew his blueprints were lifeless without the adolescent attitude of which he was contemptuous privately and which was his public stock in trade. To these men, no longer disciplined by college spirit, football now was a business, not a game. And a game was Rothart's business.

Annoyances continued to pile on:



"Hold it, Mike. Look, a duck!" GEORGE PAPP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New and unusual... a Hickok Key Chain with these massive, modern initials. Smart—in design... right—in style! Single Sky-Hy initial, $1.50; three initials, $2.50. (Beautifully gift-packaged, of course.) See Hickok Sky-Hy Key Chains now... and see him go sky-hy with glee when he gets one!

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"arrest" razor stings and burn!

Men! Say "hello!" to cool and soothing Ingram's... and say "good-bye!" to hot and irritating shaves!

Right! Lather up with quick-action Ingram's—the luxury cream that's really different! It's cool—deliberately planned cool—to help condition your face for shaving.

That rich, creamy lather wilts whiskers in a jiffy... lets your razor give you a quicker, cleaner shave. And all the time your face is soothed by Ingram's special Coolness!

Change to Ingram's now... for cool, quick, easy shaves. Ingram's leaves your face refreshed for hours—more attractive looking, too. No lotion needed. In tube or jar—the same cooling, economical cream.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM IN TUBE OR JAR

Messinger had a loud argument with his waiter at lunch and again at dinner. Rothart recognized the technique: it was an old trick to avoid leaving a tip. Hempel, the Ivy League guard, and Elkaitis, the coal-miner fullback, became involved in a kidding, nagging conversation which ended with both men throwing punches. Hempel wondered out loud whether Elkaitis knew his alma mater song as well as he knew the bank account his school had given him for playing football. Elkaitis answered that a guard was just a fullback with his brains knocked out. When Rothart got there, the major was holding both men at arm's length and threatening to bash their heads together if there was any more foolishness.

TORPOR, relieved by flashes of feuds which split the party in a dozen cliques, gripped the team. The Ivy Leaguers and the coal miners had nothing in common but thinly disguised insults. Fraternity lines divided the Ivy Leaguers, and among the coal miners there was a caste system that segregated, by mutual consent, the backs from the linemen. Rothart's skull practices became shorter and successively unsuccessful. To pass the time, he drew individual assignments for plays on slips of paper and distributed them. The players glanced at the slips between naps and card games.

The quickening of nervous tension Rothart hoped for with the approach of the game was manifest when they finally arrived. The players smiled toothily for the photographers and Krapaustas posed with a grinning porter under each arm for the traditional strong-man picture. Rothart answered the usual questions put to him by the reporters in the usual fashion.

Yes, they had a fine trip. Sure, he expected to win; they hadn't come across the country to lose. He gave the reporters a probable starting line-up, steered them to the major and ducked into a cab. He wouldn't be sure of Vorshak until he saw him.

The clerk at the hotel regretted Mr. Vorshak had not yet checked in. He added a plane from the East had been due a half-hour ago and the airport car should be arriving any minute now. And then Rothart, who never had seen Vorshak, recognized his man entering the lobby.

Vorshak walked like a man imitating a football player walking. He bounced with every step, as if he were on a pogo stick, and between bounces he swaggered. He weighed one hundred and ninety pounds and looked it. The stiff-necked set of his cropped, black head on sloping shoulders identified him as a football player, even without the gold football, the size of a small egg, which swung from a chain across his vest.

Vorshak gave Rothart a big hello. Rothart accepted the proffered hand without enthusiasm.

"You're late," he said. "You should've been here yesterday."

"I didn't miss anything," Vorshak said. "I had a date. The dame wouldn't let me leave the night I was supposed to."

"You're quite a glamor boy, aren't you?"

"Can I help it if I'm popular?" Vorshak burnished his fingernails on the lapel of his coat. He peeled a five-dollar bill from a thick roll and handed it to the bellhop who had carried his bags into the lobby. "Get me some change, boy." He turned to Rothart and winked broadly. "A rich uncle in Australia died. Left all his dough to me."

Rothart had planned on four days of intensive workouts. The first day the photographers took charge, and measuring the players for uniforms further disrupted practice. The chamber of commerce threw a party for the team that night and before Rothart could get them out, some of the players were tight. He scrimmaged them the next day, but he called it off when Elkaitis' knee made Hempel hear queer noises in his head.

Vorshak delayed the third practice to get the players to autograph a new, twelve-dollar ball he talked Rothart into giving him, gravely explaining it was for a crippled kid. The ball presently appeared in the window of a gentleman who rented full dress suits for all occasions. Vorshak appeared in tails which did not fit him too badly at a party given by the game committee. Vorshak turned on the charm for the assembled guests and went over big.

The fourth practice was another languid session, and Rothart returned to the hotel praying for a cloudburst which, if it did not wash out the game, at least would hold down the other side's scoring. It came up bright and clear on game day. The players had a late breakfast of lamb chops, toast and tea, then met in the ballroom for the final skull drill. Now the players were listening attentively to Rothart, their concentration heightened and tightened by the nervousness that held them in a vise. Rothart crammed them with the basic plays the major had recommended; he had abandoned the slick, smart stuff after the first workout. In the clutch, Belsamo could give the men their razzle-dazzle assignments.

Belsamo was a good boy. A playing coach.

Perfunctory cheers greeted them when they went into the stadium to run through signals. Rothart examined the opposition.

"They don't look so tough," he remarked to the major.

"Nah," the major agreed. "They're just kids, the same as ours. We'll have a ball game."

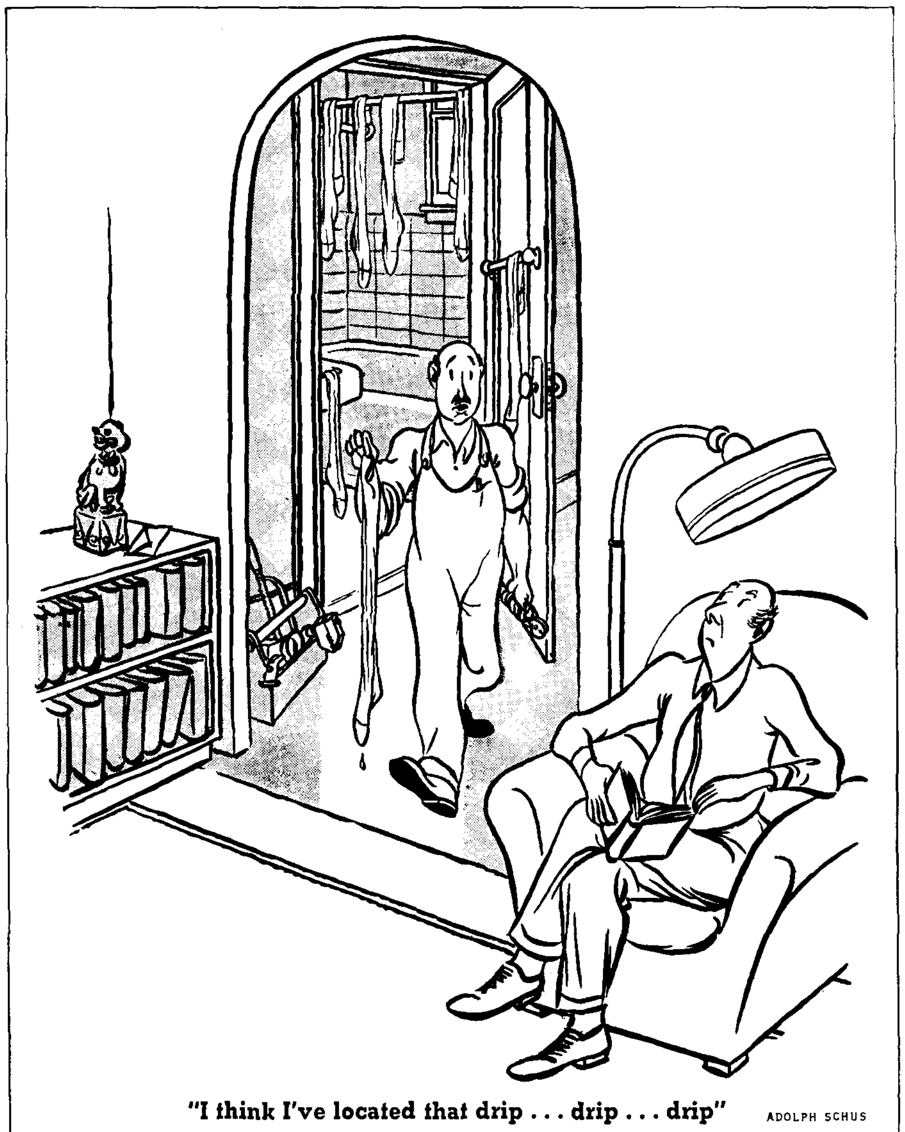
Rothart called his players back to the locker room and ordered the trainer to put lampblack under the eyes of the backs and ends to relieve the glare of the sun. The men reknotted their shoelaces and kneaded the stiffness out of their new pads. Tension had mounted until it was tangible almost to touch and smell, but Rothart knew it would be dissipated after the first shock of body contact. He walked to the center of the room and the clatter of cleats died down.

"Watch McElroy, number eighteen," he began. "He's fast and shifty. When you hit him, hit him hard. Overshift with their line on strong-side plays. McElroy can go only to his right."

ALL-STAR scouting reports always were meager. There was nothing left but the hearts and flowers. "This is the last football game many of you will ever play. Try to make it a winning game." Even as he said it, Rothart knew he sounded banal. "That's all. Go get 'em."

A solid wave of noise met them when they raced out this time. While the men adjusted their helmets, Belsamo went to the middle of the field for the toss. He lost and the Whites elected to receive the kickoff. Vorshak delayed the game while he made a pretense of finding a helmet which fitted him. When he trotted out with exaggerated grace to his position at left end, the sun bravely caught the gold number on his blue jersey and identified him as an individual to the spectators. The crescendo of cheers strengthened and Rothart began to talk to himself. Before Vorshak lined up, he made a detour to shake hands with Lenewski, the opposing right tackle who was to be his personal enemy in the hand-to-hand fighting along the line. The stands rewarded the gesture with a polite patter of applause. Rothart wished he had thought of that.

Messinger gave the ball a long, high ride and McElroy brought it back to the



"I think I've located that drip . . . drip . . . drip" ADOLPH SCHUS

KODAKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Start your Christmas shopping on this page—continue at your Kodak dealer's . . .

Few gifts can match the gift of picture taking. And, for inside-and-outside value—unequaled—choose a Kodak or Brownie. Behind it—50 years of camera-making experience . . . millions invested in precision equipment . . . the inventiveness and skill of the largest group of camera craftsmen ever brought together. You give something that is very real when you give a camera. And you give more camera when you give a Kodak.

Your Kodak dealer has Brownies from $1—Kodaks from $3.95. See him today. Let him show you, while his line of Christmas beauties is complete . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*

AND JUST ANOTHER LITTLE CHRISTMAS THOUGHT—send along with your gift camera a couple of rolls of Kodak Film for pictures of the Big Day.

(Right)

WORLD-FAMOUS [illegible]

Six-20 Brownie [illegible] **the world's most** [illegible] **box camera mod**[illegible]**. Spyglass-type** [illegible]**. Plunger shutter** [illegible] **minimizes cam**[illegible] **ment. Simple** [illegible] **far focus. Rotary** [illegible] **for snaps, time** [illegible]**. Pictures, 2¼ x 3¼** [illegible]**.**

SIX-20 BROWNIE [illegible]

$3.75

(Right)

[illegible] **127 Film.**

[illegible] **BROWNIE REFLEX**

$5.25

(Right)

LOW-P[illegible]

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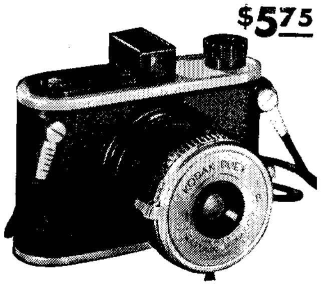
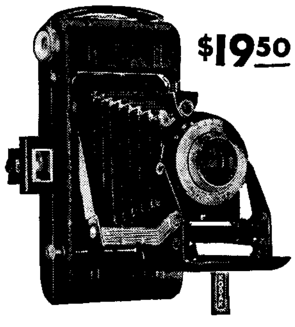


$5.75

$8.50



$19.50

$30

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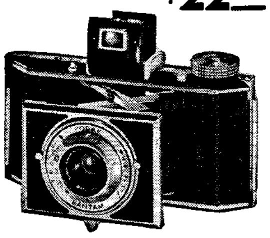
MAK[illegible]

Kodak [illegible] **gives sp**[illegible] **of Kod**[illegible] **Special** [illegible] **shutter** [illegible] **photofi**[illegible] **to blac**[illegible] **tures 2**[illegible] **takes f**[illegible] **chrome** [illegible]

KODAK [illegible]



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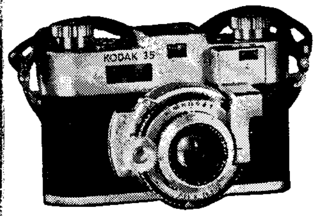

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When you can still get both *Extra-Dry* (for Martinis) and *Regular* or sweet (for Manhattans) Martini & Rossi Vermouths, why experiment with other Vermouths?

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fifteen, the twenty, before he went down under an angry, blue cloud. Krapaustas emerged with a smear of blood on his mouth. Time was called to pump wind into McElroy. While they were waiting, Vorshak spoke earnestly to Lenewski. McElroy got to his feet, was knocked down again on two ineffectual running plays. The Whites kicked and Belsamo, the safety man, let the ball roll beyond mid-field. Vorshak and Lenewski untangled themselves slowly, continued to talk while they ran downfield together.

Horton was tried off tackle and was stopped by the blockers, who were thrown back into his lap. Elkaitis failed on a spinner. Belsamo punted to the far side line. Again Vorshak and Lenewski followed the ball together, still talking.

"Are you two going steady?" someone on Rothart's bench yelled in a shrill falsetto. "Turn out the lights! They want to be alone."

ROTHART leaned forward, watching intently. The preliminaries were over. The tip-off would come in the next few sequences. The Whites drove what appeared to be a power play at the Blue left side, at Vorshak, with two blockers preceding the ball. Rothart leaped to his feet when Vorshak faded away from the focal point of attack. Suddenly, McElroy was digging furiously to the right with the ball. Vorshak alone had spotted the play as a reverse. He hurdled prostrate linemen and chased McElroy to the side line. McElroy put on the brakes, tried to pivot. Vorshak banged into him, threw him for a huge loss. Rothart sat down and the spectators got up to give Vorshak a hand. They gave him a final fillip when he pulled McElroy to his feet. Rothart relaxed. A close call. Vorshak had earned his money on that one.

Vorshak drifted to center to help Messinger smother a quarterback sneak. The Whites kicked and Belsamo drove Horton over the weak-side tackle. Vorshak charged hard but missed his block. Lenewski stripped the interference and Horton was stopped cold. Horton stabbed at the other side. Lenewski was there to gang up on him.

In the press box they were keeping a box score on the tackles made by Vorshak and Lenewski when the teams changed sides at the end of the first quarter. Neither team had made a first down; no play had gained more than five yards. Vorshak and Lenewski were terrific; they couldn't miss. The spectators were answering each announcement of their tackles over the public-address system with mounting frenzy. Vorshak and Lenewski were the works of a dull game. All-America backs were a dime a dozen; two linemen were stealing the show. Their diagnosis of plays was uncanny. They ran away deliberately from the apparent path of the ball carrier, they gambled recklessly and they invariably popped up to greet the carrier with open arms. Strangers in the stands assured one another nothing like it ever had been seen, and they were correct. Two reporters, working independently in the press box, were struck by the same bright idea simultaneously, then pondered the appropriateness of describing Vorshak and Lenewski as one-man blitzkriegs.

A steady stream of substitutes went into the game for both sides, but the fresh men were unable to check the spectacular heroics of Vorshak and Lenewski. Plays that were launched with crisp blocking and deft ball handling failed to gain because one man, unaccounted for in the chart of a foolproof play, always was there unaccountably to ruin precise calculations.

Late in the second quarter Vorshak and Lenewski were the only men on the field who had played without relief. They talked incessantly across the scrimmage line. The spectators thought they were exchanging insults. Rothart thought it peculiar that one of them had not caught a random knee or elbow where it would do the least good long ago.

"Something gives the odor of dead fish," the major whispered to Rothart. "Have you noticed that Lenewski isn't as tough on plays right at him as he is on stuff run away from him? There's something screwy going on."

Messinger was coming out of the game. Rothart motioned to him. "What are they saying in the line?" he asked.

"Aw, they're callin' us Eastern bums," Messinger said, "and we're callin' them dumb, no-good . . ."

"I mean Vorshak and that other guy," Rothart said impatiently. "What are they saying to each other?"

"It don't make sense to me. They tell each other somethin' that goes like 'nah leevo' and 'nah prawvo.' It sounds like double-talk."

Krapaustas, who had been kicked in the head early in the game, was alert enough now. "What's that you said?" he demanded.

Messinger repeated laboriously the unfamiliar phrases.

"Hey, they're *talking* Polish!" Krapaustas exclaimed. " 'Na lewo' means to the left and 'na prawo' means to the right. That Lenewski must be a Polski too." A frown creased his moon face. "They must be tipping each other off to the plays!"

Rothart was cursing in a savage, steady monotone. The major hurriedly sent in a replacement for Vorshak and the customers nearly tore down the house when Vorshak circled the field the long way to the locker room. Just before the gun ended the half, Horton burst off tackle for fifteen yards, the longest gain of the game. Lenewski was boxed out of the play easily.

Vorshak saw Rothart coming for him in the locker room. He backed into a corner and braced himself against the wall.

Rothart, his face rigid with rage, grabbed a handful of Vorshak's jersey. "Get out of here before I kill you!" he said thickly. "You'll never play again. I'll tell every pro coach, the newspapers, how you sold out."

Vorshak shook him off roughly. "I didn't come here to get my lumps and make another guy look good," he snarled. "That's all the slobs in the line ever get. I'm no sucker, see? I'm in there taking care of myself. Besides, how do you know I'm not building up Lenewski for the pay-off?"

Rothart dropped his hands. "What's your angle?"

VORSHAK gazed at the ceiling. "I've been on the level with him so far. The dope will believe anything I tell him. So I give him a bum steer."

"How do you know he won't double-cross you first?"

"He won't have a chance. We receive the kickoff this half. We can give him the business fast. A little pass to me will do it, for instance."

"A pass to you?"

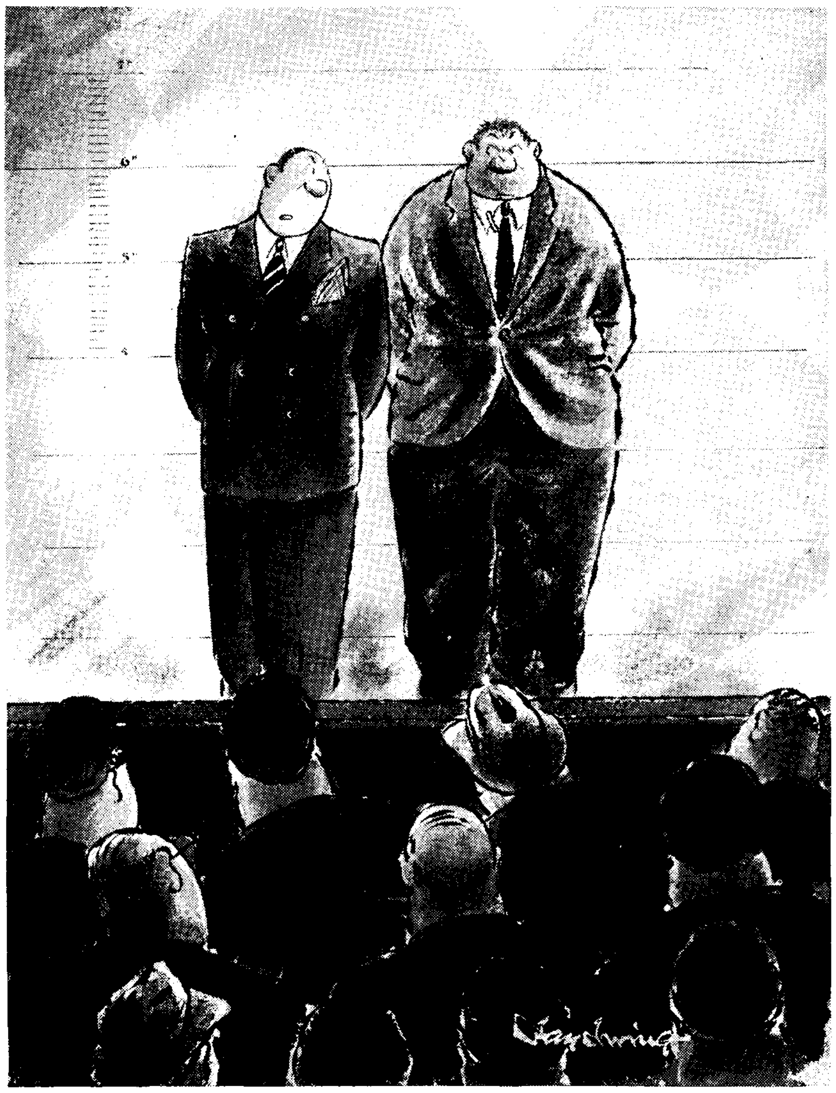
"To me," Vorshak said. "I'm the inventor of the game."

Rothart wheeled and called Belsamo.

"After the kickoff, run two plays at right tackle," he told the quarterback. "They probably won't gain. For your third play call M14, the fake spinner and right sweep. Instead of giving the ball to Horton after you spin, keep it. Take three counts, then shoot a flat pass to Vorshak. Understand?"

Belsamo nodded, started to ask a question.

"I can't go into it now," Rothart went on. "Don't tell the others anything until you call it in the huddle. Then tell them to carry out their blocking as if



"Yuh collar pin is open"

JAY IRVING

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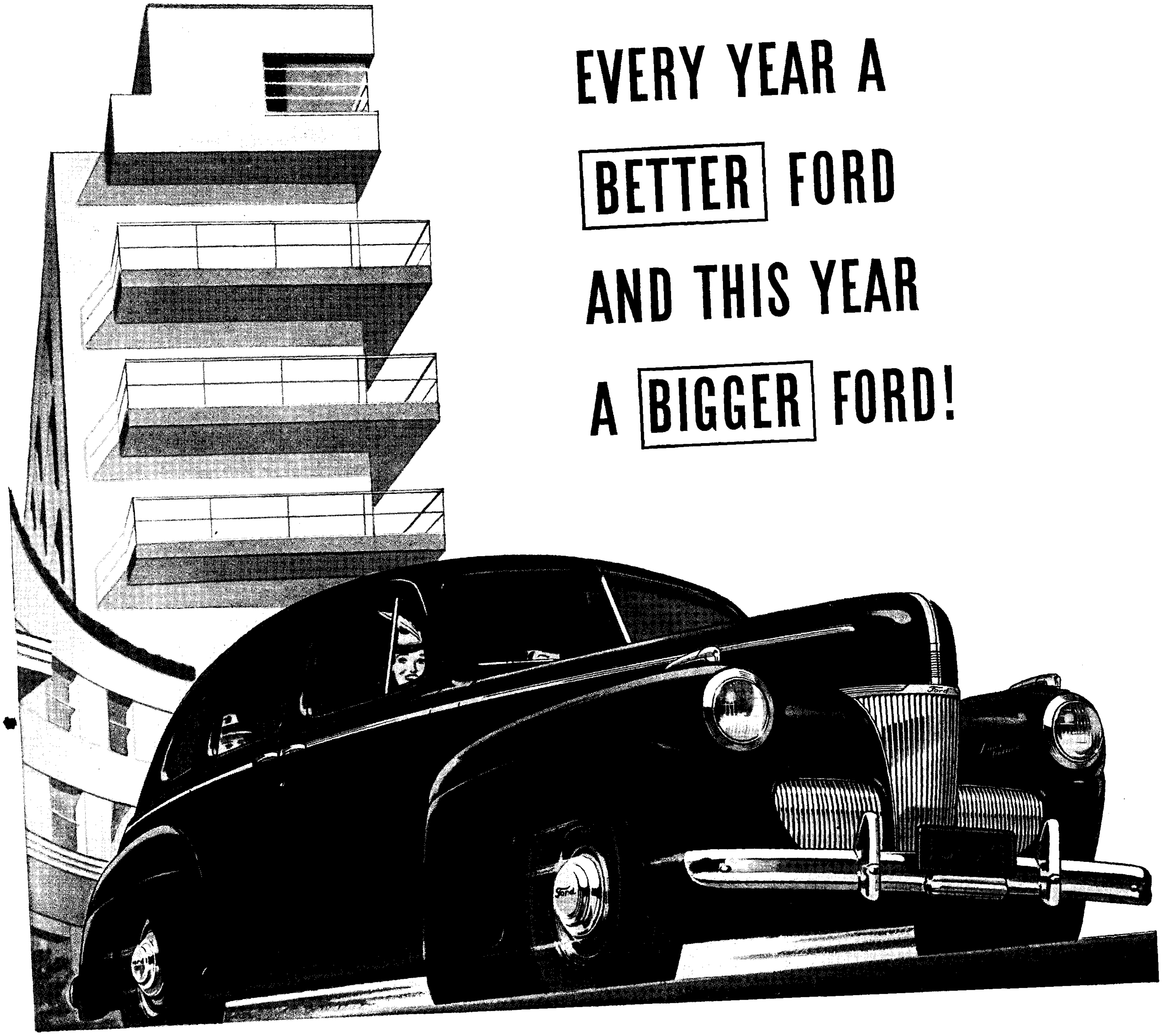

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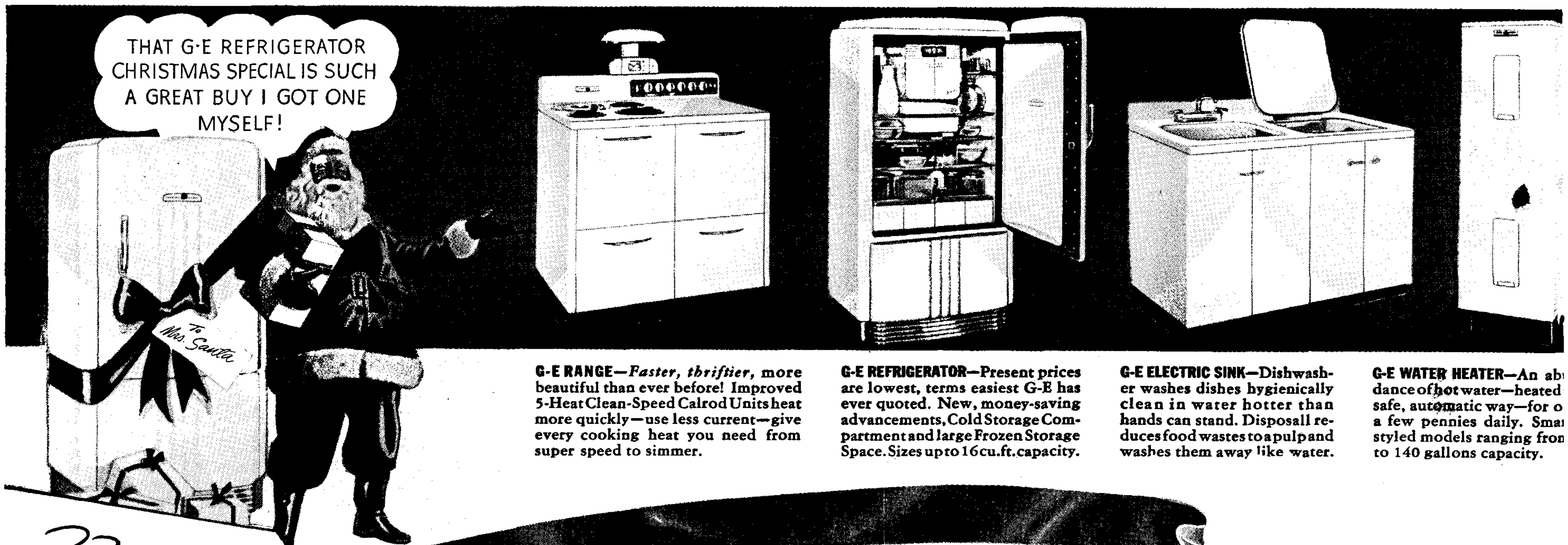
THAT G·E REFRIGERATOR CHRISTMAS SPECIAL IS SUCH A GREAT BUY I GOT ONE MYSELF!
To Mrs. Santa

G-E RANGE—*Faster, thriftier,* more beautiful than ever before! Improved 5-Heat Clean-Speed Calrod Units heat more quickly—use less current—give every cooking heat you need from super speed to simmer.

G-E REFRIGERATOR—Present prices are lowest, terms easiest G-E has ever quoted. New, money-saving advancements, Cold Storage Compartment and large Frozen Storage Space. Sizes up to 16 cu. ft. capacity.

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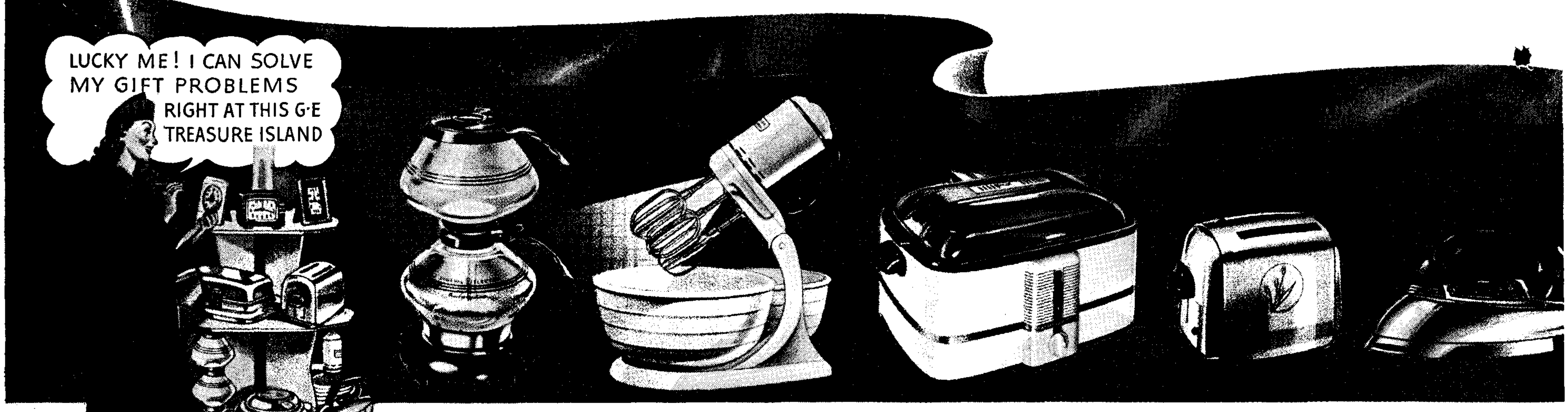
23 Great Gift Suggestions

For a Practical Perso with a Sentime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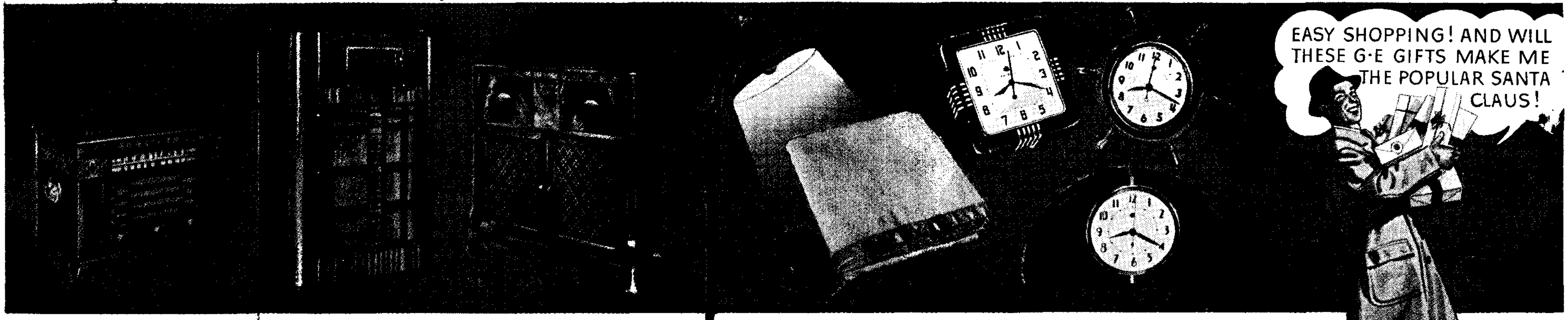
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G-E GOLDEN TONE RADIO, MODEL J-62—A cabinet of rich Mahogany Veneers that follows the lines of an 18th Century Jewel Case. Equipped with *Dual* Beam-a-scopes for finer foreign and domestic reception.

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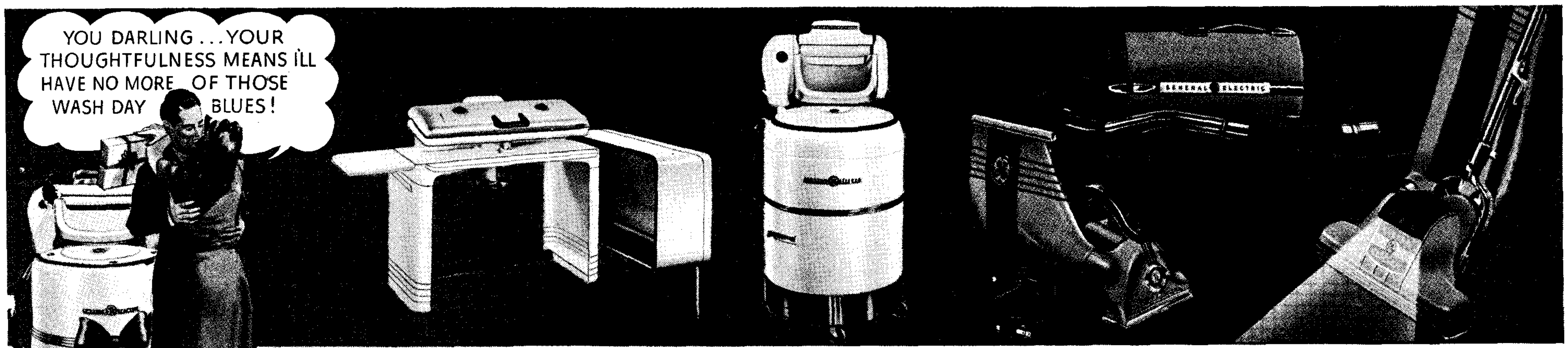
YOU DARLING . . . YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS MEANS I'LL HAVE NO MORE OF THOSE WASH DAY BLUES!
GENERAL ELECTRIC

G-E FLATPLATE IRONER—You can sit down and iron with unbelievable ease! This efficient ironer works at the slightest touch—irons and presses beautifully everything from flat pieces to delicate lingerie, ruffled curtains and children's clothes.

G-E WASHER—G-E Activator Washing Action washes each piece thoroughly—as you would if you were doing it by hand. One-Control Wringer. Long-life mechanism with only 4 moving parts.

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YOU'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD YOU BOUGHT A G-E

tal Side!

There's Something to Please Everyone in G-E's Great Array of Sensible Gifts

Would you like to carry the Christmas spirit into somebody's heart and leave it there the whole year 'round? Then consider the real sentiment wrapped up in one of these eminently sensible, practical gifts—a General Electric gift that lasts—a gift from you that says to her—"Stay as young as you are!"

In this gleaming array of gifts that G-E offers for your choice, there is something you will want to give—something she will hold beyond price.

For among these beautiful appliances are many that bring the youth-saving magic of electricity into the home—tireless, quiet, inexpensive servants to take over unpleasant and aging household drudgery—appliances that will preserve her priceless youth.

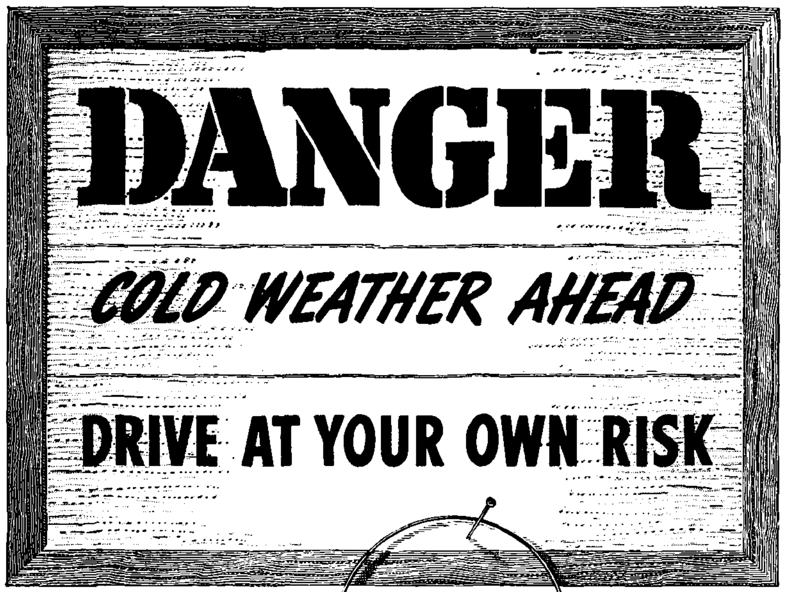
Here you see a few of General Electric's complete line of modern appliances. In G-E's wide assortment there is something that is sure to please Mother, Daughter, Father, Brother . . . everyone. To make your selection easy, your G-E dealer is now displaying a wide variety of them. Some are priced as low as $1.00. Higher-priced gifts are available on G-E's easy payment plan.

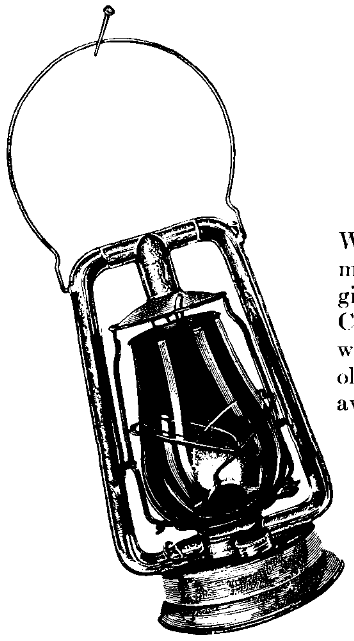
(All prices subject to territorial variations and change without notice. See your local G-E dealer)

I Left the Best Gift in the Kitchen
Santa

Remember—It's Easy To Stay Young Electrically

GENERAL ELECTRIC



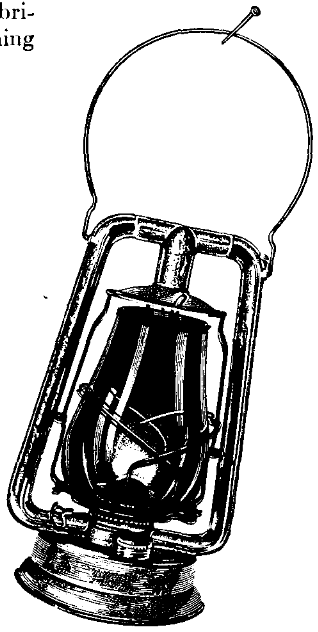


DANGER to your engine

Winter brings grave danger to a motor left unguarded by sluggish oils, stiffened by the cold. Change *now* to the free-flowing winter-grade of *Insulated* Havoline or Texaco Motor Oil. And avoid that danger.

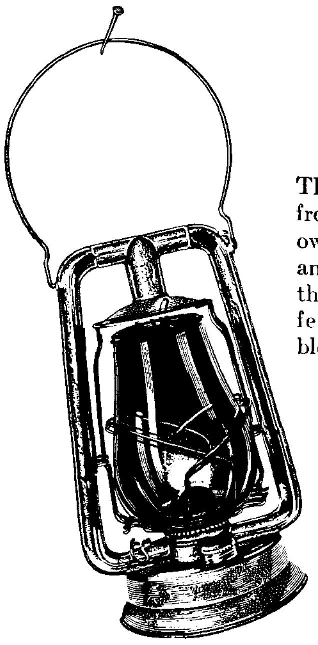
DANGER to costly gears

Summer gear lubricants harden at low temperatures and expose costly gears to wearing, grinding friction. Change—*now*—to Winter-Grade Texaco Transmission and Differential lubricants for smooth, safe-running gears in winter weather.



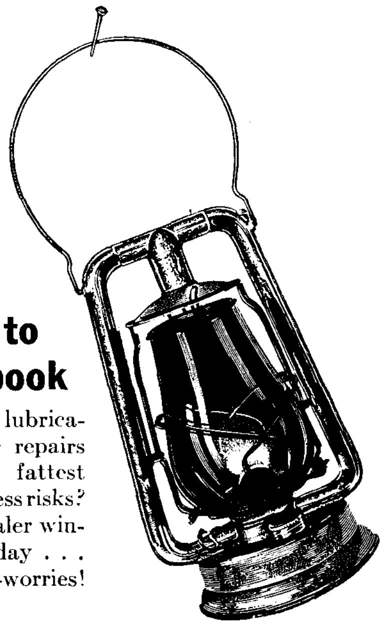
DANGER to riding comfort

The finest car develops squeaks, becomes hard-riding, uncomfortable at low temperatures, if springs and chassis-points are improperly lubricated. Change *now* to Winter-Grade Marfak Chassis Lubricants . . . enjoy a smooth-riding car all winter.



DANGER to peace of mind

The first zero weather brings freeze-up worries to the car-owner who has forgotten to put an *anti-freeze* into his car. Have this done today and forget your fears of a cracked cylinder block, a broken radiator.



DANGER to your pocketbook

Any winter-failure of lubrication can cause motor repairs that will flatten the fattest wallet. Why take needless risks? Have your Texaco Dealer winter-guard your car today . . . and end your winter-worries!

CHANGE to winter lubricants now

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the play really was on. I don't want them to tip the mitt."

They brought the kickoff back to the thirty. The two plays at right tackle were stopped. Vorshak was talking steadily to Lenewski. There was a delay in the huddle while Belsamo gave them the pay-off, but they lined up just in time to avert a penalty. With the snap of the ball from center, Lenewski pulled out of the line and ran parallel with Horton, who was down low with arms folded over his stomach. Belsamo spun, shielded the ball with his back to the line, counted three and let Vorshak have it.

Vorshak was out there all alone. The White secondary, following Lenewski's cue, was chasing Horton, the decoy, to the opposite side of the field.

Vorshak fled past mid-field, to the White forty. The secondary now was back-pedaling frantically, but only the safety man had a chance to make a tackle. Vorshak raced him for the coffin corner, made it and cut across the end zone to plant the ball under the goal posts. Touchdown.

THE stands went wild. So did Lenewski. He took a punch at Vorshak when they lined up for the extra point. Horton missed, but was given another chance when Lenewski, lunging for Vorshak before the ball was snapped, was called offside. Horton connected on the second attempt. 7-0.

Lenewski made another pass at Vorshak. A substitute raced into the game for him. Rothart watched Lenewski gesticulating crazily to his coach, saw three more substitutes charge out to report. Big, beefy substitutes. Playing in the line opposite Vorshak.

Rothart didn't need a blueprint to know what was coming. He half rose to scan the bench for a replacement for Vorshak, then sat down abruptly. Vorshak would stay in there and take his beating.

Vorshak took it standing up, then lying down. He stood up under the savage, systematic punishment they dished out as long as his legs held him erect to fight off the men who ganged up on him, and when they beat him to his knees they went to work on his face.

The Whites' fury ripped off yardage which the referee repeatedly took away on penalties. The Whites refused to lay off; winning the game was incidental now to giving Vorshak the business. Horton went after a man who kicked Vorshak while he was on the ground. Rothart sent in a substitute for Horton. The players on the bench knew what was going on. Krapaustas had told them.

The mob loved it for a while, but its full-throated, exultant roar took on an ominous undertone of protest when Vorshak spit out a tooth through the bloody blob that was his mouth. Rothart sat stolidly on the bench, giving the customers the back of his neck, his impassivity shouting his contempt for them. Rothart felt a hand digging into his arm, squeezing hard through the layers of clothes.

"Aren't you satisfied yet?" the major growled. "Does the kid have to kill himself to prove he's got guts? Take Vorshak out or I'll make a sucker outta you by sending in a substitute myself."

Rothart did not turn his head. "I'm running this team," he said out of the corner of his mouth, "and I'll run you the hell out of here if you try to pull anything on me."

"You and I got a date after this is over," the major said. "You'll look like Vorshak's Siamese twin when I get through with you."

Vorshak went down, and out completely, early in the fourth quarter. The referee signaled the bench and Rothart went out on the field with the trainer. Vorshak was not a pretty sight. Rothart, looking at him with clinical curiosity, guessed his nose was broken.

"This man is in no condition to continue," the referee snapped. "You should have made a substitution for him long ago. I want you to take him out before he's hurt seriously."

"Go blow your tin whistle," Rothart sneered. "I'll take him out when I'm good and ready. This punk wanted to be the great big hero. He asked for it."

"I ought to show you up by ordering him out myself," the referee said. "I'll give you a chance to substitute for him after the next play. If you don't, I'll stop the game until you send in a man able to defend himself."

Rothart said nuts to the referee and nuts to the customers when they hit him with a crashing chorus of boos.

"Just a couple of dollars, dear, to tide me over till I catch you in a generous mood"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Vorshak came out of the fog and crawled on his hands and knees into the line, dragging one leg stiffly. Before he was knocked down again the referee detected a phantom offside and stopped the play, then waved to the bench. Rothart turned away deliberately and lit a cigarette. The major sent out two men to help Vorshak off the field.

THE ovation Vorshak did not hear as he was carried off was the crowd's last emotional outburst. The teams gave the spectators no cause for getting up on their hind legs. The Whites, having expended their violence on Vorshak, made feeble efforts to overcome the 7-0 lead the Blues were content to protect with safety-first tactics. The crowd started to walk out with five minutes to go. Just before the final gun a messenger handed the major a note.

"Mayberry, the chairman of the committee, wants to see us in the office," the major told Rothart when it was all over. They went up to be congratulated by the usual free loaders, hangers-on and old grads, who offered to buy them drinks which were on the house. Mayberry, ignoring Rothart completely, asked the major to step into an anteroom.

Rothart flushed and accepted a drink he didn't want. He recognized the brush-off when he saw it.

The major came out, sent Rothart in with a nod of his head, and had a quick one at the bar. He drifted toward the door of the anteroom when he heard a loud, angry voice. Rothart's voice. Presently Mayberry was shouting. The major was humming softly to himself, between belts from his second drink, when the reporters found him.

"What's this about a double cross Vorshak pulled?" they demanded. "Is that why they got him?"

"The gags you guys dream up!" the major chuckled. "You know how kids are. Excited, sore when they lose a tough one. Rothart was leading up to that pass play all game." He tapped his temple solemnly. "Rothart is a cutie. A very smart citizen."

"Why did he let Vorshak stay in there until the kid was half killed?" he was asked.

"It was intended as a tribute to the boy's courage," the major assured them. "Rothart wanted to give the fans a run for their money."

The door of the anteroom was jerked open and Rothart came out, trying to compose himself and doing a bad job. The major left the reporters and intercepted Rothart before he stormed out of the office.

"What's wrong?" the major asked, as though he didn't know.

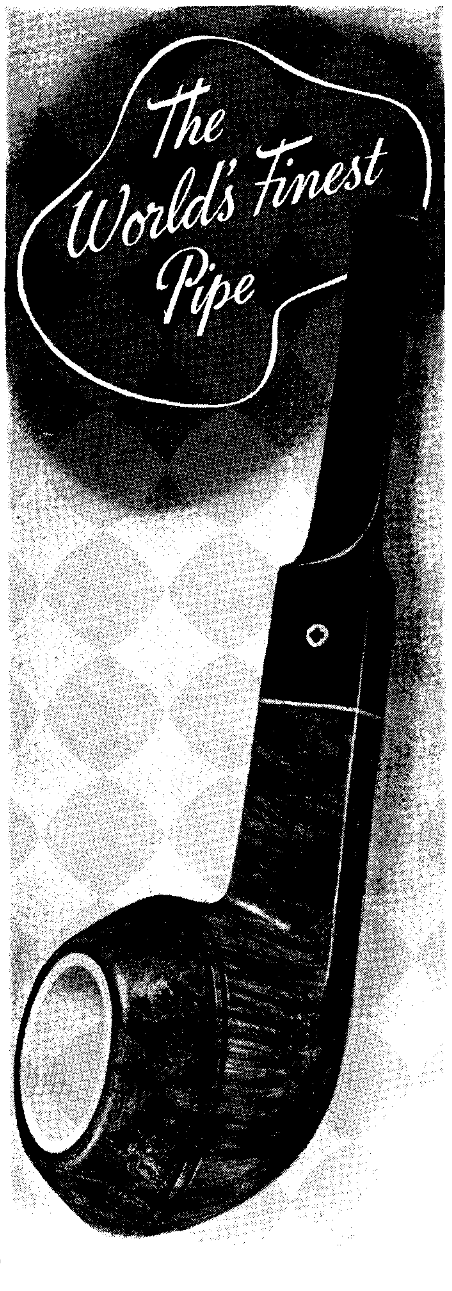
"The cheap chiseler fired me and took the hundred and fifty I gave Vorshak out of my cut," Rothart snarled.

"THERE goes a lovely character," someone murmured. "He'd cheerfully knife his own mother if it would help him to win. Hey, Major! What's this rumor that Rothart won't be coaching the All Stars next year?"

"You might as well get the story straight," the major said. "Confidentially, Rothart just resigned. He figures he'll have a team that will get a bid to one of the bowl games next year. He couldn't handle the All Stars in that case."

"How about you getting a crack at the job? You've been coming out here so long you almost go with the franchise."

"Me?" the major hooted. "Nobody in his right mind would trust me with a team. I couldn't win a popularity contest in a phone booth. Could you imagine a kid playing his heart out for me, like Vorshak did for Rothart? You guys need a drink to sober up."



KAYWOODIE'S
FLAME GRAIN BRIAR
inlaid with Meerschaum
$12.50

Well, there's quite a buzz about this one in the clubs and tap-rooms—fellows who like their Kaywoodies plain want to know what the **Meerschaum** does to this pipe—we certainly wouldn't go to the trouble of putting the Meerschaum in there, having to go all the way to Anatolia (Turkey) to get it, unless it enhanced the smoking qualities of the pipe. Its porous, cooling presence protects the flavor, keeps the pipe mellow. **Flame Grain** briar is the world's oldest—from virgin territory. Its beauty is extraordinary. The smooth mild smoke of this top-flight Kaywoodie will boost anybody's I. Q. And for looks—well, the smart crowd's all gone for it. Shown above, No. 98B.

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21 interesting facts about pipes

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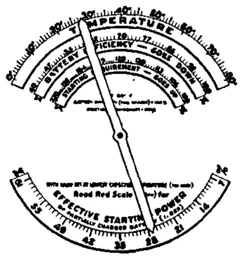
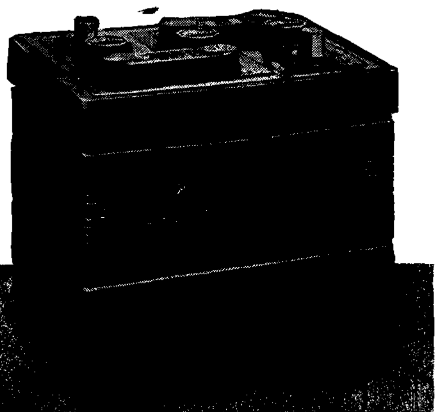


Note, on Exide's new Starting Power Indicator, how—as temperature drops—battery efficiency goes *down*, while starting requirements go *up*. Effective starting power is indicated for all temperatures.



Exide

Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 20

a thousand punches too many and to whom life is now a fog. They are an inescapable part of the picture. They are the men who never should have started—or who didn't know when to quit . . . and the younger, keener lads, training so assiduously all about the musty gym, look at these derelicts and do not see themselves.

Eddie Gordon had schooled himself to pay no attention to these battered wrecks. He helped them frequently; no request for a handout ever went unanswered, so that in his two weeks in this gym he had built up a reputation for being fifty per cent good guy and fifty per cent sucker. Eddie tried not to remember what these fellows must have looked like a few years before; he vowed anew each day that he would get out before sailing into the mental fog bank from which there was no emerging.

NEAR the two rings there was an electric clock with a four-minute dial. At the zero, a gong sounded brazenly, and every young fighter in the place swung into action; two pairs sparring in the rings; others shuffling about the bare floor going through the motions of fighting an opponent who was not there . . . shadow-boxing. A dozen skipped rope, their steel-spring muscles rippling beautifully. There was a steady, machine-gun tattoo played on the light bags, punctuated by the thud-pound-thud of the bruisers who were whaling away at the heavy ones. Permeating it all there was the pervasive odor of liniment, of dust and of human sweat. And it was here that some of the best young fighters in the world trained . . . admission only twenty-five cents; open from noon to four o'clock . . . come one, come all, and watch your favorite lad prepare himself to give beatings to other lads—and to receive them himself.

You could identify the fighters who amounted to something because they wore fighting shoes that were not out at the toes, and between rounds they donned gay and gaudy robes. You could identify their managers because they wore more fantastic clothes, talked more loudly and smoked bigger and blacker cigars.

Feets Johnson crouched at the ringside and watched Eddie Gordon spar with a fast, agile lightweight. Both men were fairly important, and both wore leather headguards. They boxed with huge, pillowlike gloves, but they boxed hard. Feets watched Eddie with the eye of an expert, and occasionally vouchsafed a grunt of sage advice.

The gong sounded, and for the brief minute of respite all professional activity was suspended. Feets said, "Tha's all, Mistuh Eddie. Twelve rounds is plenty."

Eddie shook hands with his late opponent, and clambered down out of the ring. Feets muffled his throat in a Turkish towel and encased him in a faded maroon bathrobe. "You ain't even breathin' hahd, Mistuh Eddie. What you is gittin' to be is fit."

Eddie nodded. "What now, Feets?"

"Lil limberin' up, an' you is th'oo fo' the day."

"Suits me." Eddie looked around the room, ignoring that which he had taught himself to ignore. The gong sounded again and he shed bathrobe and towel and commenced a series of stretching and bending exercises. Feets chatted with him while he worked.

"Mistuh Halliday was heah a few minutes ago."

"Yes . . . I saw him."

"He said to tell you he'd be at yo' depahtment at seven o'clock sharp. He said him an' you was havin' dinner together."

"We certainly are."

"He's a nice feller, that Mistuh Halliday."

"You said it."

Eddie completed his tapering off and accompanied Feets into a tiny cubicle in which there was a rubbing table and a bottle of liniment. He stripped and submitted to Feets' expert ministrations That done, he showered and dressed.

As he descended the old worn stairway and turned into Eighth Avenue, he caught a bit of conversation between two seedy-looking gentlemen who were lounging in the entry. One of them said, "That's Eddie Gordon," and the other asked, "Who the hell is he?" And the first one said, "He's the guy who stopped Frankie Spillane."

Eddie was smiling as he started a brisk walk through the clear winter afternoon toward the exceedingly modest two-room furnished apartment he had rented.

A few people turned to look at him as he swung by. One girl made an obvious gesture indicative of her willingness to make his acquaintance. And as he walked by without paying any attention the girl thought, "Now, why did I do that? The guy ain't good-lookin' . . . not a bit. An' yet . . ." That was how Eddie was: he was homely, but in the sort of way folks liked. It was a pleasant, normal, good-natured, healthy homeliness.

He swung across the infinitesimal lobby of his apartment hotel and went up in the elevator. He unlocked the door and entered. He started to slam the door, then stood motionless, his muscles growing taut.

SOMEONE was in the bedroom. He closed the hall door soundlessly and tiptoed forward.

The intruder stood in front of his dresser. That in itself was interesting; but other things were even more interesting. The person was inspecting Eddie's neckties, inspecting them critically and with only moderate approval. Eddie stood for a moment watching the proceedings, and then spoke in a voice that was far from cordial.

He said, "What the hell are you doing here?"

Babs Ellison turned. Her expensive mink coat had been thrown back so that her slim, young figure was shown to best advantage beneath her woolen dress. Her pert, pretty, insolent face gave no hint of embarrassment. She said, "Why don't you ask me what I want to do?"

Eddie moved forward.

"How did you get in?"

"The room clerk agreed it would be okay. I told him you said so."

Eddie's eyes were narrow, and his manner definitely unfriendly. "I don't like it. And I particularly don't like anybody poking through my things."

She looked down at the open drawer. "I don't like your taste in ties, Eddie. I think I'll give you some."

"You won't give me anything."

"So-o-o?" She came insinuatingly close to him and laughed up into his angry eyes. "You're a tough nut to crack, Mr. Gordon."

"You ought to be spanked."

"That sounds like fun."

He turned away in exasperation and strode into the living room. She followed slowly and stood smiling at him. "I love to see you get mad."

"Haven't you got one ounce of brains?

Suppose someone saw you coming up here?"

"Suppose. But they didn't."

"Well, maybe they'll see you leave. Because you're going right now."

"You can't throw me out."

"Granted. But if you're not out of here in five minutes, I'm leaving."

SHE stared at him. For the first time in her life, Babs Ellison had found someone she wanted—and couldn't have. She started to say something, thought better of it, and walked slowly toward the door.

"I'm on my way," she said quietly. "I'm sorry you don't share my ideas." At the door she turned with a suggestion of her characteristic insolence. "But before I go," she said, "I'd like to give you a word of advice."

"Thanks. I'll get along without it."

"I have my doubts." Once again she was sure of herself. "In poking through your intimate places just now, I happened to see a nice, shiny revolver. Is it possible that a man as smart as you are never heard of a thing called the Sullivan Law?"

"No, I haven't. And I don't think I care to, either."

"Wrong again, Mr. Gordon. They passed that law in New York for the specific purpose of keeping little boys like yourself from playing with guns. If they ever find out you've got one, you'll probably do a lot of training on a prison rock pile."

"I'm not in the mood to be kidded."

Babs shook her head in irritation. "Have it your own way, wise guy. But I'm telling you, you'd better get rid of that gun before somebody takes a dislike to you and reports it."

Eddie looked at her uncertainly. He said, "It doesn't sound sensible. . . ."

She came very close to him. "Do I get a goodby kiss?" she inquired.

"You certainly do not."

Her eyes were hot and serious. "That's what *you* think," she said.

Her arms were about him, and her lips pressed tightly against his. The contact held for an instant, and then she pulled away. She said nothing more, she didn't look back. Eddie stood motionless, rubbing one hand across his lips. He shook his head slowly and said to himself, "She's a fool. . . ."

And as Babs Ellison went down in the elevator and walked through the lobby, she was thinking much the same thing.

She turned north toward the cross street where she had parked her car. She didn't see the slim, wiry figure of a young man step out of a doorway across from Eddie's apartment hotel, did not see him walk through traffic with fine disregard for personal safety. She wasn't aware of Joe Barton at all until his thin, strong fingers closed on her arm and his cold voice grated harshly in her ears.

He said, "I've been waiting for you."

She looked around, startled. Then, with an effort, she pulled herself together. "Well, think of meeting you here."

He fell into step beside her, his eyes straight ahead, his figure tense. "You've been up there with Eddie Gordon," he accused.

"So what?"

"So I don't like it."

She, too, was angry now. "That's just too bad," she said. "And since when did you have the right to meddle in my affairs?"

"I'm taking the right. You and Gordon have been up there alone together—"

She made an exclamation of disgust. "I'm sick and tired of this, Joe Barton. I'm fed up with having you play detective every time I go out."

He said coldly, "I'll talk to Gordon about it."

"If I were you," she advised, "I'd let Eddie alone. He doesn't like being fooled with."

"You ought to know."

Her cheeks flamed. "And I don't like *that* crack, either. Now let me tell you something for the sake of your own health. Eddie won't stand shoving. He not only could squash you between any two of his fingers, but if the going got real tough, he'd do something else."

"What?"

"He's got a gun in his room, and a man who owns a gun usually knows how and when to use it."

Barton stopped walking. Suddenly. His eyes were like ice and his face chalky. His fingers closed tighter on Babs' arm. "What makes you so sure Gordon has a gun?"

"My eyes, Stupe. I just saw it."

"What kind of a gun?"

"How would I know? I'm no armament expert."

"What did it look like?" His manner was intense and frightening.

"It looked lovely. A nice, nickeled barrel and a pearl handle. Does that satisfy you?"

He stared at Babs, and she didn't like the light in his eyes. There was something about it that made her shiver.

"So now," she said, "you know all."

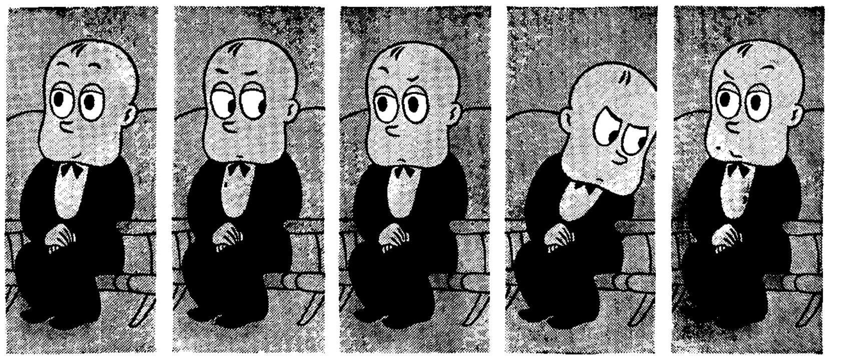
His eyes were still steady, still cold. "I don't know *all*," he said flatly. "But I know enough."

THE living quarters of Mr. Morrie Oakes would never have inspired the enthusiasm of an interior decorator. The bedroom was a shambles, and the sitting room gave pungent testimony—even after a lapse of eighteen hours—to the party of the night before.

Mr. Oakes himself lay back on a huge overstuffed couch and regarded his wiry, nervous visitor through heavy-lidded eyes. He kicked aside a fancy pillow that annoyed him, and settled back into a state of attentive lethargy.

Morrie Oakes was not a handsome person. He was large, more than half again the size of Joe Barton; and he had good shoulders and big, soft hands. His hair was too long and too elegant, and his black eyes were sleepy. He finally spoke in a voice that was deep and not unpleasant.

"Trouble with you, Joe," he said placidly, "is that you get too excited:



Program Rustler

CROCKETT JOHNSON

Why I no longer serve liquor with an eye-dropper!

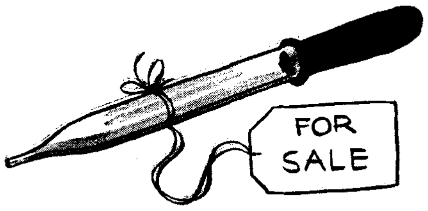
I USED TO BE a generous guy when I served drinks.

Then the liquor tax came along. Not knowing about Mattingly & Moore, I had to retrench.

I started serving liquor with an eye-dropper—six drops for a highball, four for an old-fashioned.

One by one my friends deserted me. The last of them said to me: "Mattingly & Moore is a good whiskey, and it's less expensive with the tax than your present brand was without it. Use M & M. Then you can put eight drops in a highball."

I got a bottle of M & M. It tasted so good and cost so little I grew positively lavish. I put half a jigger in a highball. Then three-quarters of a jigger. Then a whole jigger. My friends came back to me.



I am again a popular person—and I love it! I pay the tax—which is a good fair tax levied for national defense. I also have a useless eye-dropper which I will sell dirt cheap.

YOU'LL PAY LESS...
...AND LIKE IT BETTER

MATTINGLY & MOORE
BLENDED WHISKEY

Mattingly & Moore

BLENDED WHISKEY—*86 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.*
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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STRATBURY, Dept. C, Galion, O.

What I always say is, keep your shirt on."

Young Joe Barton whirled, planted his feet firmly and his voice cracked out toward the couch.

"Sure, I'm up in the air," he stated. "Why shouldn't I be?"

Morrie shook his head. "I don't know the answer to that one, either." The big man elevated himself to a sitting posture, planted huge feet firmly on the floor, lighted a cigar and puffed meditatively.

"Look, Joe," he said. "You're askin' me to do something important. Don't I rate a little info?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Pretty nearly everything, I'd say. Why have you got a mad on against this Eddie Gordon? I don't mind doin' a simple job, but by your own statement, this has got more to it—and I don't like to bump around in a fog."

BARTON seated himself nervously on the edge of a rickety chair. His eyes were arctic, his words close-clipped:

"I'll give it to you on the half shell, Morrie. A few weeks ago I was down in Birmingham, Alabama. I got in a row with a punk named Nick Bellis. I killed him."

"Simple enough so far," said Morrie placidly. "What gives from there?"

"Nobody saw it. I made a quick getaway. On a narrow road I had a collision with another car. Eddie Gordon was driving it."

"And so . . . ?"

"He got sore, just as any guy would when somebody driving crazy has run into him. He got out of his car and started toward me—"

"And you didn't want to be seen."

"That's half of it. I recognized Gordon right away. I'd been looking for him all evening. And I got a clear gander at him because he walked right into my headlights. I figured he'd be up around New York pretty soon and maybe I'd run into him. That wasn't going to be healthy—not after what I'd just done. So when he walked up to my car and stuck his head inside, I let him have it. I conked him with the butt of my gun."

"Nice goin', Joe."

"Not so nice. Gordon's quick—and plenty strong. Before he fell, he grabbed hold of my wrist. He tumbled all right, but he jerked the gun with him. I took one look, saw that he wasn't completely out, and high-tailed it away from there."

"And he's got your gun?"

"He certainly has."

"That's bad, Joe."

"You said it."

"Did he recognize you?"

"He didn't get a good look at me. But he did have his face inside my car, and there's no telling how much he really saw."

Morrie smiled. "Forget it, Joe. Ol' Man Jitters has got you. If Gordon had recognized you, he'd have cracked it before this."

"Maybe so. Maybe not." Barton's voice was brittle. "There's something you wouldn't know much about, Morrie."

"Dish it out."

"It's called the subconscious, and here's how it works: The guy sees me, but I don't register. Not then. But his brain takes a picture of me and then forgets it. So later on he meets me, and something registers. That's what's happening now. He's always staring at me and pulling that stuff about 'Haven't I met you somewhere before?' See what I mean? That picture in the back of his brain is worrying him. He can't make it fit, but it's there just the same. Some day things will click, and then he'll get it."

"Sounds scientific as hell. But maybe it won't work out like that."

Barton said coldly, "I can't take chances."

"Then what are you waitin' for? Fixin' up a guy like Gordon ain't any tough job."

"I've got to get that gun back first."

"Why?"

"Because, Fathead—it's a legal gun. It's registered in my name, and the number is on my pistol permit. Just suppose Gordon happens into a bad accident; something real unfortunate and fatal. What happens? They dig through his place and find a gun. They make a routine checkup, and they discover the gun is mine. They find out my girl has been playing around with Gordon. That still don't mean that my gun killed him, because they'd know easy that it didn't. But they'd start asking questions. They'd find out Gordon came here from Birmingham. They'd trace back to see if I knew him there . . . to dope out how he got that gun. They'd find out I was there at that time. The Alabama coppers would maybe remember this tomato I knocked off . . . I'm not saying they *would*. I'm only saying they *might* . . . and it's a chance I can't take."

Morrie nodded thoughtfully. "I getcha, Joe; I getcha. You gotta play safe. But hell . . . maybe he ain't got the gun."

"He's got it, all right."

"What makes you so sure?"

Briefly and grimly Barton told him of Babs' visit to Eddie's apartment. "I can't swear it was the same gun, Morrie—but how else are you going to figure it? Pearl handle, nickeled barrel. It fits."

"Like a glove. Where'd she see it?"

"In his dresser. It ought to be a cinch to pick it up."

"I dunno . . ." Morrie was thoughtful. "I ain't as good at that sort of stuff as I am at ordinary homicide." He looked up and grinned. "But it ought to be a cinch to frisk his place. I know the jernt he lives in. Yeah . . . I'll do it. And after I grab it . . . ?"

"The works. It adds up this way: So long as Gordon's got that gun, I don't dare touch him. The minute I get it . . ." Mr. Joe Barton made a clucking noise with his lips. "Simple, isn't it?"

"Mmm-hmm!" Morrie traced a pattern on the rug with the toe of his shoe. "There's something else we got to discuss, Joe. . . ."

"Money?"

"I ain't worried about the dough. You've always played square. What I'm figuring is, what happens if something goes wrong? While I'm swatching his room maybe . . . or later . . .?"

"Forget it. You know the pull my old man has got. Would I be dumb enough to want you to take a rap?"

"Okay." Morrie looked levelly at the other man. "You know, Joe—you're a queer guy. Little, but tough."

"So what?"

"You got all the dough in the world. You live easy. And all you try to make of yourself is a mug like me."

Barton walked across the room and stood looking out the window. "Maybe *I like it*," *he said shortly.*

"You ain't ever gone this far before."

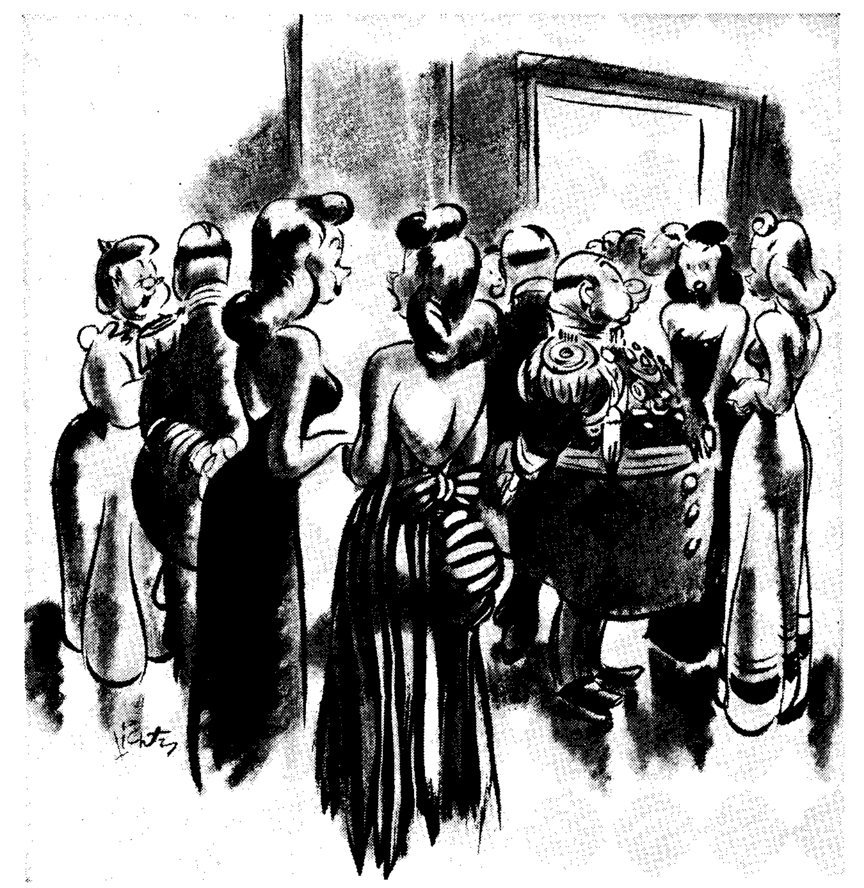
"That guy in Birmingham was the first." Joe's gray eyes were hard. "It didn't seem to bother me. Besides, it looks like when you start something like that you've got to finish it—or else."

"And also," stated Morrie shrewdly, "you ain't happy over the fact that your girl has been two-timing you with Gordon."

Joe Barton spun. Even so hardened a person as Morrie Oakes shrank from the look in his eyes. Morrie half rose and put out a hand. . . . "All right, Joe—all right. I didn't mean to step out of bounds. Take it easy."

FOR a few seconds Barton stood tense and rigid. Then he said, "Don't crack like that again, Morrie. . . ." He lighted a cigarette with hands that were not quite steady. "Just get this straight. I don't like Gordon. When something happens to him, I'll be happy. My reasons are my own—and they're staying that way."

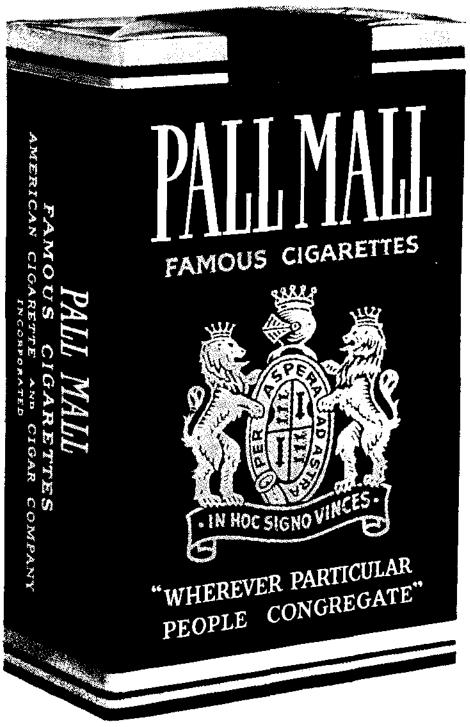
Mr. Oakes could not understand the instinctive fear that crawled over him. It was silly. Wasn't he twice as big as Joe Barton; hadn't he committed almost every felony in the books—cheerfully and expertly? Yet now—for the first time—he became aware of a flinty,



"Oh, he's a rear admiral. That's the lowest type there is, you know"

GEORGE LICHTY

Compare Pall Mall with your old cigarette


PALL MALL
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Place a Pall Mall beside your old cigarette. The difference in value is startling. Pall Mall is over 20 per cent longer.

And this longer cigarette brings you not only more tobacco, but the finest tobacco money can buy.

Moreover, you receive a definite service, too, for the additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler cigarette.

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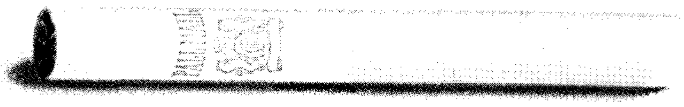
The rich smoothness of Pall Mall is the result of re-discovering the almost lost art of BULKING — an old-fashioned, slow, deliberate method for mellowing fine tobaccos.

In BULKING, an unhurried miracle of nature transpires; harsh qualities grow mild, delicate aromas merge, permeating every shred of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos. The result is a mellower, really smoother smoke.

Yourself, try Pall Mall critically!



PLACE YOUR OLD CIGARETTE HERE

You'll see this better cigarette

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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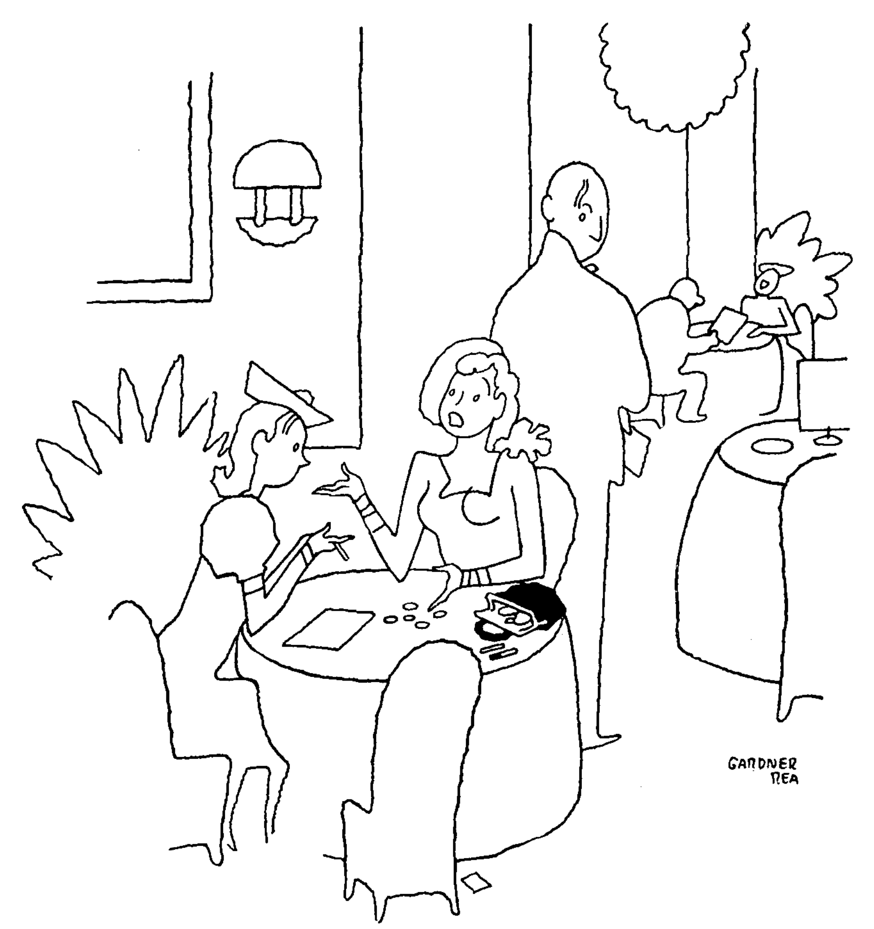


"Which would you do? Have no cocktail, and the regular luncheon—or one cocktail and the entree—or just have two cocktails?"

GARDNER REA

unyielding quality about this spoiled, undersized son of a wealthy man with which he, himself, could not cope. It annoyed and disturbed him. He said, placatingly, "I guess I shoot off my mouth too fast, Joe—but I don't mean nothin' by it. And don't you worry about Eddie Gordon. I'll get the gun."

Cliff Halliday sat on the arm of the most comfortable chair in Eddie Gordon's two-room apartment. "I'll listen to you, Eddie," he conceded, "but I refuse to relax. I'm hungry."

Eddie grinned. "I could go for a bit of chow myself, Cliff. But I've still got something on my mind."

"Spill it."

The eyes of the young boxer were serious. "Look, Cliff," he asked, "is there really such a thing in New York as the Sullivan Law?"

Cliff Halliday looked up in surprise. "What funny questions you ask! Of course there's a Sullivan Law, and it's got teeth."

"How sharp?"

"Sharp enough to bite. But of all the goofy questions . . ."

"It isn't so goofy, Cliff. You see, when I came up here from Alabama I brought a gun with me, and now I don't know what to do with it."

Halliday was genuinely amused. "Somebody been scaring you with boogy-man stories? Well, you quit worrying. Where's the artillery?"

"In that drawer yonder."

Cliff held out his hand. "Give."

"Don't be a sap. Why should you stick *your* chin out?"

"Because it comes out even. A long time ago I had a newspaper job to do and they issued me a pistol permit. I won't go into all the gory details . . . it was only a laugh anyway. So today I'm in the unique position of having a pistol permit and no pistol. So gimme the gun and let's go eat."

Eddie took the gun from the bureau drawer, and handed it over. "I feel kinda funny about this, Cliff. . . ."

"Nerts! Why should you? It's no spinach in my soup, and it might cause you trouble." He led the way to the door and into the elevator. Outside, the clear cold of a New York winter night bit into them. Eddie said, "Let's walk," and Cliff nodded.

They ate in a place which was dingy and crowded but where, in line with Cliff's advance estimate, the steaks they ordered were completely tops and not too expensive.

They chatted as they ate; chatted with the easy camaraderie of two young men who like and admire each other. Between them there was that gruffness which goes hand in hand with masculine friendship. They talked about a lot of things: about Europe and about domestic politics, and, of course, they talked about fighting.

"I'm boxing Mike Terry next week, Cliff. Is he good?"

Cliff nodded. "Yeh—he's good."

"Can I take him?"

"I couldn't answer that one. But if you *do* take him, you'll go a long way." Cliff looked at Eddie over the rim of his coffee cup. "The guy's got a pretty left with a sting in it. He's flashy. Knows all the answers. How does that fit in with your style?"

"Pretty well. He's bound to come close sooner or later, and I hit short."

"I noticed that when you boxed Spillane. It's the way Jack Dempsey used to hit . . . you had to watch his back muscles if you wanted to see the blow start. Sam Langford used to do it. Yeh . . . if the Spillane thing wasn't a lucky punch. . . ."

Eddie said quietly. "It wasn't. I figured him that way."

"You figure a lot of things, Eddie." There was a quizzical gleam in Cliff's eyes. "So how do you figure me?"

"You'll do."

"Sure. I'll do almost anything. But that isn't what I'm driving at."

Eddie met Halliday's eyes. He didn't even pretend to misunderstand. "You know," he said, "for a hard-boiled guy, you're the softest thing I've ever met. Why don't you ask it?"

"I will." Cliff was deadly serious. "I like Pat Mallory. And I like you enough not to want to step on your pet corn."

Eddie said, "Good luck. She and I don't rate with each other."

"That doesn't seem right bright."

"I'm probably stupid." Eddie's big, generous mouth broadened into a friendly grin. "Now suppose we talk about something interesting. . . ."

They talked until ten o'clock, until eleven, until almost midnight. They did not again mention Pat Mallory. And finally Eddie rose. "Nice evening," he said, "but I've got to hit the hay. Five miles around the big tank in the park at six in the A. M. Going my way?"

"Nope." Cliff held out his hand. "Let's do it again, Eddie."

"Barkis is willin'. Any time."

They separated at the door of the restaurant. Eddie walked home alone, pleasantly chilled by the knifelike winter wind. He *had* enjoyed himself. Cliff Halliday was a regular guy, and what was more, he knew the ropes.

Eddie went up to his apartment. He slid the key into the lock and entered, closing the door behind him. A cold, flat voice came to him from out of the blackness.

"Stand still, buddy," said the voice. "Play sweet and you won't get hurt."

Eddie's eyes were unaccustomed to the darkness. He saw Morrie's shadow pass between him and the window. He said, "What's the idea?"

"There ain't no idea. I'm just waitin' for a streetcar. Now you move into the corner and keep your back turned."

Eddie hesitated and Morrie's voice became sharp:

"I ain't playin', Sonny-boy."

Eddie moved. He stood rigidly, thinking fast. The whole thing didn't make sense but he felt a sensation of outrage. He heard steps approaching. Headed for the door. They came closer, and Eddie acted.

He leaped toward the big shadow. One hand went out and closed on a man's arm. There was a grunt, a curse, and a thousand constellations exploded inside Eddie Gordon's head. Through a haze of semiconsciousness, he saw the hall door open and close again. . . .

Fifteen minutes later, Mr. Morrie Oakes telephoned Joe Barton from a drugstore booth.

"But listen, Joe," he said, "I'm tellin' you there wasn't no gun there. I frisked the room three times before he come in."

Barton's voice was hard—and disappointed. "It was there this afternoon," he argued.

"Well, it ain't there now . . . and if you ask me, it don't look good."

"What don't?"

"How do we know this guy is a dumb bunny? How do we know he ain't got you spotted already, and figured out you'd make a play for the rod? It adds up like that, Joe . . . else why would he get rid of the thing the minute somebody got a slant at it?"

There was a long silence on the other end. Then Joe Barton spoke, softly and carefully:

"I've got to do some thinking, Morrie. We don't dare to make a play until I get that gun. So—you lay off Gordon."

New York's reaction to Eddie Gordon could be graphed by the size of the headlines he rated during the next several months. The caption over his second Metropolitan fight was modest: "Gordon Kayoes Terry in Second." The headline which followed was slightly more impressive: "EDDIE GORDON, THE TINSEL KID, STOPS MAHONEY IN THIRD ROUND." The next announced, in still larger letters: "KID TINSEL FINISHES ROCKY SNOW IN EIGHTH." And then came more fights, bigger type, and the final accolade of an eight-column streamer across the top of a sports page: EDDIE GORDON SCORES SEVENTH CONSECUTIVE KNOCKOUT."

Seven fights: seven knockouts. The fight fans loved it. This quiet, smiling, homely young man had come from nowhere to rouse the middleweight division from a lethargy which had gripped it for years. Outside of the ring he was quiet, soft-spoken, friendly as a stray pup. Once inside the ropes he was cool, calculating, expert and dangerous. Pop had taught him one vital, basic lesson early: "Never carry a man, son. If you can stop him—do it . . . or quit the ring." So Eddie worked that way. He was sorry for his opponents after the battle was finished; not during it.

Max Ellison had called it straight. Since Eddie could fight—and what was more, had a deadly punch—the fans reacted enthusiastically to the odd setup of the girl manager and to Cliff Halliday's "Kid Tinsel" nickname, which stuck. At first they'd been derisive, but you don't keep on kidding a fighter who can throw a punch six inches and flatten the toughest opponent.

There had been reams of publicity about Eddie and Pat Mallory. They'd carried it far beyond the realm of fact. There were pictures—prearranged and specially posed—of Pat directing Eddie's training at Hillman's, which she never did; there were photos of Pat riding a bicycle around the reservoir in Central Park while Eddie jogged along on his road-work stint . . . which was something else she hadn't done and had no intention of doing. Wherever fight fans gathered, you heard discussion of this new phenom, and already there were some old-timers who shook sage and graying heads and said, "Yeh, he's got it. I ain't sayin' he's as good as Stanley Ketchel or Billy Papke . . . but I ain't sayin' he ain't, either."

He was being talked about respectfully by those who had seen the old-timers in action, and was worshiped by the younger generation of fight fans who hadn't ever seen anything like it. Kid Tinsel became a term of affection. They made jokes about him: heavy, cumbersome jokes which built Eddie up as a regular fellow. They laughed about the fact that a college education might not be such a handicap after all; the gallery gods raucously advised prostrate opponents of Eddie's to go git themselves a gal manager.

One columnist, who hadn't liked Eddie at first, made a comment about a fighter whom Eddie had stopped—and who was clamoring for a return match. "Manny Traynor's best move," stated this sports writer, "would be to matriculate in some college and tackle the Tinsel Kid again after he's learned something. . . ."

And Eddie, being human, was enjoying himself hugely. For all his innate modesty, it was far from unpleasant to be pointed out on the streets, and recognized in the lesser night clubs. It was nice to be sought for testimonials anent the virtues of this or that breakfast food. It was nice to be friendly with Cliff Halliday and to talk with him on terms of intellectual equality. It was nice, too, to meet Cliff's friends and to learn that, after a first start of surprise, they accepted him as a very pleasant human being rather than as a freak.

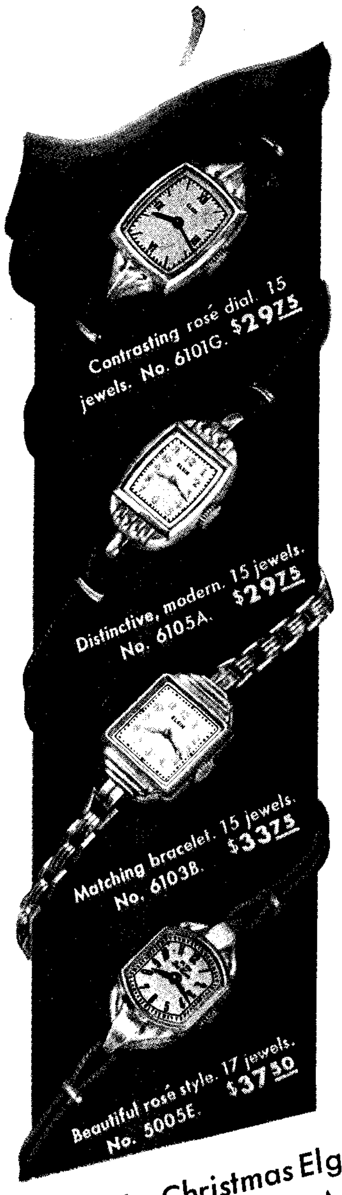
Life was zestful and life was gay. Eddie loved the vastness of New York, and he didn't see that it was dangerous and formidable. He was young and eager, and the immensity of the city made him feel good, because he had come from nowhere and had made himself important in this metropolis by the sheer power of his muscular body and knobby fists. He didn't dissipate, but he got around. He went places . . . mostly with Babs Ellison.

(To be continued next week)

Shining Lights

OF THE CHRISTMAS SEASON . . . THEIR NAME IS

★ ELGIN ★

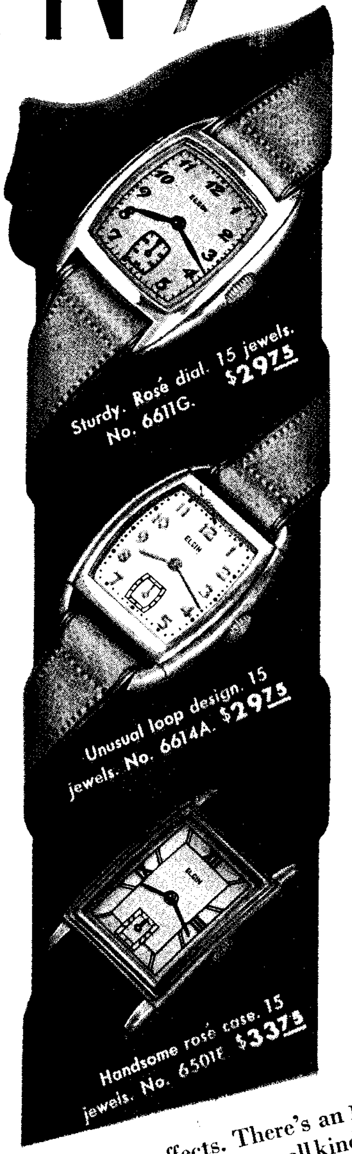


Contrasting rosé dial. 15 jewels. No. 6101G. $29.75

Distinctive, modern. 15 jewels. No. 6105A. $29.75

Matching bracelet. 15 jewels. No. 6103B. $33.75

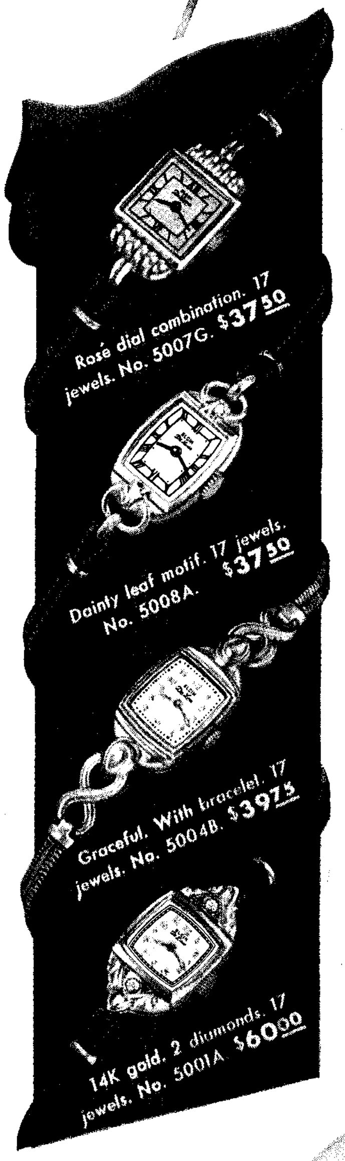
Beautiful rosé style. 17 jewels. No. 5005E. $37.50



Sturdy. Rosé dial. 15 jewels. No. 6611G. $29.75

Unusual loop design. 15 jewels. No. 6614A. $29.75

Handsome rosé case. 15 jewels. No. 6501E $33.75

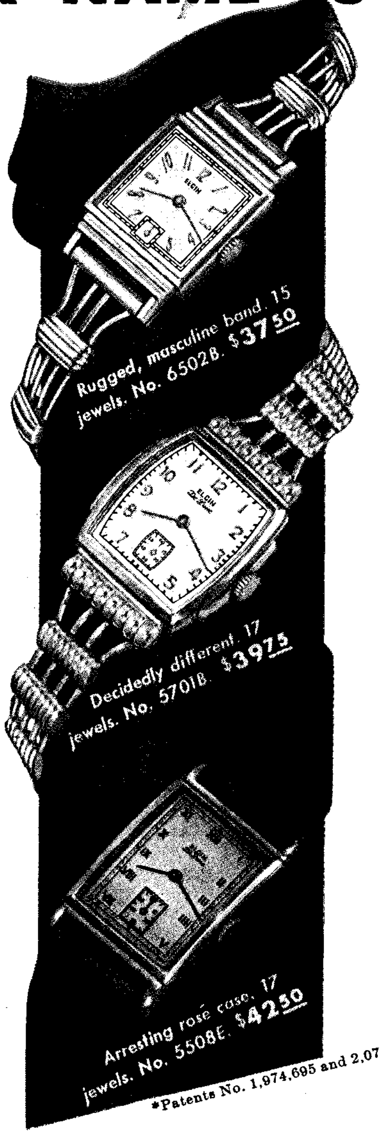


Rosé dial combination. 17 jewels. No. 5007G. $37.50

Dainty leaf motif. 17 jewels. No. 5008A. $37.50

Graceful. With bracelet. 17 jewels. No. 5004B. $39.75

14K gold. 2 diamonds. 17 jewels. No. 5001A $60.00



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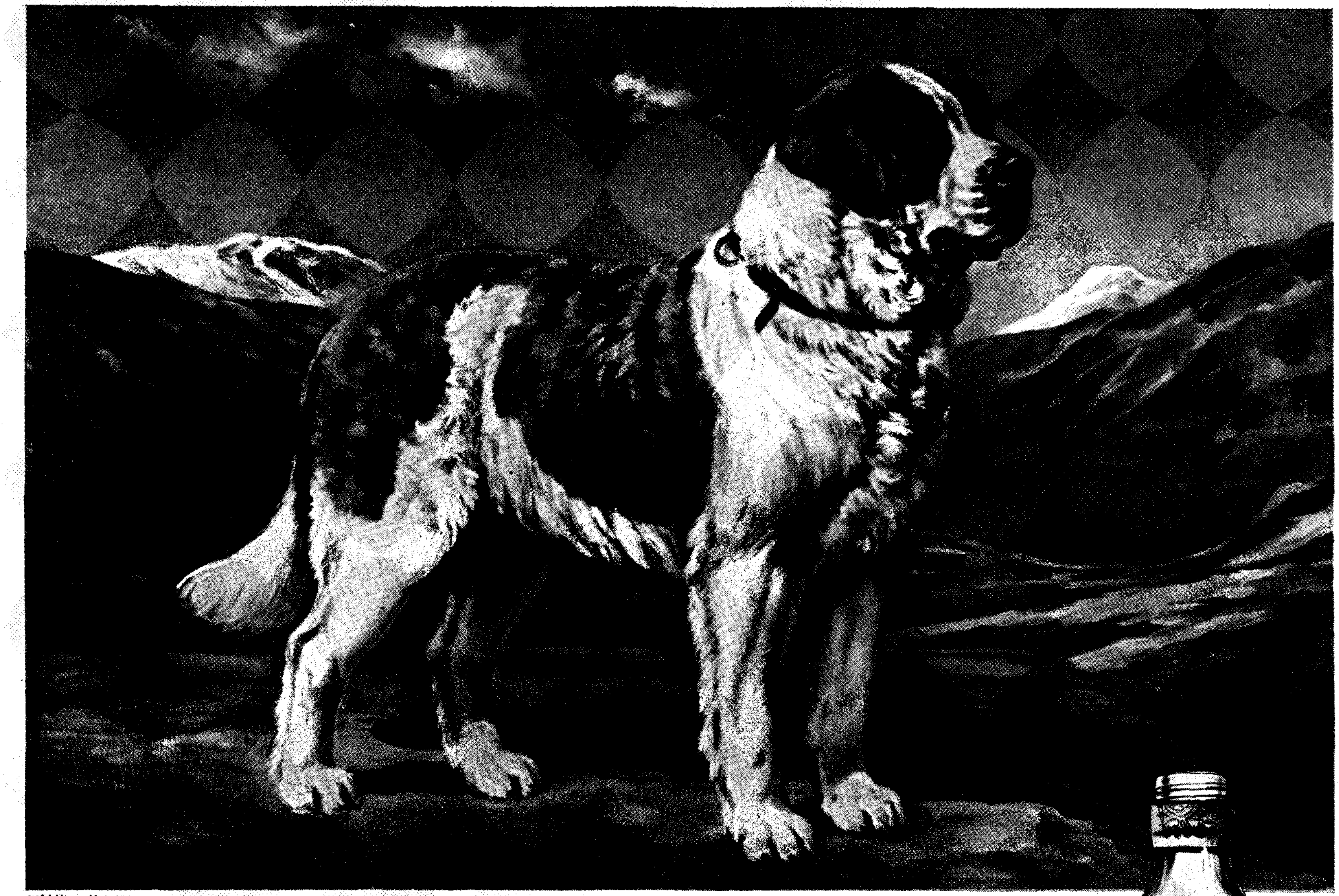

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DISTILLED
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Distilled and Bottled by
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Q. *Why is the St. Bernard so big and rugged?*

A. He was *developed* that way—for rescue work in Alpine snows.

Q. *How does Fleischmann's Gin come to your rescue—for Christmas giving and holiday hospitality?*

A. By helping mix grandly smooth drinks—because it has been *developed* that way, since 1870. Every kernel of grain used in its distilling is selected for the purpose.

Q. *Is this why Fleischmann's is called a* pedigreed *gin?*

A. Exactly! And just one try will convince you this *first* American gin makes drinks *second* to none!

Fleischmann's Gin

A PEDIGREED GIN FOR PRIZE-WINNING DRINKS

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The Mayor of 44th Street

Continued from page 23

men, a hullabaloo started at the corner. Several suspicious characters—guess who!—shouted imprecations, threw a black suitcase in the general direction of the Chief Executive, and screamed. The secret-service detail rushed for the "infernal machine" with commendable courage but little foresight. They left a free field for Schnitz to enter one side of the Presidential car as the President got in the other. After Mr. Roosevelt had signed, Schnitz critically examined the scrawl. "Look here, F.D., how's about saying 'To my pal Schnitz?'" As the President smilingly complied, Schnitz added brusquely: "And *please* try to write better."

Nothing but the Best

Not only was Schnitz determined to possess more signatures than anyone else, he was going to have them uniformly in blue ink on glossy prints. It sometimes took as much work to get the right kind of picture as it did to surprise the victim in a mood to sign, but Schnitz is thorough and has only disrespect for "amachoors." Although he had to stand seven hours in the rain to get it, he threw away Robert Montgomery's autograph because it was in red ink. He refused Wallace Beery's because he wouldn't write "To my pal Schnitz" above his name.

Schnitz never really gave up autograph collecting. He simply added swing to his passions and got so wrapped up in it he didn't have time for anything else. Crazy about bands, he wanted to see bands, not just hear them over the air. That took time because he didn't have any money and had to worm his way into the theaters and dance halls where his favorites were playing. Broadway Blackie—the world's greatest living authority on getting into expensive places dirt cheap—taught Schnitz the tricks of the trade. Soon the pupil was so good that he was raised by popular acclamation to the copresidency (with the master himself) of the Gate Crashers' Club. Although ticket takers never saw him enter, they grew used to seeing him leave—often muttering critically about his evening's free entertainment.

Everything was fine until Schnitz's mother forcefully suggested that he accept a job as a soda jerker in Brooklyn. He held on for a year, amusing the customers, if not the management, by mixing sodas to the rhythms of the radio. Finally the proprietor told him to stop jittering: "You're spilling more than you get into the glasses." Schnitz refused to stop, and was a free agent again.

This was before he was known as Schnitz. He got his trade-mark—and first real break—at his habitual post outside the Paramount stage door. He was one of a gang of jive-crazy kids crowding around Martha Raye, when she pointed to him and asked his name. He replied that it was Irving Davidson. "I think I'll call you Schnitz." Martha said. "That's the way you look. Sort of schnitzy."

Armed with a new monicker and an influential friend, Schnitz was ready to start his long battle with the police of Forty-fourth Street. His first move was organizing Martha Raye fans into choral groups to stand across from the theater. Whenever their idol was feeling sprightly, she stuck her head out her dressing-room window and called her faithful to song. Her voice echoed back and forth the length of the street, and, in addition to causing loud, eager support from her chorus, regularly roused every police whistle in the district. The heckled patrolmen couldn't very well chase Martha, so they concentrated on the glee club, but gave that up because there was always another waiting just around the corner. In desperation, they finally hailed Schnitz and seven of his cohorts into court on a charge of vending without a license. "They was selling sea food," the cop on beat explained to the judge, "to somebody called Mamma."

EXCUSE ME PLEASE
PARDON ME
SORRY!
I BEG YOUR PARDON
ERNIE GARZA
ERNIE GARZA

When Martha moved on to the Metropolitan Theater in Boston, Schnitz and four other kids hitchhiked to see her. It's a commentary on her generosity that she bailed them out when they were jailed for vagrancy, registered them at the Ritz-Carlton, and submitted to the arrival of five more Characters whom Schnitz telegraphed, "COME AT ONCE STOP MARTHA NEEDS YOU."

But Miss Raye's patience must have been a bit strained when, at her final performance, Schnitz and his friends clambered on stage to surprise her with a handsome token of their esteem—a token charged to her account at the hotel. Schnitz is convinced, however, that it was a mutually profitable undertaking. "We done her lots of good. The papers was full of my pictures."

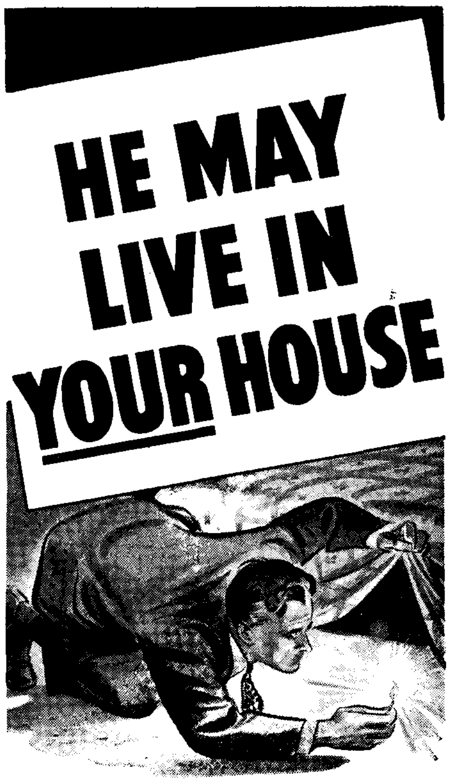
No Time for Sentiment

Martha Raye was a tremendous help, but the most important person in Schnitz's life didn't enter until about two years ago—Johnny Williams, then drummer for Raymond Scott's Quintet. Schnitz thought Johnny the best "beater" in the world, and Johnny thought Schnitz the ugliest kid on earth. Somehow that added up to Johnny's saying one day, when Schnitz was lurking in his customary place at the back of the Paramount rehearsal room, "Schnitz, pack up my drums." Schnitz did and thus inaugurated Schnitz's Instrument Moving Service, a very pretty little monopoly, indeed. It keeps Schnitz's younger brother Julie and four Characters in constant transit between studios, their arms full of trombones, bass fiddles and an occasional tuba.

Of course Schnitz won't let anyone but himself touch Johnny Williams' drums. He and Johnny are pals, and together they scout other bands, go to baseball games or visit Johnny's wife and children at his country place. It's a weird combination, Williams—a highly paid musician with a college and conservatory background—chumming with Schnitz, a half-literate kid from the wrong part of the wrong slums. "Sometimes I worry about it," says Johnny. "None of the other guys has a kid tagging along behind, but I'd be lost without Schnitz. He knows when to talk and when to keep still—and I like him." Schnitz is much less sentimental about the whole affair: "Johnny's a swell drummer and he's done plenty for me." Then he covers up by adding, "Gene Krupa give me a drum lesson one time."

Johnny Williams was the first to discover Schnitz's musical ear. (The right one. The high-volumed excesses of a few years ago practically deafened the left.) Although Schnitz can't so much as play a kazoo, he is one of the few people with a sufficiently sharp ear to distinguish between musicians. He'll cock his head toward a radio and suddenly announce that Joe Flute has left the band, or that John Slide, who was supposed to be still in Seattle, is back "drooling into his gobblestick." It's an axiom of the trade that Schnitz is always right, if indelicate.

Raymond Scott finds a variety of uses for Schnitz's good right ear. He has the kid sit in on rehearsals of his Quintet to keep track of the mistakes of each musician, and by now Schnitz has caught so many barely perceptible wrong notes—"clinkers" they're called in the trade—that he's become jovially hated for it. Scott also uses him the way a miner em-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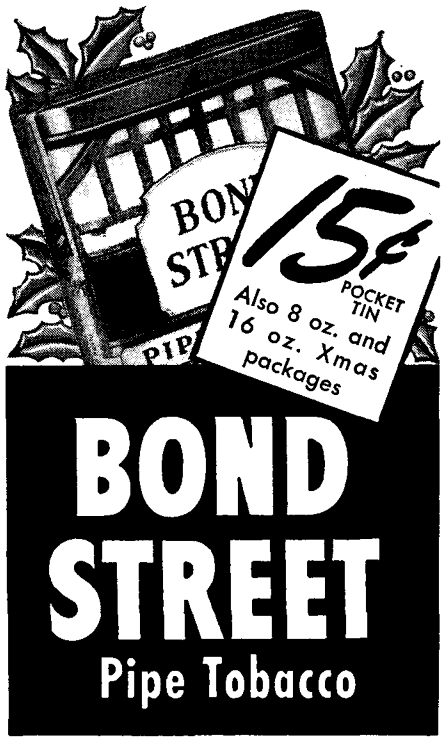


A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

ploys a canary—to detect gas. Whenever Schnitz holds his nose and shouts "It stinks!" Scott loses no time in removing the offending number from his program.

The Characters don't get paid for this or for much of anything they do. Enticed by Schnitz's version of Tom Sawyer's tactics, Characters are happy to polish cars for a pittance or to do other and odder jobs. Although Schnitz pockets the lion's share of any money the Characters earn, there's little danger of mutiny because he has the only contact with prospective customers. Then, too, he's seen to it that the setup of the Characters is foolproof. Under him are the district and section leaders, known as "Privileged Characters." Below them come "Ugly Characters," and lowest of all are the "Suspicious Characters." However, Schnitz's authority isn't unlimited. Once, for example, he refused fifty dollars, cash-in-hand, to arrange a newsworthy riot for a band opening: "I wouldn't dare to ask the Characters to plug that Mickey Mouse band. They wouldn't stand for it."

Broadway's Busiest Jitterbug

The Characters grew from the small nucleus of jitterbugs who had been Schnitz's companions in such early enterprises as the trip to Boston to "help" Martha Raye. Soon these originals—now the Privileged Characters—began recruiting their brothers, sisters, friends and acquaintances, spreading the organization like epidemic flu from flat to flat, through Brooklyn into Queens and Flushing. Its germs reached the Bronx, and even, via the Staten Island Ferry, jumped to the borough of Richmond. Today most of the members are either still in high school or just entering careers of soda-jerking, manicuring or plain grease-monkeying.

The Characters accept Schnitz's establishment of uniformity in their shagging, although he can't dance a step. He wears sober blue-serge suits, but dictates wild styles for his followers, who in turn set the fashion for a frighteningly large proportion of New York youth.

"I like the kids to look remarkable," he explains.

It's difficult to be eccentric when one's still in his teens, but Schnitz has managed it on the grand scale. His allergy to food of any sort is legendary, and there are some ingenious theories about how he stays alive. Some say the cooking odors in the family flat are so thick that he simply absorbs nutrition. Others suggest that he died years ago but has been too occupied to notice it.

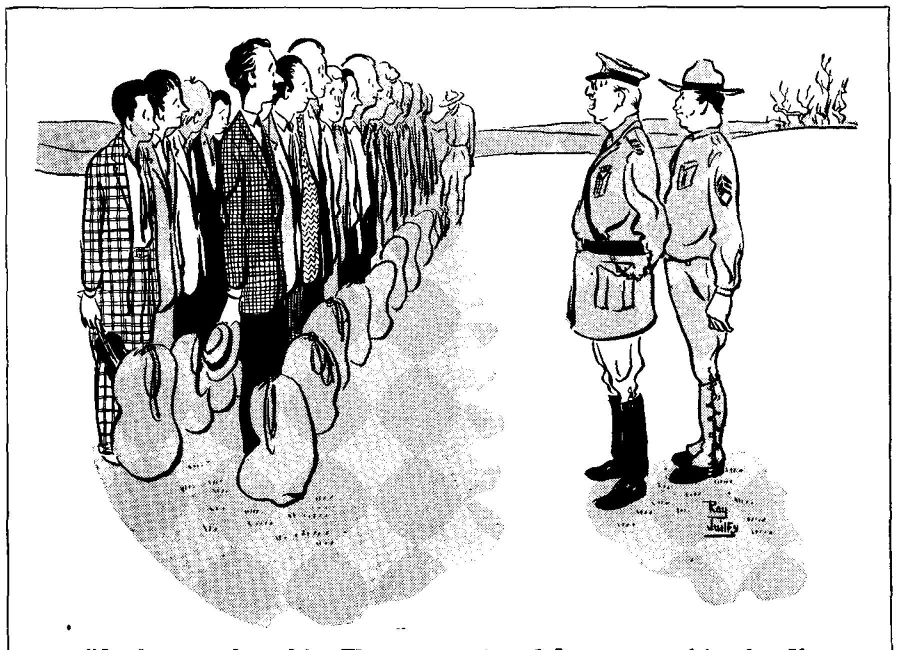
For Schnitz's days are as crowded as rush-hour subway cars. Daily he contrives to see almost every musician who might want one of his services, drop in at the offices of people like Ray Bloch, Mark Warnow, Johnny Green, and make the rounds of the music publishers. He isn't out to sell anything, but he wants to be available. Since he hears every whisper of gossip within a mile of Broadway, and since a word to Schnitz may result in a riot, those in the know have taken to spelling out words when in his presence, and using phones gingerly.

One unwary manager who spoke aloud while Schnitz was in a near-by room had to get the police to save his clients, the Andrews Sisters. Schnitz heard him say the girls needed publicity and his Characters almost tore them apart in the Grand Central Station the next day.

His office is the entire length of Forty-fourth Street, and he somehow manages to be east, west and in the middle of this thoroughfare simultaneously. People who want to see him station themselves near the curb, knowing that within a few seconds the mass of pedestrians will scatter as Schnitz cleaves through them like a shark through a school of minnows. He's a startling figure. Thanks to an auto accident he isn't encumbered with teeth and in their place is likely to be carrying the latest edition of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle and Variety. "Hi ya!" he'll shout.

Schnitz no longer considers himself poor, regularly earning enough to contribute effectively to the support of his mother. In real terms his income is highly variable, depending on whether or not he's been asked to cook up a riot. Often it's only about ten dollars a week, but occasionally it rises to a luxurious total of three times that. This is unusual, however, and the signal for Schnitz to indulge his only vice—a taxicab ride the entire length of Forty-fourth Street, climaxed by a two-bit tip to the driver.

He's thinking of asking some nice girl to marry him as soon as he gets new dentures, but for the rest isn't sure what he'll do with his life. He suspects he'll always be around bands; managing, maybe, or agenting. He books kid orchestras into dances and weddings now, but it's a distant flight from that to the big time. Of one thing he's definitely sure—he doesn't want to be a musician. "I couldn't stand the life," he says, shaking his head pityingly. "Here today, and gone tomorrer!"



"And remember this: The sergeant and I are your friends. If there's a man here who doesn't think so, just step out and say so!"

RAY JUILFS

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Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 10

Hercule Poirot admitted: "It may be, yes."

"All the same," Mrs. Gardener knitted with energy, "I'm inclined to agree with you on one point. These girls that lie out like that in the sun will grow hair on their legs and arms. I've said so to Irene—that's my daughter, M. Poirot. 'Irene,' I said to her, 'if you lie out like that in the sun, you'll have hair all over you, hair on your arms and hair on your legs and hair on your bosom, and what will you look like then?' I said to her. Didn't I, Odell?"

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Gardener.

Everyone was silent, perhaps making a mental picture of Irene when the worst had happened.

Mrs. Gardener rolled up her knitting and said: "I wonder now—"

Mr. Gardener said: "Yes, darling?"

HE STRUGGLED out of the hammock chair and took Mrs. Gardener's knitting and her book. He asked: "What about joining us for a drink, Miss Brewster?"

"Not just now, thanks."

The Gardeners went up to the hotel.

Miss Brewster said: "American husbands are wonderful!"

Mrs. Gardener's place was taken by the Reverend Stephen Lane.

Mr. Lane was a tall, vigorous clergyman of fifty-odd. His face was tanned and his dark gray flannel trousers were holidayfied and disreputable.

He said with enthusiasm: "Marvelous country! I've been from Leathercombe Bay to Harford and back over the cliffs."

"Warm work walking today," said Major Barry, who never walked.

"Good exercise," said Miss Brewster. "I haven't been for my row yet. Nothing like rowing for your stomach muscles."

The eyes of Hercule Poirot dropped somewhat ruefully to a certain protuberance in his middle.

Miss Brewster, noting the glance, said kindly: "You'd soon get that off, M. Poirot, if you took a rowing boat out every day."

"*Merci, Mademoiselle.* I detest boats!"

"You mean small boats?"

"Boats of all sizes!" He closed his eyes and shuddered. "The movement of the sea, it is not pleasant."

"Bless the man, the sea is as calm as a millpond today."

Poirot replied with conviction: "There is no such thing as a really calm sea. Always, always, there is motion."

"If you ask me," said Major Barry, "seasickness is nine tenths nerves."

"There," said the clergyman, smiling a little, "speaks the good sailor—eh, Major?"

"Only been ill once—and that was crossing the Channel! Don't think about it, that's my motto."

"Seasickness is really a very odd thing," mused Miss Brewster. "Why should some people be subject to it and not others? It seems so unfair. And nothing to do with one's ordinary health. Quite sickly people are good sailors. Someone told me once it was something to do with one's spine. Then there's the way some people can't stand heights. I'm not very good myself, but Mrs. Redfern is far worse. The other day, on the cliff path to Harford, she turned quite giddy and simply clung to me. She told me she once got stuck halfway down that outside staircase on Milan Cathedral. She'd gone up without thinking but coming down did for her."

"She'd better not go down the ladder to Pixy Cove, then," observed Lane.

Miss Brewster made a face. "I funk that myself. It's all right for the young. The Cowan boys and the young Mastermans, they run up and down it and enjoy it."

Lane said: "Here comes Mrs. Redfern now coming up from her bath."

Miss Brewster remarked: "M. Poirot ought to approve of her. She's no sun bather."

Young Mrs. Redfern had taken off her rubber cap and was shaking out her hair. She was an ash blonde and her skin was of that dead fairness that goes with that coloring. Her legs and arms were very white.

With a hoarse chuckle, Major Barry said: "Looks a bit uncooked among the others, doesn't she?"

Wrapping herself in a long bathrobe, Christine Redfern came up the beach and mounted the steps toward them.

She had a fair, serious face, pretty in a negative way, and small, dainty hands and feet.

She smiled at them and dropped down beside them, tucking her bath wrap around her.

Miss Brewster said: "You have earned M. Poirot's good opinion. He doesn't like the sun-tanning crowd. Says they're like joints of butcher's meat or words to that effect."

Christine Redfern smiled ruefully. She said: "I wish I *could* sun-bathe! But I don't go brown. I only blister and get the most frightful freckles all over my arms."

"Better than getting hair all over them like Mrs. Gardener's Irene," said Miss Brewster. In answer to Christine's inquiring glance she went on: "Mrs. Gardener's been in grand form this morning. Absolutely nonstop. 'Isn't that so, Odell?' 'Yes, darling.'" She paused and then said: "I wish, though, M. Poirot, that you'd played up to her a bit. Why didn't you? Why didn't you tell her that you were down here investigating a particularly gruesome murder, and that the murderer, a homicidal maniac, was certainly to be found among the guests of the hotel?"

Hercule Poirot sighed. He said: "I very much fear she would have believed me."

Major Barry gave a wheezy chuckle. He said: "She certainly would."

Emily Brewster said: "No, I don't believe even Mrs. Gardener would have believed in a crime staged here. This just isn't the sort of place you'd get a body!"

HERCULE POIROT stirred a little in his chair. He protested. He said: "But why not, Mademoiselle? Why should there not be what you call a 'body' here on Smugglers' Island?"

Emily Brewster said: "I don't know. I suppose some places *are* more unlikely than others. This isn't the kind of spot—" She broke off, finding it difficult to explain her meaning.

"It is romantic, yes," agreed Hercule Poirot. "It is peaceful. The sun shines. The sea is blue. But you forget, Miss Brewster, there is evil everywhere under the sun."

The clergyman stirred in his chair. He leaned forward. His intensely blue eyes lighted up.

Miss Brewster shrugged her shoulders.

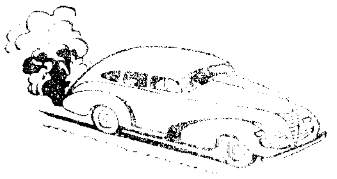
"Oh! of course I realize that, but all the same—"

"But all the same this still seems to you an unlikely setting for crime? You forget one thing, Mademoiselle."

"Human nature, I suppose?"

"That, yes. That, always. But that was not what I was going to say. I was

HEY! THE JOB'S ONLY HALF DONE



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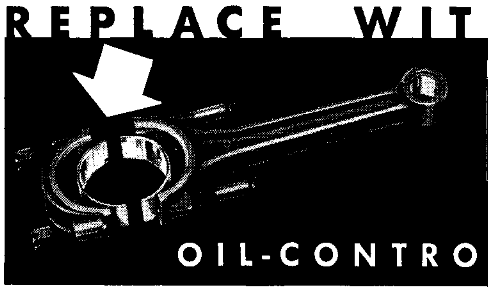

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going to point out to you that here everyone is on holiday."

Emily Brewster turned a puzzled face to him.

"I don't understand."

Hercule Poirot beamed kindly at her. He made dabs in the air with an emphatic forefinger.

"Let us say, you have an enemy. If you seek him out in his flat, in his office, in the street—*eh bien,* you must have a *reason*—you must account for yourself. But here at the seaside it is necessary for no one to account for himself. You are at Leathercombe Bay, why? *Parbleu!* it is August—one goes to the seaside in August—one is on one's holiday. It is quite natural, you see, for you to be here and for Mr. Lane to be here and *for Major Barry to be here and for Mrs.* Redfern and her husband to be here. Because it is the custom in England to go to the seaside in August."

"Well," admitted Miss Brewster, "that's certainly a very ingenious idea. But what about the Gardeners? They're American."

Poirot smiled.

"Even Mrs. Gardener, as she told us, feels the need to *relax.* Also, since she is 'doing' England, she must certainly spend a fortnight at the seaside—as a good tourist, if nothing else. She enjoys watching people."

Mrs. Redfern murmured: "You like watching the people, too, I think?"

"Madame, I will confess it. I do."

She said thoughtfully: "You see—a good deal."

THERE was a pause. Stephen Lane cleared his throat and said with a trace of self-consciousness:

"I was interested, M. Poirot, in something you said just now. You said that there was evil done everywhere under the sun. It was almost a quotation from Ecclesiastes." He paused and then quoted himself:

"*'Yea, also the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live.'*" His face lit up with an almost fanatical light. "I was glad to hear you say that. Nowadays, no one believes in evil. It is considered, at most, a mere negation of good. Evil, people say, is done by those who know no better—who are undeveloped—who are to be pitied rather than blamed. But, M. Poirot, evil is *real!* It is a *fact!* I believe in evil as I believe in good. It exists! It is powerful! It walks the earth!"

He stopped. His breath was coming fast. He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and looked suddenly apologetic.

"I'm sorry. I got carried away."

Poirot said calmly: "I understand your meaning. Up to a point I agree with you. Evil does walk the earth and can be recognized as such."

Major Barry cleared his throat.

"Talking of that sort of thing, some of these fakir fellers in India—"

Major Barry had been long enough at the Jolly Roger for everyone to be on guard against his fatal tendency to embark on long Indian stories. Both Miss Brewster and Mrs. Redfern burst into speech:

"That's your husband swimming in now, isn't it, Mrs. Redfern? How magnificent his crawl stroke is. He's an awfully good swimmer."

At the same moment Mrs. Redfern said: "Oh, look! What a lovely little boat that is out there with the red sails. It's Mr. Blatt's, isn't it?"

The sailing boat with the red sails was just crossing the end of the bay.

Major Barry grunted: "Fanciful idea, red sails," but the menace of the story about the fakir was avoided.

Hercule Poirot looked with appreciation at the young man who had just swum to shore. Patrick Redfern was a good specimen of humanity. Lean, bronzed, with broad shoulders and narrow thighs, there was about him a kind of infectious enjoyment and gaiety—a native simplicity that endeared him to all women and most men.

He stood there shaking the water from him and raising a hand in gay salutation to his wife.

She waved back, calling out: "Come up here, Pat."

"I'm coming."

He went a little way along the beach to retrieve the towel he had left there.

It was then that a woman came down past them from the hotel to the beach.

Her arrival had all the importance of a stage entrance.

Moreover, she walked as though she *knew it. There was no self-conscious*ness apparent. It would seem that she was too used to the invariable effect her presence produced.

She was tall and slender. She wore a simple backless white bathing dress and every inch of her exposed body was tanned a beautiful, even shade of bronze. She was as perfect as a statue. Her hair was a rich, flaming auburn, curling richly and intimately about her neck. Her face had that slight hardness that is seen when thirty years have come and gone, but the whole effect of her was one of youth—of superb and triumphant vitality. There was a Chinese immobility about her face, and an upward slant of the dark blue eyes. On her head she wore a fantastic Chinese hat of jade-green cardboard.

There was that about her which made every other woman on the beach seem faded and insignificant. And with equal inevitability, the eye of every male present was drawn and riveted on her.

The eyes of Hercule Poirot opened, his mustache quivered appreciatively; Major Barry sat up and his protuberant eyes bulged even further with excitement; on Poirot's left the Reverend Stephen Lane drew in his breath with a little hiss and his figure stiffened.

Major Barry said in a hoarse whisper: "Arlena Stuart (that's who she was before she married Marshall)—I saw her in Come and Go before she left the stage. Something worth looking at, eh?"

Christine Redfern said slowly and her voice was cold: "She's handsome—yes. I think—she looks rather a beast!"

Emily Brewster said abruptly: "You talked about evil just now, M. Poirot. Now to my mind that woman's a personification of evil! She's a bad lot through and through. I happen to know a good deal about her."

Major Barry said reminiscently: "I remember a gal out in Simla. *She* had red hair too. Wife of a subaltern. Did she set the place by the ears? I'll say she did! Men went mad about her! All the women, of course, would have liked to gouge her eyes out! She upset the applecart in more homes than one."

He chuckled reminiscently.

"Husband was a nice, quiet fellow. Worshiped the ground she walked on. Never saw a thing—or made out he didn't."

Stephen Lane said in a low voice full of intense feeling: "Such women are a menace—a menace to—"

He stopped.

Arlena Stuart had come to the water's edge. Two young men, little more than boys, had sprung up and come eagerly toward her. She stood smiling at them.

Her eyes slid past them to where Patrick Redfern was coming along the beach.

It was, Hercule Poirot thought, like watching the needle of a compass. Patrick Redfern was deflected, his feet changed their direction. The needle, do what it will, must obey the law of magnetism and turn to the north. Patrick Redfern's feet brought him to Arlena Stuart.

She stood smiling at him. Then she moved slowly along the beach by the side of the waves. Patrick Redfern went with her. She stretched herself out by a rock. Redfern dropped to the shingle beside her.

Abruptly, Christine Redfern got up and went into the hotel.

THERE was an uncomfortable little silence after she had left.

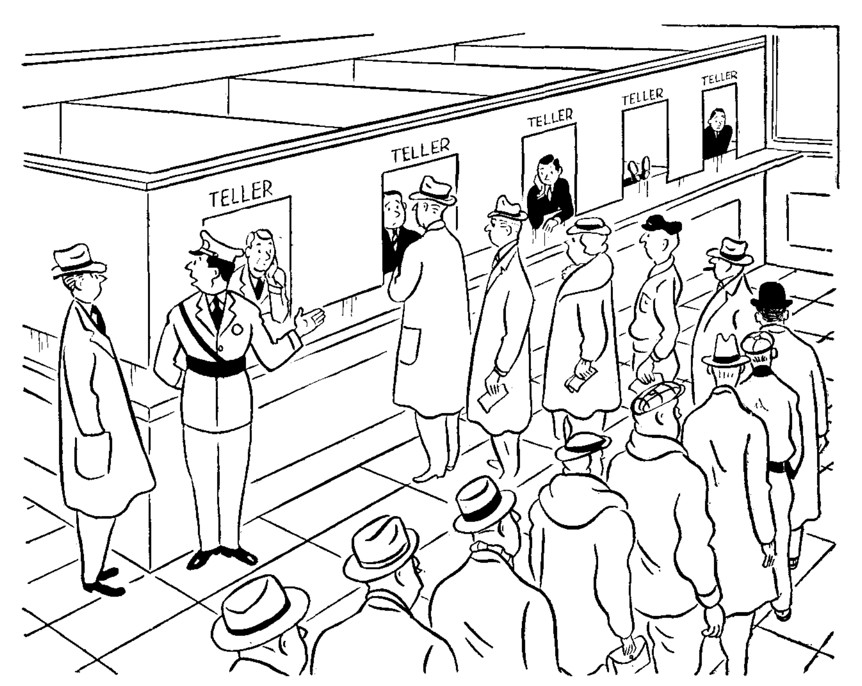
Then Emily Brewster said: "It's rather too bad. She's a nice little thing. They've only been married a year or two."

"Gal I was speaking of," said Major Barry, "the one in Simla. She upset a couple of really happy marriages. Seemed a pity, what?"

"There's a type of woman," said Miss Brewster, "who *likes* smashing up homes." She added after a minute or two: "Patrick Redfern's a fool!"

Hercule Poirot said nothing. He was gazing down the beach, but he was not looking at Patrick Redfern and Arlena Stuart.

Miss Brewster said: "Well, I think



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I'd better go and get hold of my boat."

She left them.

Major Barry turned his boiled gooseberry eyes with curiosity on Poirot.

"Well, Poirot," he said. "What are you thinking about? You've not opened your mouth. What do you think of the siren? Pretty hot?"

Poirot said: "*C'est possible.*"

"Now then, you old dog. I know you Frenchmen!"

Poirot said coldly: "I am *not* a Frenchman!"

"Well, don't tell me you haven't got an eye for a pretty girl! What do you think of her, eh?"

Hercule Poirot said: "She is not young."

"What does that matter? A woman's as old as she looks. *Her* looks are all right."

Hercule Poirot nodded. He said: "Yes, she is beautiful. But it is not beauty that counts in the end. It is not beauty that makes every head (except one) turn on the beach to look at her."

"It's IT, my boy," said the major. "That's what it is—IT."

Then he said with sudden curiosity: "What are you looking at so steadily?"

Hercule Poirot replied: "I am looking at the exception. At the one man who did not look up when she passed."

MAJOR BARRY followed his gaze to where it rested on a man of about forty, fair-haired and sun-tanned. He had a quiet, pleasant face and was sitting on the beach smoking a pipe and reading the Times.

"Oh, *that!*" said Major Barry. "That's the husband, my boy. That's Marshall."

Hercule Poirot said: "Yes, I know."

Major Barry chuckled. He himself was a bachelor. He was accustomed to think of The Husband in three lights only—as "the Obstacle," "the Inconvenience" or "the Safeguard."

He said: "Seems a nice fellow. Quiet. Wonder if my Times has come?"

He got up and went toward the hotel.

Poirot's glance shifted slowly to the face of Stephen Lane.

Stephen Lane was watching Arlena Marshall and Patrick Redfern. He turned suddenly to Poirot. There was a stern, fanatical light in his eyes.

He said: "That woman is evil through and through. Do you doubt it?"

Poirot said slowly: "It is difficult to be sure."

Stephen Lane said: "But, man alive, don't you feel it in the air? All around you? The presence of evil."

Slowly, Poirot nodded his head.

WHEN Rosamund Darnley came and sat down by him, Poirot made no attempt to disguise his pleasure.

As he has since admitted, he admired Rosamund Darnley as much as any other woman he had ever met. He liked her distinction, the graceful lines of her figure, the alert, proud carriage of her head. He liked the neat, sleek waves of her dark hair and the ironic quality of her smile.

She was wearing a dress of some navy-blue material with touches of white. It looked very simple owing to the expensive severity of its line. Rosamund Darnley as Rose Mond Ltd. was one of London's best-known dressmakers.

She said: "I don't think I like this place. I'm wondering why I came here!"

"You have been here before, have you not?"

"Yes. Two years ago, at Easter. There weren't so many people then."

Hercule Poirot looked at her. He said gently: "Something has occurred to worry you. That is right, is it not?"

She nodded. Her foot swung to and fro. She stared down at it. She said: "I've met a ghost. That's what it is."

"A ghost, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes."

"The ghost of what? Or of whom?"

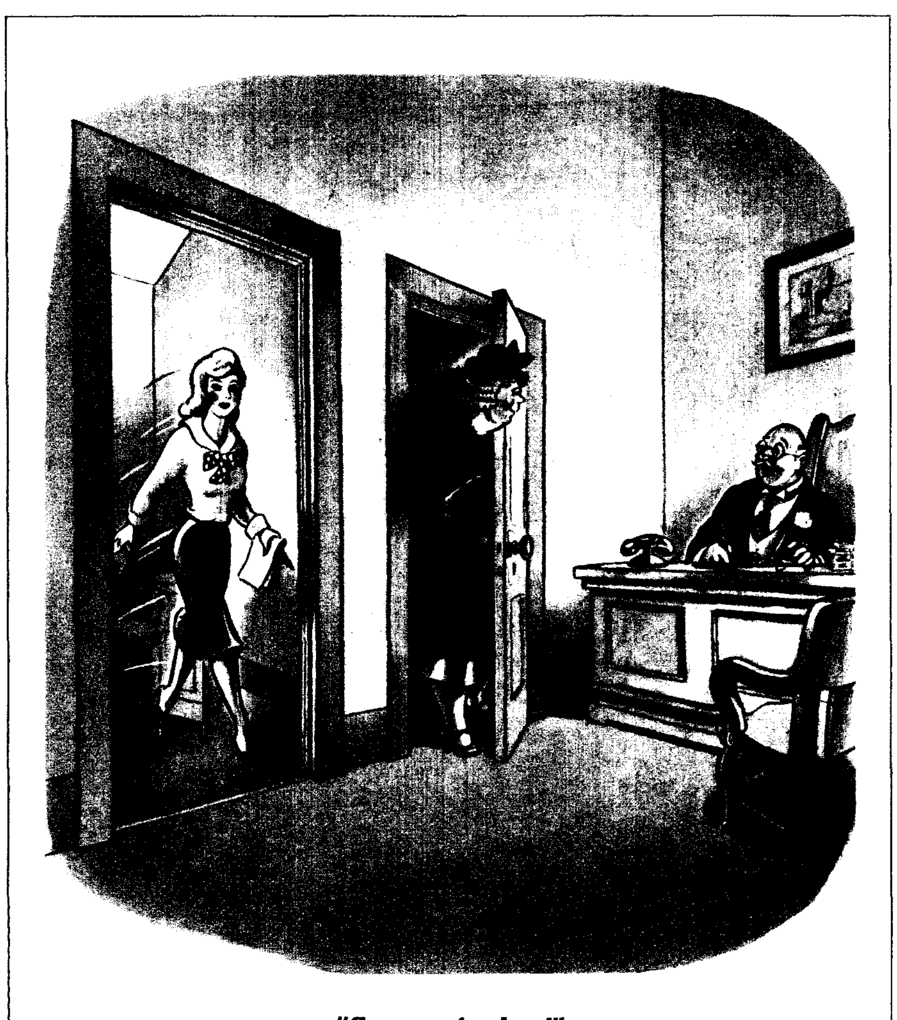
"Oh, the ghost of myself."

Poirot asked gently:

"Was it a painful ghost?"

"Unexpectedly painful. It took me back, you know."

She paused, musing. Then she said: "Imagine my childhood— No, you can't! You're not English!"



"Come on in, dear!"

Poirot asked: "Was it a very English childhood?"

"Oh, incredibly so! The country—a big, shabby house—horses, dogs—walks in the rain—wood fires—apples in the orchard—lack of money—old tweeds—evening dresses that went on from year to year—a neglected garden—with Michaelmas daisies coming out like great banners in the autumn . . ."

Poirot asked gently: "And you want to go back?"

Rosamund Darnley shook her head. She said: "One can't go back, can one? That—never. But I'd like to have gone on—a different way."

Poirot said: "I wonder."

Rosamund Darnley laughed.

"So do I really!"

Poirot said: "When I was young (and that, Mademoiselle, is indeed a long time ago) there was a game entitled 'If not yourself, who would you be?' One wrote the answer in young ladies' albums. They had gold edges and were bound in blue leather. The answer, Mademoiselle, is not really very easy to find."

Rosamund said: "No—I suppose not. It would be a big risk. One wouldn't like to take on being Mussolini or Princess Elizabeth. As for one's friends, one knows too much about them. I remember once meeting a charming husband and wife. They were so courteous and delightful to each other and seemed on such good terms after years of marriage that I envied the woman. I'd have changed places with her willingly. Somebody told me afterward that in private they'd not spoken to each other for eleven years!"

She laughed.

"That shows, doesn't it, that you never know?"

After a moment or two Poirot said: "Many people, Mademoiselle, must envy you."

Rosamund Darnley said coolly: "Oh, yes. Naturally."

She thought about it, her lips curved upward in their ironic smile.

"Yes, I'm really the perfect type of the successful woman! I enjoy the artistic satisfaction of the successful creative artist (I really do like designing clothes) and the financial satisfaction of the successful businesswoman. I'm very well off, I've a good figure, a passable face, and a not too malicious tongue."

She paused. Her smile widened.

"Of course—I haven't got a husband! I've failed there, haven't I, M. Poirot?"

POIROT said gallantly: "Mademoiselle, if you are not married, it is because none of my sex have been sufficiently eloquent. It is from choice, not necessity, that you remain single."

Rosamund Darnley said: "And yet, like all men, I'm sure you believe in your heart that no woman is content unless she is married and has children."

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"To marry and have children, that is the common lot of women. Only one woman in a hundred—more, in a thousand, can make for herself a name and a position as you have done."

Rosamund grinned at him.

"And yet, all the same, I'm nothing but a wretched old maid! That's what I feel today, at any rate. I'd be happier with twopence a year and a big, silent brute of a husband and a brood of brats running after me. That's true, isn't it?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"Since you say so, then, yes, Mademoiselle."

Rosamund laughed, her equilibrium suddenly restored. She took out a cigarette and lit it. She said: "You certainly know how to deal with women, M. Poirot. I now feel like taking the opposite point of view and arguing with you in favor of careers for women. Of

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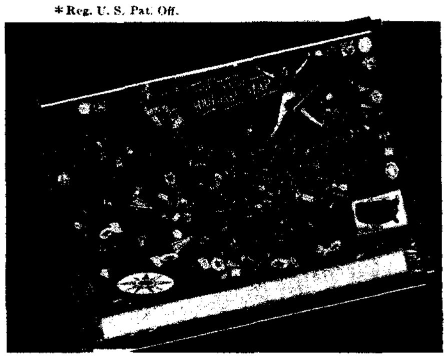

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course I'm well off as I am—and I know it!"

"Then everything in the garden—or shall we say at the seaside?—is lovely, Mademoiselle."

"Quite right."

Poirot, in his turn, extracted his cigarette case and lit one of those tiny cigarettes which it was his affectation to smoke.

Regarding the ascending haze with a quizzical eye, he murmured:

"So Mr.—no, Captain Marshall, is an old friend of yours, Mademoiselle?"

ROSAMUND sat up. She said: "Now how do you know that? Oh, I suppose Ken told you."

Poirot shook his head.

"Nobody has told me anything. After all, Mademoiselle, I am a detective. It was the obvious conclusion to draw."

Rosamund Darnley said: "I don't see it."

"But consider!" The little man's hands were eloquent. "You have been here a week. You are lively, gay, without a care. Today, suddenly, you speak of ghosts, of old times. What has happened? For several days there have been no new arrivals until last night when Captain Marshall and his wife and daughter arrive. Today the change! It is obvious!"

Rosamund Darnley said: "Well, it's true enough. Kenneth Marshall and I were more or less children together. The Marshalls lived next door to us. Ken was always nice to me—although condescending, of course, since he was four years older. I've not seen anything of him for a long time. It must be—fifteen years at least."

Poirot said thoughtfully: "A long time."

Rosamund nodded.

There was a pause and then Hercule Poirot said: "He is sympathetic, yes?"

Rosamund said warmly: "Ken's a dear. One of the best. Frightfully quiet and reserved. I'd say his only fault is a penchant for making unfortunate marriages."

Poirot said in a tone of great understanding: "Ah . . ."

Rosamund Darnley went on: "Kenneth's a fool—an utter fool where women are concerned! Do you remember the Martingdale case?"

Poirot frowned. "Martingdale? Martingdale? Arsenic, was it not?"

"Yes. Seventeen or eighteen years ago. The woman was tried for the murder of her husband."

"And he was proved to have been an arsenic eater and she was acquitted?"

"That's right. Well, after her acquittal, Ken married her. That's the sort of silly thing he does."

Hercule Poirot murmured: "But if she was innocent?"

Rosamund Darnley said impatiently: "Oh, I dare say she *was* innocent. Nobody really knows! But there are plenty of women to marry in the world without going out of your way to marry one who's stood her trial for murder."

POIROT said nothing. Perhaps he knew that if he kept silent Rosamund Darnley would go on. She did so:

"He was very young, of course, only just twenty-one. He was crazy about her. She died when Linda was born—a year after their marriage. I believe Ken was terribly cut up by her death. Afterward he racketed around a lot—trying to forget, I suppose."

She paused.

"And then came this business of Arlena Stuart. She was in Revue at the time. There was the Codrington divorce case. Lady Codrington divorced Codrington, citing Arlena Stuart. They say Lord Codrington was absolutely infatuated with her. It was understood they were to be married as soon as the decree was made absolute. Actually, when it came to it, he didn't marry her. Turned her down flat. I believe she actually sued him for breach of promise. Anyway, the thing made a big stir at the time. The next thing that happens is that Ken goes and marries her. The fool—the complete fool!"

Hercule Poirot murmured: "A man might be excused such a folly—she is beautiful, Mademoiselle."

"Yes, there's no doubt of that. There was another scandal about three years ago. Old Sir Roger Erskine left her every penny of his money. I should have thought that would have opened Ken's eyes if anything would."

"And did it not?"

Rosamund Darnley shrugged her shoulders.

"I tell you I've seen nothing of him for years. People say, though, that he took it with absolute equanimity. Why, I should like to know? Has he got an absolutely blind belief in her?"

"There might be other reasons."

"Yes. Pride! Keeping a stiff upper lip! I don't know what he really feels about her. Nobody does."

"And she? What does she feel about him?"

Rosamund stared at him. She said: "She? She's the world's first gold digger. And a man-eater as well! If anything personable in trousers comes within a hundred yards of her, it's fresh sport for Arlena! She's that kind."

Poirot nodded his head slowly in complete agreement.

"Yes," he said. "That is true what you say. . . . Her eyes look for one thing only—men."

Rosamund said: "She's got her eye on Patrick Redfern now. He's a good-looking man—and rather the simple kind—you know, fond of his wife, and not a philanderer. That's the kind that's meat and drink to Arlena. I like little Mrs. Redfern—she's nice-looking in her fair, washed-out way—but I don't think she'll stand a dog's chance against that man-eating tiger, Arlena."

Poirot said: "No, it is as you say." He looked distressed.

Rosamund said: "Christine Redfern was a schoolteacher, I believe. She's the kind that thinks that mind has a pull over matter. She's got a rude shock coming to her."

Poirot shook his head vexedly.

Rosamund got up. She said: "It's a shame, you know." She added vaguely: "Somebody ought to do something about it."

LINDA MARSHALL was examining her face dispassionately in her bedroom mirror. She disliked her face very much. At this minute it seemed to her to be mostly bones and freckles. She noted with distaste her heavy bush of soft, brown hair (mouse, she called it in her own mind) her greenish-gray eyes, her high cheekbones and the long, aggressive line of the chin. Her mouth and teeth weren't perhaps quite so bad—but what were teeth after all? And was that a spot coming on the side of her nose?

She decided with relief that it wasn't a spot. She thought to herself: "It's awful to be sixteen—simply *awful.*"

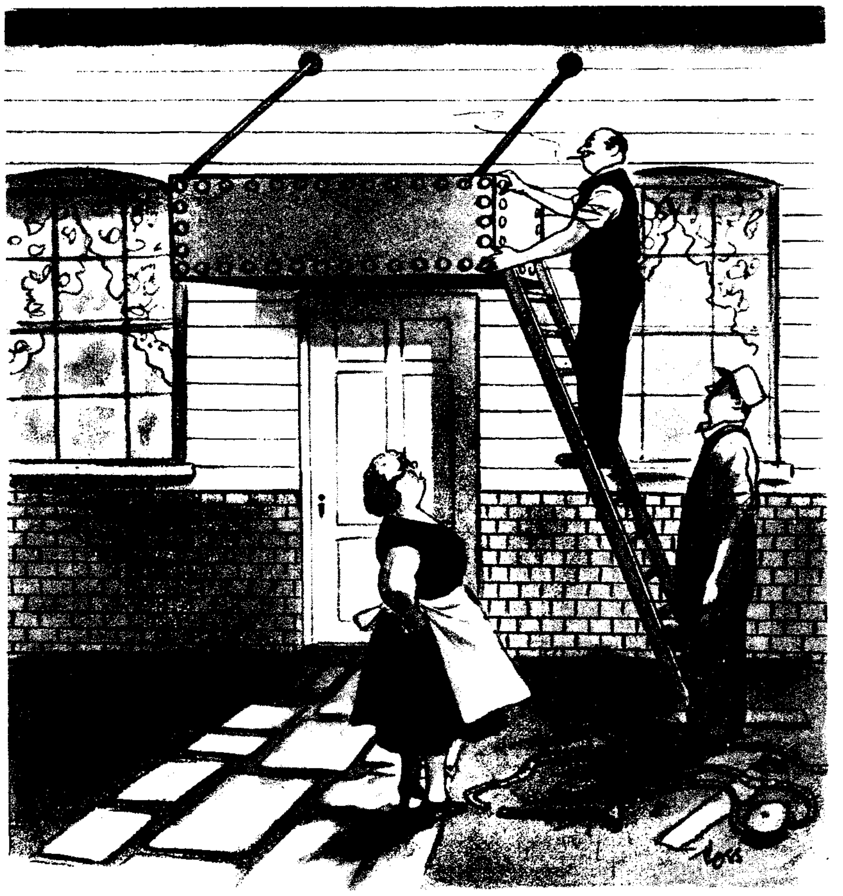
One didn't, somehow, know where one was. Linda was as awkward as a young colt and as prickly as a hedgehog. She was conscious the whole time of her ungainliness and of the fact that she was neither one thing nor the other. It hadn't been so bad at school. But now she had left school. Nobody seemed to know quite what she was going to do next. She'd never realized properly, somehow, until now, how very much she disliked Arlena.

Linda's young face grew tense, her green eyes hardened.

Arlena. . . .

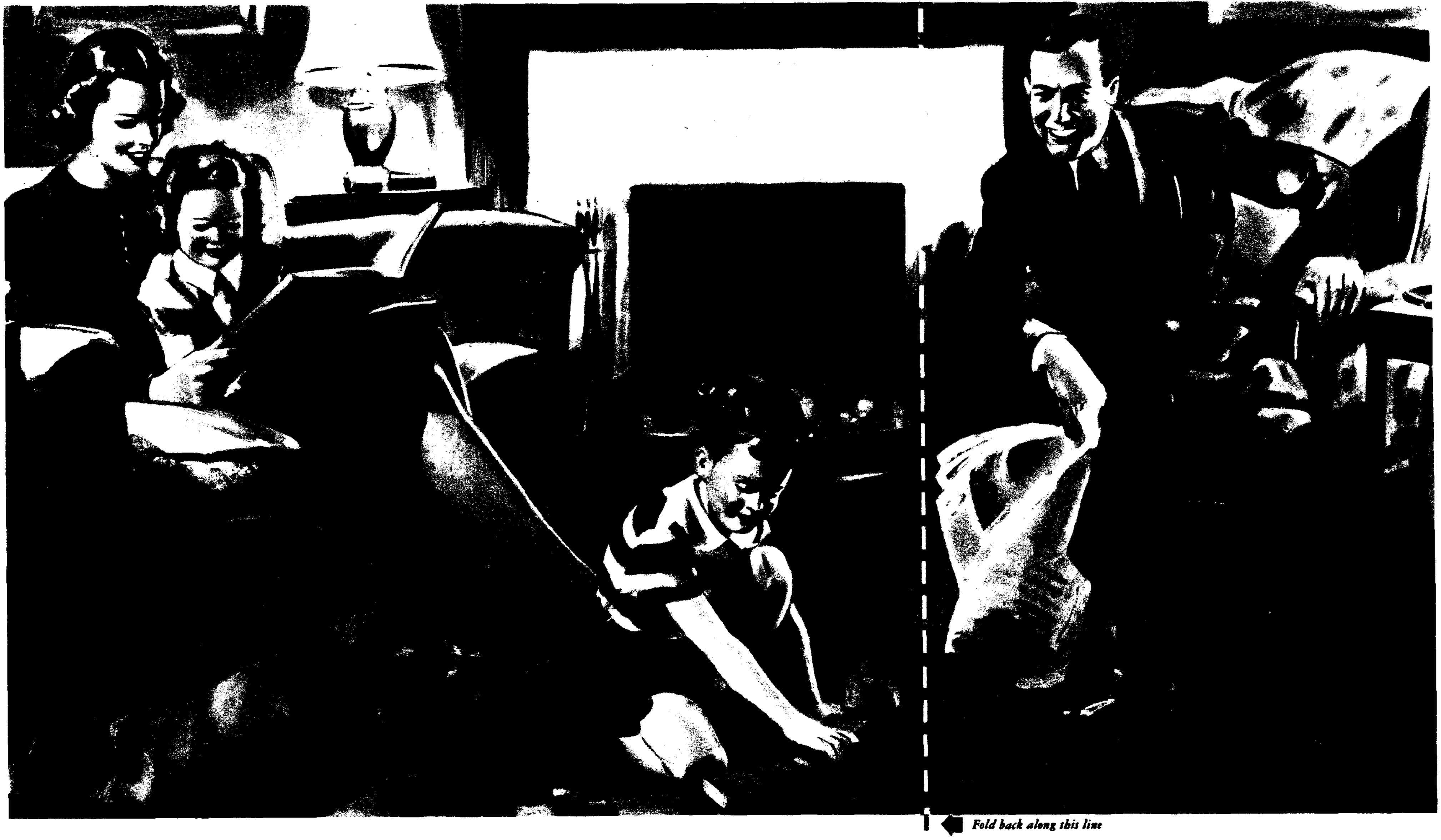
She thought to herself: "She's a beast—a *beast* . . ."

Stepmothers! It was rotten to have a stepmother, everybody said so. And it was true! Not that Arlena was unkind to her. Most of the time she hardly noticed the girl. But when she did, there was a contemptuous amusement in her glance, in her words. The finished grace and poise of Arlena's movements emphasized Linda's own adolescent clumsi-



"George, don't you think you're overdoing this home movie business just a trifle?" A. ROSS

FOLD BACK ALONG THIS LINE



Fold back along this line

What happens to the family when the picture is changed

like this?

Even a picture assumes an entirely different aspect when you take away one of the principal figures . . . when, in this case, the father is no longer there.

Suppose that these are real people. Tommy is five years old, and Jane, two. Mother and father are each about thirty.

Suppose that the father is "taken out of the picture". His earning power, of course, would stop . . . and the mother would face a real problem, trying to make ends meet.

She might be able to get a job somewhere, perhaps. But she hasn't done any work outside of the home for a long time. And taking care of Jane and Tommy is a full-time job in itself. Most people would agree that nothing is more important for young children than to have their mother's time and loving care.

Later on, when Tommy is 18, could he go to college . . . or would he give up the idea and try to find work somewhere so as to help his mother?

Of course this father owns some life insurance, and it would undoubtedly be of real help to the family in their difficult situation. But *does he have enough* to provide for them until the children are grown and able to stand alone in the world?

Suppose this young father takes a New York Life Family Income Policy for $10,000 (face amount), with a "20-year period".

In event of his death during the "20-year period", the mother receives $100 a month for the remainder of the period, that is, until the time when Tommy and Jane would be 25 and 22 years old and the mother about 50. At that time, the mother would receive $10,000 in addition, which would be a "nest egg" for her later years. If the father dies *after* the "20-year period", the amount payable is $10,000.

If the father lives to an age when he wants to retire, he could use the cash surrender value of the policy to obtain a life income for himself.

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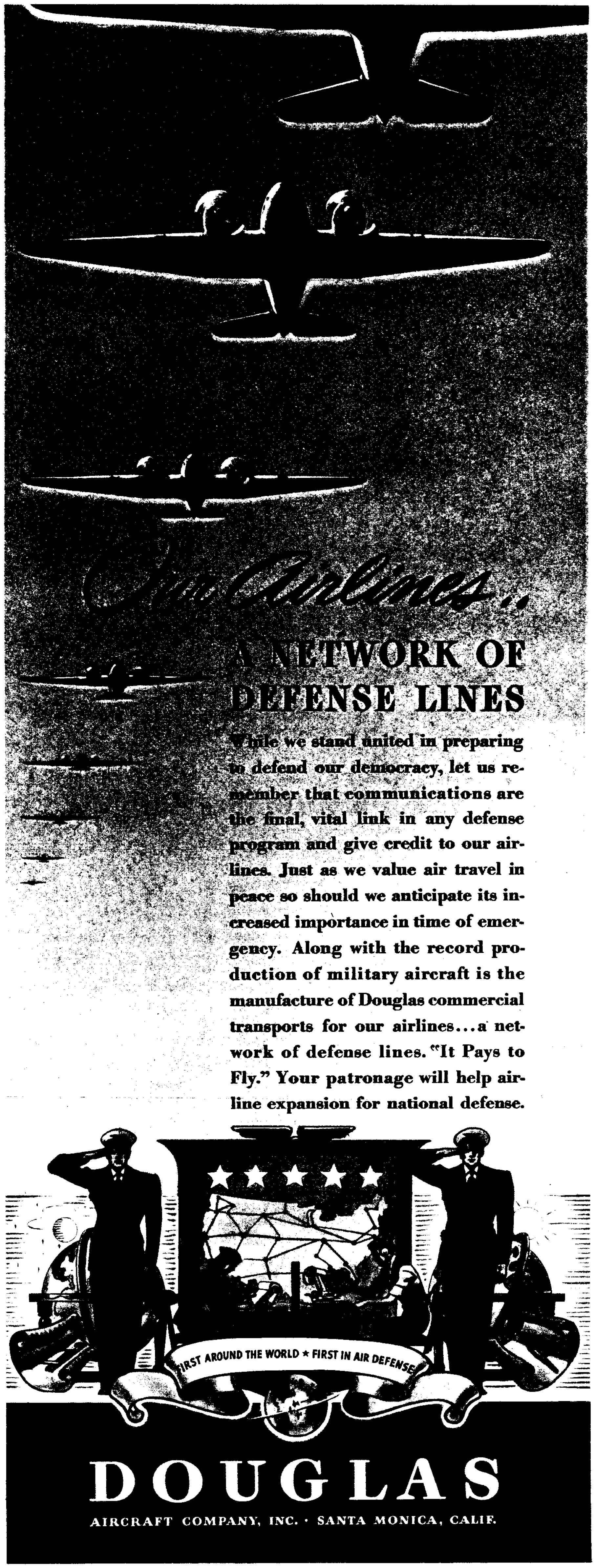
MY DATE OF BIRTH____________________ COL 12-14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ness. With Arlena about, one felt, shamingly, just how immature and crude one was.

But it wasn't that only. No, it wasn't only that.

Linda groped haltingly in the recesses of her mind. She wasn't very good at sorting out her emotions and labeling them. It was something that Arlena *did* to people—to the house—

"She's bad," thought Linda with decision. "She's quite, quite bad."

But you couldn't even leave it at that. You couldn't just elevate your nose with a sniff of moral superiority and dismiss her from your mind.

It was something she did to people. Father, now, Father was quite different. . . .

SHE puzzled over it. Father coming down to take her out from school. Father taking her once for a cruise. And Father at home—with Arlena there. All—all sort of bottled up and not—and not *there.*

Linda thought: "And it'll go on like this. Day after day—month after month. I can't bear it."

Life stretched before her—endless—in a series of days darkened and poisoned by Arlena's presence. She was childish enough still to have little sense of proportion. A year, to Linda, seemed like an eternity.

A big, dark, burning wave of hatred against Arlena surged up in her mind. She thought: "I'd like to kill her. Oh! I wish she'd die. . . ."

She looked out above the mirror onto the sea below.

This place was really rather fun. Or it could be fun. All those beaches and coves and queer little paths. Lots to explore. And places where one could go off by oneself and muck about. There were caves, too, so the Cowan boys had told her.

Linda thought: "If only Arlena would go away, I could enjoy myself."

Her mind went back to the evening of their arrival. It had been exciting coming from the mainland. The tide had been up over the causeway. They had come in a boat. The hotel had looked exciting, unusual. And then on the terrace a tall, dark woman had jumped up and said: "Why, Kenneth!"

And her father, looking frightfully surprised, had exclaimed: "Rosamund!"

Linda considered Rosamund Darnley severely and critically in the manner of youth.

She decided that she approved of Rosamund. Rosamund, she thought, was sensible. And her hair grew nicely, as though it fitted her—most people's hair didn't fit them. And her clothes were nice. And she had a kind of funny amused face—as though it were amused at herself, not at you. Rosamund had been nice to her, Linda. She hadn't been gushing or *said* things. (Under the term of "saying things" Linda grouped a mass of miscellaneous dislikes.) And Rosamund hadn't looked as though she thought Linda a fool. In fact, she'd treated Linda as though she were a real human being. Linda so seldom felt like a real human being that she was deeply grateful when anyone appeared to consider her one.

Father, too, had seemed pleased to see Miss Darnley.

Funny—he'd looked quite different, all of a sudden. He'd looked—he'd looked—Linda puzzled it out—why, *young,* that was it! He'd laughed—a queer, boyish laugh. Now Linda came to think of it, she'd very seldom heard him laugh.

She felt puzzled. It was as though she'd got a glimpse of quite a different person. She thought: "I wonder what Father was like when he was my age. . . ."

But that was too difficult. She gave it up.

An idea just flashed across her mind. What fun it would have been if they'd come here and found Miss Darnley here—just she and Father.

A vista opened out just for a minute. Father, boyish and laughing, Miss Darnley, herself—and all the fun one could have on the island—bathing—caves—

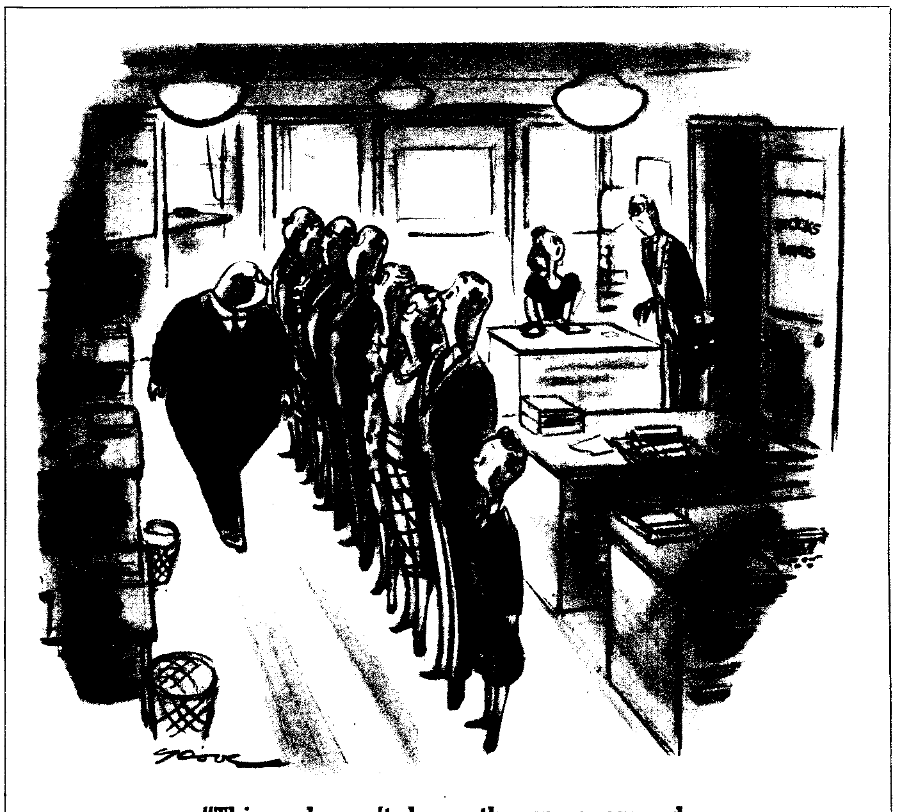
The blackness shut down again.

Arlena. One couldn't enjoy oneself with Arlena about. Why not? Well, she, Linda, couldn't, anyway. You couldn't be happy when there was a person there you—hated. Yes, hated. She hated Arlena.

Very slowly again that black, burning wave of hatred rose up again.

Linda's face went very white. Her lips parted a little. The pupils of her eyes contracted. And her fingers stiffened and clenched themselves. . . .

(To be continued next week)



"Things haven't been the same around here since Mr. Hutchins was at Plattsburg"

LEONARD DOVE

Border Patrol

Continued from page 16

little, anyway, that you wondered why it was sent in code.

"Johnny," it read, "tell my friend that [illegible]is pretty hard up here but I am going behind the coyote but I cannot go fast. Write me with care."

But the mystery of the plane remained the same. The Border Patrol knew who Johnny was. They know why everybody is on the Border. But Johnny had been warned and when they had gone after him he had fled. It was likely that he'd lammed out to Mexico because, as we'll show you presently, sifting in and out of Mexico by night is childishly simple. At least to wade or paddle across the Rio Grande to Mexico after dark is easy. Coming north is another matter. You're pretty sure to be caught unless, of course, you're smuggled in by plane.

So there we lay in the vast black-out of the Mexican Border waiting for that hot southbound plane. Even if she carried nothing but the pilot between her great silver wings she was a lawbreaker. The law says that any plane crossing the international boundary must report to that Immigration station nearest to the spot where she crosses. This plane was paying no attention to that. She knew what she was doing and she knew when to do it. Months ago, two Coast Guard planes came west from the Gulf and lay in wait for her. They were camouflaged and waited at different places, avoiding the Army's emergency landing field at Dryden because anybody could see them there. But while they were on the scene the mystery planes didn't fly. And just to show you that they knew what they were doing, the hot ships took to the air again the night after the Coast Guard pilots went back to the Gulf, disgusted.

While we waited the Border Patrol's own transmitters cut in on our radio with the news that Jesus Argueta Pereyra of Las Minas, Mexico, and Sanderson, Texas, had been apprehended as he emerged from the Rio Grande on the Texas side and that the United States government proposed to do something of a guinea-pig nature about him.

The Sad Case of Señor Pereyra

The news demoted the plane we were looking for to minor importance. For a person of so little moment in the great world, Jesus Argueta Pereyra had stepped smack into the middle of international trouble. All by himself, Señor Pereyra was the makings of an international incident. It just happened to be Señor Pereyra. His citizenship status and moral estate is precisely that of thousands of Mex-Americans living precariously on and off the north bank of the Rio Grande. Anyway, he was in for plenty of trouble.

To begin with, he was one of the Border Patrol's foremost nuisances—shrewd as a hungry crow. In addition he was concededly an American citizen, having a claim to having been born in The States. Moreover, he was a Mexican citizen, being the son of Mexican nationals. Mexico considers all Mexicans born of Mexican parents her citizens forever, whether they be born outside Mexico or whether they become naturalized abroad. When the United States had decreed that all aliens living within her borders be registered, Señor Pereyra produced a birth certificate purporting to sustain his claim to having been born in Texas. When it came time for all Americans between the ages of 21 and 35 to register for Army service, Señor Pereyra fled to Mexico, saying with the poetry of his ancestors that he'd be the son of a thousand ungraceful harlots if he'd bear arms against his fellow men. But Señor Pereyra, no hand at reading the papers nor heeding spoken tidings, had not heard that Mexico, too, had adopted conscription. He did not hear it until he ran into a Mexican *rurale*, a sort of straw-hat militiaman, in Piedras Negras across the river from Eagle Pass. And then there was trouble.

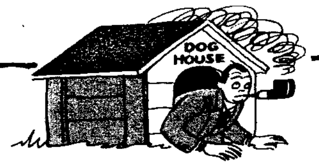
Somehow, and quickly, Señor Pereyra collected a handful of pesos. With these he ransomed himself and his captor was properly appreciative. And now Señor Pereyra was back in The States again. His return to Texas was swift but not thoughtless. He had accepted the lesser of two evils. If he became a soldier of Mexico he would receive, with more or less regularity, about six cents a day plus a can of beans and a bale of frijoles. In the United States the soldier would get a dollar a day and, unlike the Mexican soldier's rations, the gringo ate heavy and often. In Mexico the likelihood of meeting a soldier's glorious but inconvenient fate would not be remote. General Juan Andreu Almazan, the defeated candidate for the presidency, had sworn that he'd been robbed of the honor and proposed to establish justice with fire. In the United States the soldier stood an excellent chance of living indefinitely. And if it came to the worst, if he were convicted of failing to register for the gringo draft—ah, well, one does not do badly in the American jails.

Pity for the Poor Aliens

All of the Border Patrol inspectors in our party knew Jesus Argueta Pereyra and all of them had definite ideas what should be done with him. We won't go into that because the Patrol inspectors have had it dinned into their ears that they owe as much devotion to the alien illegally entering as they do to the citizen. Last June the Patrol was lifted out of the Labor Department into the Department of Justice, and in the heart of the Patrol there is the hope that soon they may be permitted wider discretion in handling chronic illegal-entry cases. No rough stuff, mind you, just a little firmness.

There was, for example, the case of the Mexican blind beggar who had smuggled himself into the United States six times to be wept over by the Labor Department's social workers. And, finally, he had become one of the Department's many Hardship Cases. There was no question that these cases were in the country illegally, almost all of them Mexicans; but, ruled the department, it would be a hardship to send them back to Mexico. So they became Hardship Cases and could thumb their noses at the Immigration people and the Border Patrol. And they could go on relief, vouched for by little Mexican-American (Amex) politicians to whom mayors, governors and members of Congress were beholden for Amex votes.

You'll find them in almost every Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California town, from the Gulf to the Pacific. We have time to look at one of these, Eagle Pass, a snug, hospitable Texas town on the banks of the Rio Grande. At relief headquarters there'll be a thick queue of Mexicans waiting to be provisioned, the men thin, ragged, patient; the women fat, better mended but just as emotionless. They have bags, baskets, buckets and children on their backs, in their arms, on their heads. They wait for hours. Time is nothing. Those inside loll against the wall of the



HIS SMELLY PIPE WAS OVER-RIPE

—but he's out of the dog house now!

"OUT YOU GO, PETER. You and that old sludge-pump you call a pipe! I won't marry a human smoke-screen! Where'd you get that tobacco anyway—in a fire sale?"

PETER SURE WAS IN A PECK of trouble when he bought that last tin of tobacco. It *looked* good . . . but it certainly didn't *smell* good. Maybe Judge Holbrook can help him.

"YOU'RE GUILTY on all counts, son. Let's just clean that pipe and switch to mild, tasty Sir Walter. Grandest smellin' blend of burleys that ever curled thru a court house!"

PIPE AT A WEDDING? Sure! Pete made such a hit with his new mild smoking tobacco that even his mother-in-law smiled at him as the newlyweds swung back up the aisle.

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building. Those outside lean against the lollers. You may walk the line of them and the officers will call them off as you watch and listen—the aliens, the Hardship Cases, the nonresidents. More than seventy-five per cent of them will be aliens, or in America illegally, or Hardship Cases whom the United States cannot bear to deport.

And, presently, five or six trucks rumble past, bound for the onion and spinach fields, crammed with Mexicans who live south of the river but who have work cards permitting them to commute to and from Old Mexico daily. The relief line comes to life. It straightens up and shouts obscene encouragement at the truck. The onion and spinach harvesters get seventy-five cents or a dollar a day and it wasn't so long ago that many of the reddish-brown men and women in the relief line rode in these trucks. But they learned. They learned first that the money they got in the spinach and onion fields could be pure velvet; that on their way back to Old Mexico in the evening they could stop at the gringo relief and stock up and carry free gringo groceries back to Mexico where they could eat some and peddle some.

And they learned that after the onions and spinach were harvested they could drop out in Mexican colonies on the American side of the river, living on relief, until caught by the Patrol. The chances would be good then that if the border authorities ordered them deported they could appeal to Washington and a review board would brood over their case. Sometimes the board would brood for months. Sometimes it took years.

And then there were chances that the review board would make them Hardship Cases. Or if they had to go back they'd renew their worker-commuter cards if they could. If the Immigration officers demurred, American shopkeepers on the United States side of the river raised a row, writing to their congressmen, to Washington. The tradesmen wanted the money the Mexicans spent on the American side, and you can't blame them for that. Why let the Mexicans spend American wages in Mexico when they would rather spend it here?

There's Safety in the Air

That was the talk we had before the plane came—that and the hard lives the border offered to the Northern wives of rookie Patrol inspectors. We heard it before we saw it—a lonely drone, clear and tuneful, off to the northwest. At first we weren't sure. It might be one of the big transcontinental commercials off her course, although the starless night was too fine for a pilot to lose his way. But we were sure when the song of the motor swelled and we saw her lights. She was headed for Mexico and would cross the border above the parched, gaping mouth of Lozier Canyon where it yawned into the river gulch. The blackness was too deep for guessing her altitude. We thought she was flying rather low because it wasn't hard to see her beautiful silhouette silvered against the sky. It doesn't matter, but she certainly told us how small and helpless we were. We watched and listened for ten minutes and then she was gone, maybe to land on the high runway south of Shumla or perhaps to go on to another field in the state of Nuevo Leon, nearer to the Pan-American Highway, the only all-paved road from the Rio Grande to Mexico City.

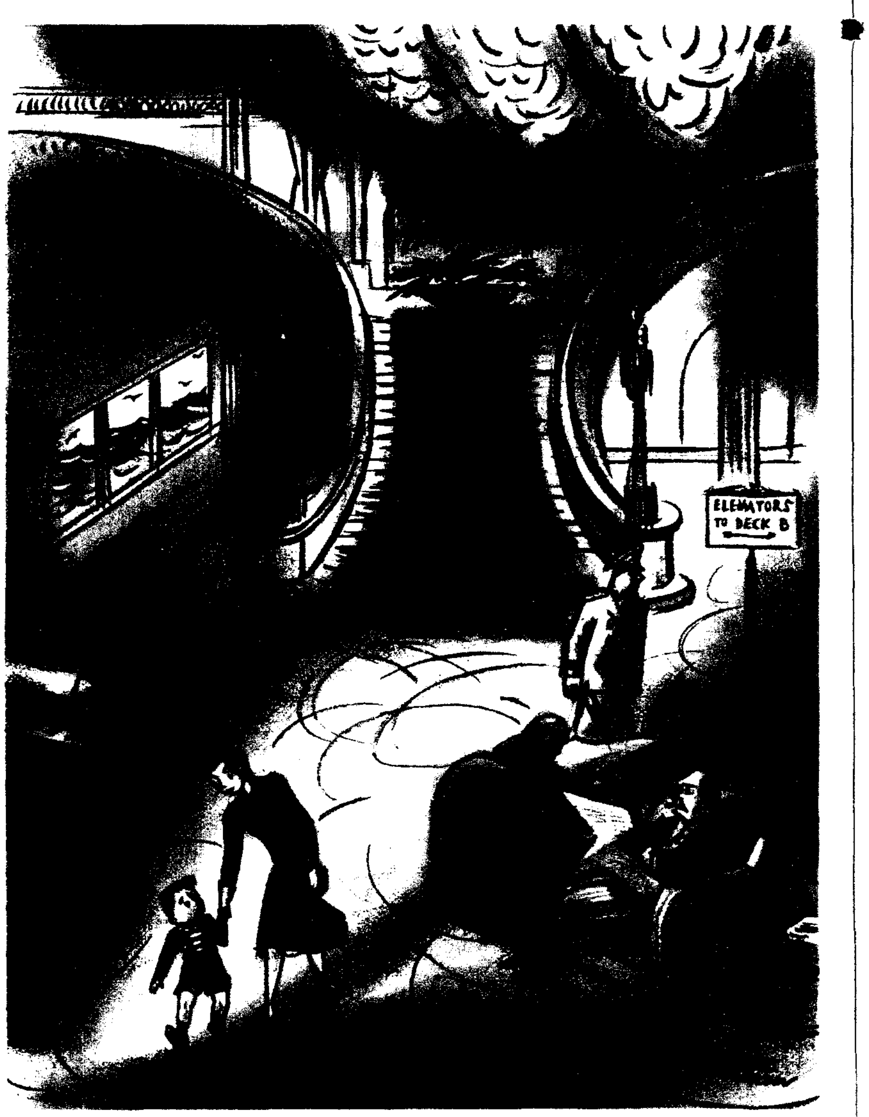
Your guess is as good as anyone's. If you'll believe all you hear it's as simple as an apple to buy forged birth certificates in Mexico, and temporary visiting papers or even passports. If you try to get by with the latter on the international bridges or in American side border towns you'll be out of luck. But far inland it is not so difficult, particularly if you are set down by plane at some isolated spot, met by friends, whisked off to a city. If you try it by motorcar from the border, the Patrol's back-up stations will get you, the back-up stations being located on all main roads; fifty, a hundred, a hundred and fifty miles inland. But only the impoverished Mexicans, who can't afford air travel and must depend upon the noisy jaloppies of their friends for travel, are caught on the roads or sneaking along the right of way of the high-tension power lines across the pasture lands and through the wilderness.

Well, the plane was gone. She was a *lawbreaker, whatever her mission.* She hadn't reported to anybody, had no permission to cross the border. She could get that only after inspection at an Immigration station. She'd be back in a couple of nights with her license numbers shrouded, ignoring the American customs and carrying what she was carrying.

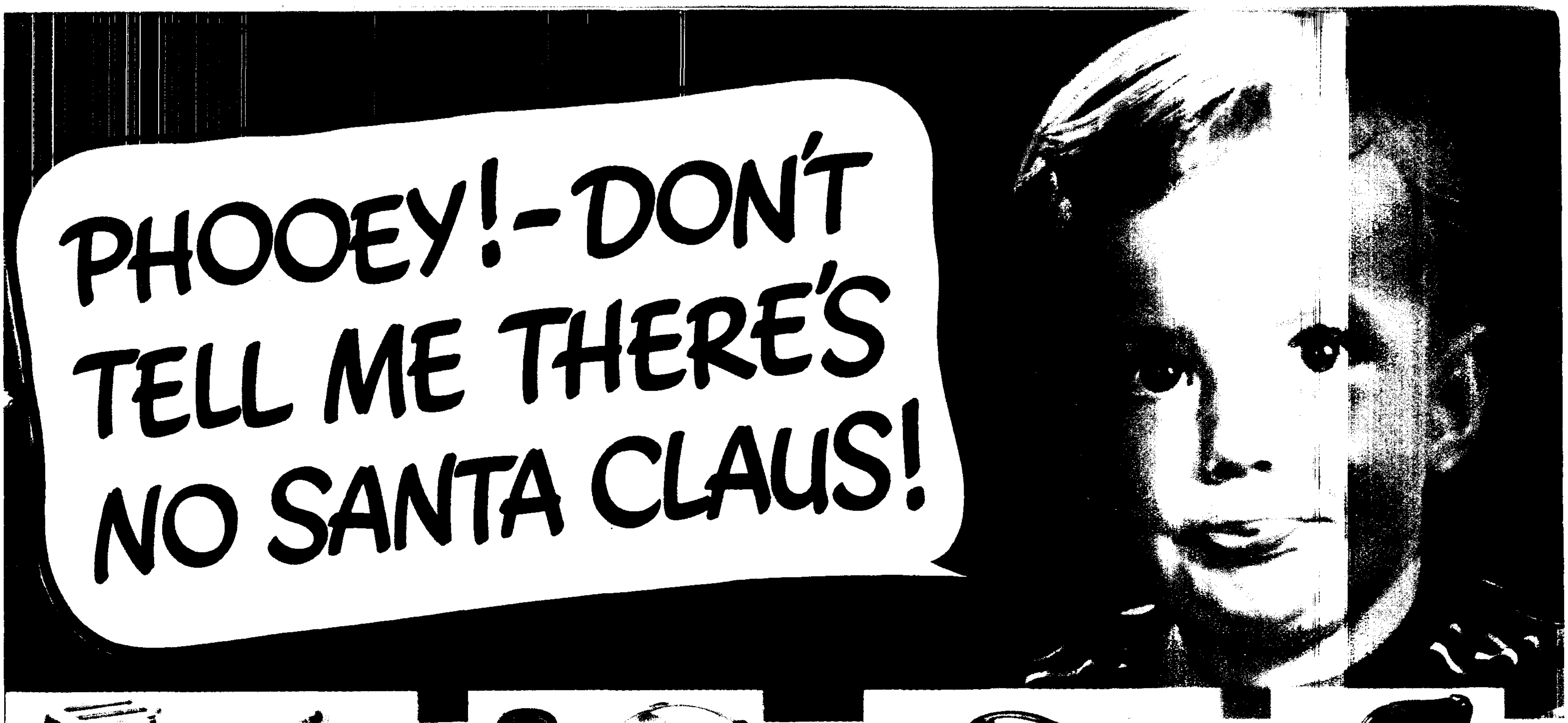
Mexico's Ungrateful Guests

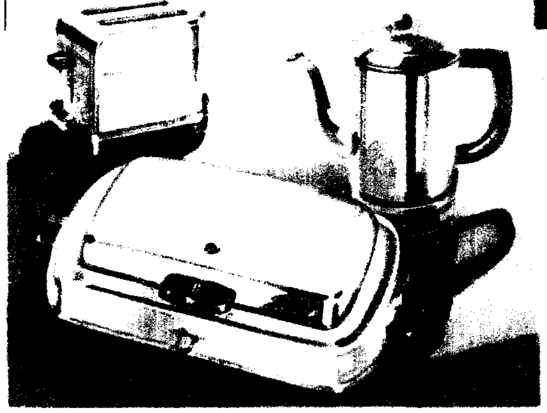
Down at Santa Clara in Chihuahua, at one of the colonies set up by the Mexican government for the refugees from Republican Spain, there was nothing resembling peace and concord. Even the Mexican officials across the river would tell you that, raising their shoulders and saying that Spaniards were ever bad for Mexico. The gringo, the English, the Germans were bad enough with their pockets bulging with gold and the way they corrupted the Mexican officials and despised the Mexican peon. But the Spaniard out of Spain had never realized that Mexico was not a Spanish colony; that they were in Mexico as guests of the new, liberal Mexico that had afforded them refuge from the Falangist terror. The Spaniard was not content with asylum; he was not satisfied with safety from Franco's firing squads. No, the Spaniard refugee, the Reds among them, were sneering at Mexico's liberal constitution of 1917 and at President Lazaro Cardenas' gentle radicalism. And señor, it is the truth on the Cross that they would take over the government if they could and, with the madness of their kind, carry their Communism into the United States. Like mad dogs, señor, that have no plan but the knife, the pistol and the bomb. Mexico would assure you that it would be well if all of them (and there are thou*sands of these in Mexico)* were in the United States where they would be wept over and where, believe us, señor, they would stay. Mexico is determined that once across the border into The States these Reds may not return to Mexico. And the United States cannot deport them to Spain nor any other place in Europe because they have no country and the diplomatic representatives of Europe will not give them visas.

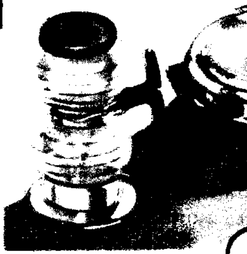
In the Santa Clara colony a Mexican official from Mexico City had just been murdered by a Spaniard because the official would not give him money from the colony's treasury. He was clear about why he wanted money—to buy his way into the United States. In the Santa Clara colony there were noisy battles between the industrialists and the agrarians, between the Reds and the Republicans. They told us that the Reds had won and were driving the Republicans off the land, although the Reds, who are almost all industrialists from the industrial cities of Spain, cannot farm the colony's land and have no stomach for



"When are we going to get on the boat, Mother?" JACK MARKOW


PHOOEY!-DON'T TELL ME THERE'S NO SANTA CLAUS!


An ensemble for snacks! Westinghouse "Pop-Up" Toaster, Automatic Sandwich Grill and Percolator—they make gifts that will be appreciated for years!


Aaah!—Come on you appetites! The new Westinghouse Waffle Baker and Coffee Maker!

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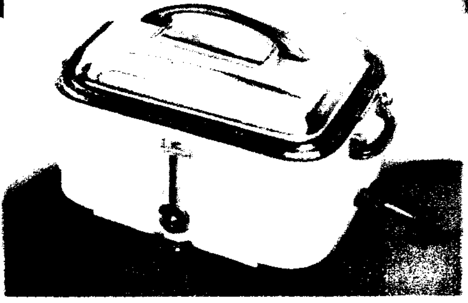
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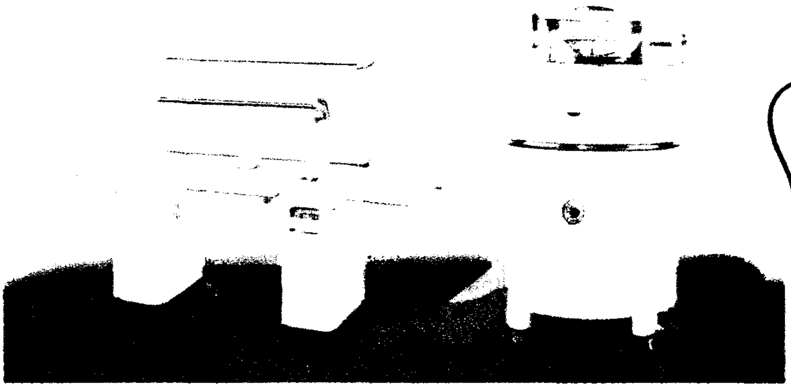
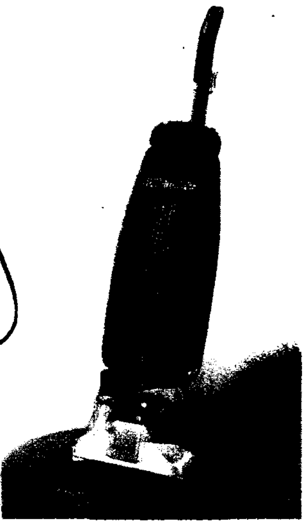

Almost like having a holiday in the laundry!—with this Washer and Ironer.

SURE THERE'S HEART APPEAL IN THESE USEFUL GIFTS


Save time—enjoy the holiday fun! For a dozen cleaning tasks—choose this low cost Westinghouse Vacuum Cleaner.

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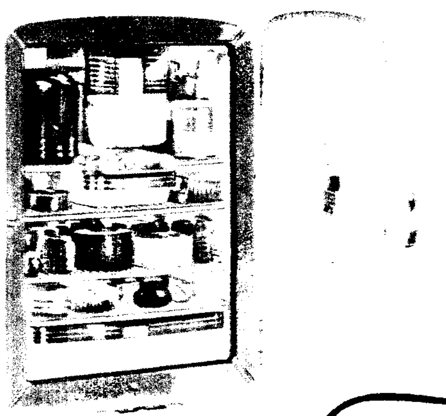
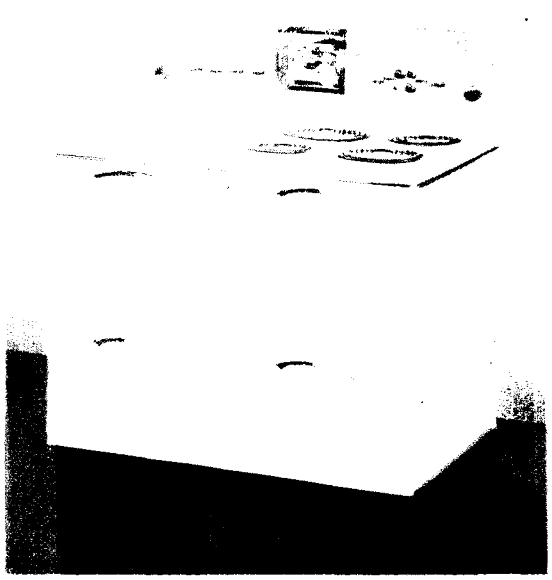
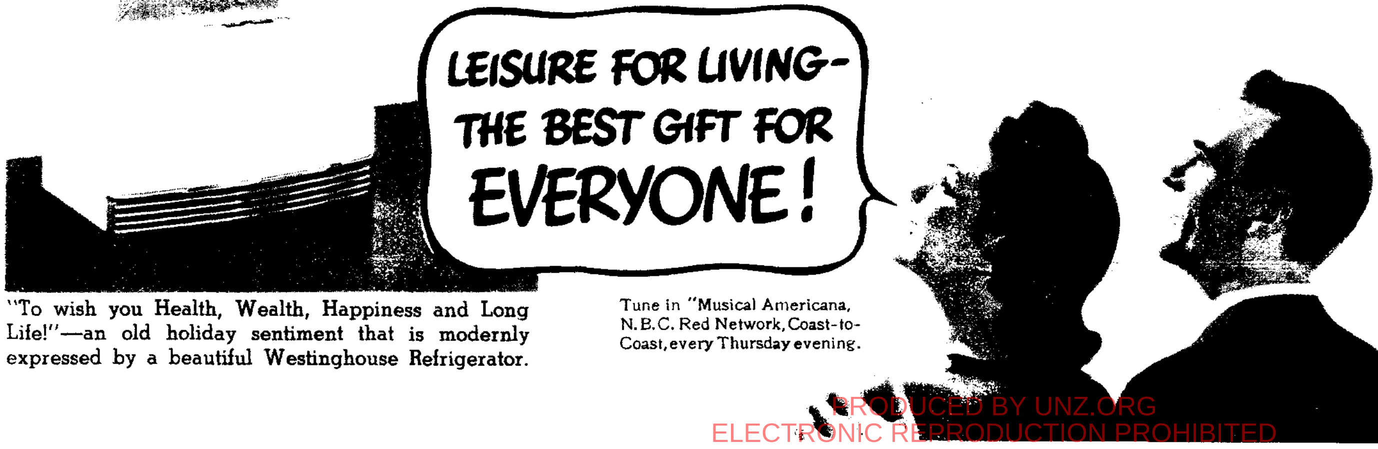
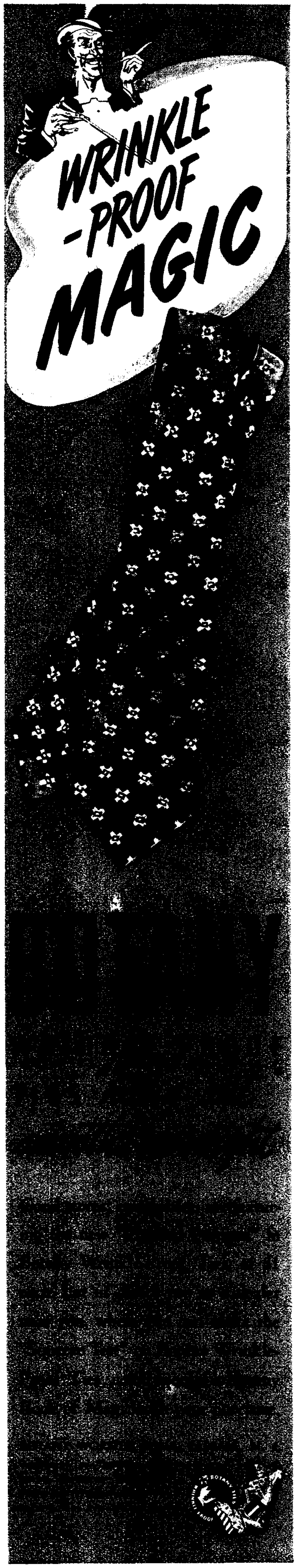



If the route to the heart is via the stomach (as ancient sayings have it) you will see above a ***most romantic*** and ***heart-touching*** gift—the fast, economical Westinghouse Electric Range.


LEISURE FOR LIVING- THE BEST GIFT FOR EVERYONE!

"To wish you Health, Wealth, Happiness and Long Life!"—an old holiday sentiment that is modernly expressed by a beautiful Westinghouse Refrigerator.

Tune in "Musical Americana, N. B. C. Red Network, Coast-to-Coast, every Thursday evening.



learning. How many refugee Spaniards there are now in Mexico is subject for much debate; more to the point here is the money that Republican Spain transferred to Mexico and who is getting it. The most conservative estimate is $5,000,000. The Mexican government is its custodian and administrator. The Spanish agrarians are content to invest it in Mexican farms and farm equipment. The industrialists want it divided equally, that each refugee may do what he chooses with his share. The industrialist yearns for life in the United States. The industrialists, overwhelmingly radicals, make no secret of their desire to devote their share of the bank roll to smuggling themselves into American cities. Air travel is the safest as long as the Border Patrol has no wings and while the Army Air Corps will not co-operate.

All we know is what we saw and heard as we rode the 2,200 miles of Mexican border, touching in at the fifty-six Border Patrol stations from which 1,600 apparently tireless men cruise the ugly, eroded bank of the Rio Grande and the desert country to the west. Their duties sound simple—to prevent smuggling of men and merchandise into the United States. It's not as soft as it sounds. They watch the river from towers, they ride the border on horses and in cars that roar along at eighty and ninety miles an hour, they trudge up and down the trackless wastes where cars are impotent and horses can't be maintained. More than ninety per cent of the aliens they catch these days are Mexicans. Europeans are either isolated in Europe or watched too closely in Mexico to make their break across the border—unless, of course, some are being flown north. And the Border Patrol can only gaze at that.

They Come to Stay

If an alien is caught in the act of smuggling himself in, it's up to him to prove he has the right to come. He seldom wins. But once in and apprehended, the burden of proof that he's here illegally is on the Patrol. And that complicates matters. The apprehended one knows that he may appeal to Washington for a review of his case and, although the Patrol knows that his papers are false, although they know all about him, he may be released until Washington decides. In the meantime he may wander off, may never be caught for deportation. How many of these are at liberty no one seems to know.

The life sounds romantic, and it is—in the movies. Actually it is one of the toughest existences in all of the government service. The government does its best to tell the applicant that patrolling the border—the Mexican and the Canadian—is no life for the dreamer.

"Border patrolmen," reads the government's chart of qualification, "must make numerous arrests, sometimes of dangerous criminals. Shooting affrays are not infrequent. The duties are arduous, the hours irregular and long. There is much night work. The officers are subject to call twenty-four hours a day. Numerous Border Patrol stations are located, of necessity, in small, isolated communities, many of which are regarded as undesirable places in which to live. They make extended camping details in desert or woods during which they must rely entirely upon their own ability and resourcefulness for sustenance and shelter. They may make patrols of up to eighty miles on snowshoes. . . ."

The written and physical examinations are tough. To pass the first you must have at least a high-school education and the examiners would prefer a couple of years of college, if not four. If you pass the physical tests you have a right to boast that you're a perfect physical specimen or at least as close to it as life these days will let you come. And when you've passed, you've got to sit before a group of tough old-timers and answer what sound like idle questions. But out of your answers they fish character, resourcefulness and mental agility that no pen can put on paper. And even if you've passed the old-timers you may never don the uniform. In the meantime your life has been ransacked back to your short-pants days. And don't get the idea that you can deceive the investigators; those lads have been trained on aliens, particularly Mexicans and Asiatics. And if they, artists at dissembling, at deception and artful dodging in general, can't delude these lads, you can't.

For being as wise and faultless as all this the border patrolman (officially called inspector) gets $2,000 a year out of which he houses himself and his family, clothes and feeds himself, maintains his own lines of information and at all times must be ready to pass a personal inspection that a rookie-hating Army sergeant couldn't beat.

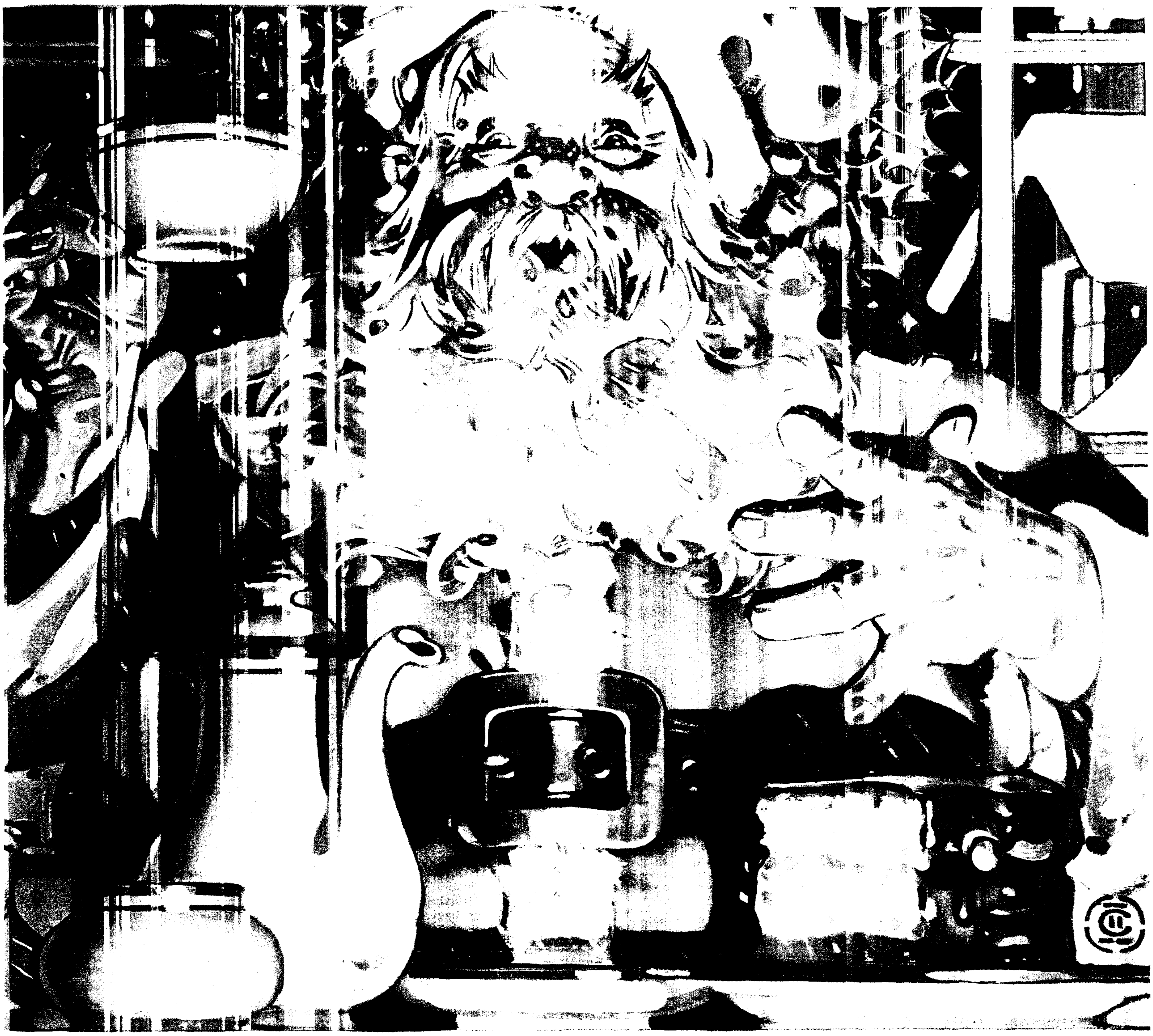
And yet no law-enforcing branch of the United States service is attracting a finer class of applicants. We looked them over at the Border Patrol School at El Paso. There under the supervision of Mr. Grover Cleveland Wilmoth, Supervisor of the El Paso District (the largest and perhaps toughest on the Mexican border), the rookies or probationers who had survived the tests were taking the month of training that is preliminary to actual Patrol work. About forty per cent of them have college degrees. Seventy per cent have had some college work. In one month they must do three months of cramming because the school is small and the service is being built up fast against the day when, it is expected, Europe will try to ship what she regards as undesirables to the Western Hemisphere. And it is the opinion of the government that most of these will try to smuggle or buy their way into the United States.

In one month these rookies must try to absorb a three months' course in French and Spanish, immigration law, criminal law, naturalization, citizenship and expatriation law, fingerprinting, criminal investigation, first aid, firearms and the laws of the open country through which refugees are tracked down in the desert and forest. They call the latter signcutting. Look them over at random. You find sheriffs, farmers, schoolteachers, engineers, chemists, journalists, salesmen, sailors, soldiers, lawyers, bank clerks, ironworkers, post-office clerks, doctors, policemen, forest rangers and professional athletes. A football coach would think he was in heaven.

No Place for City Girls

But that gives you an idea of what the government demands of aspirants for the Border Patrol—what it demands and gets. When they've finished the school, they are distributed for the fire test. They're sent to the McAllen, Laredo and Del Rio subdistrict headquarters to be apprenticed to old-timers under observation by such as Chief Patrol Inspectors Rawles, Brady and Hudson. Or they're kept in the El Paso district to learn their trade from C.P.I. Eddie Adcock. And maybe they'll be sent west to a prettier land, the Los Angeles sector, under District Supervisor William A. Carmichael. They're on probation for a year.

Sometimes half of them fail to survive the year of probation. Some can't stand the disillusionment. It isn't what they had read in books nor seen in the movies. Some can't stand the stifling quiet of the long nights. Some haven't that extra sense that guides the true pa



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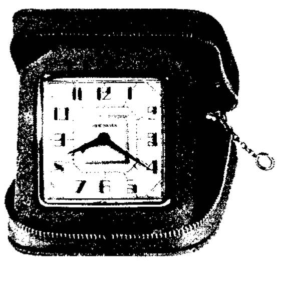

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trolman unerringly through the dismals of the Big Bend country. Others break under the isolation. And then there are the women. For the most part it's no place for a city girl. Too often the rookie's young wife reaches the stage, before her husband is out of his probation, that he has to choose between his job and her. Usually he quits and takes her back to the life she's been used to—bridge, the movies, her family, her social world. And if she is a mother it's so much the worse. She has been asked to follow her husband into wilderness settlements far from schools, doctors, churches and plumbing.

On the night we lay in the border black-out waiting for that plane to mock us, two of the old-timers talked to a rookie who, suddenly, had lost his early promise. He was a whale of a lad, two years out of a big university back East, a year married. They talked to him with gentle roughness. They knew what was wrong but they wouldn't mention his wife. He took it silently, understandingly. It was too dark to see his face. Finally he talked.

"I don't want to quit this. I like this. Listen," he asked suddenly. "Listen, I'm doing okay, ain't I?"

"Sure, kid, okay," they said. "You'll make one of the best."

"I like this," he said. "But I don't know. Seems as if you can't study and—well, take care of everything. I sure don't want to quit."

Later they told us that his wife had been crying for a week. The vast, arid land of cactus, mesquite, greasewood and rattlers had got her. That and the loneliness, the interminable nights, the absence of people who understood. Besides, she was going to have a baby. Of course, he might send her north for a few months, but there was always that question of money. You don't have much left out of forty a week.

When we left, the boy was being transferred to the El Paso sector, not because he was needed there but because he was good material and they wanted to save him. In El Paso the baby could be born. For a while he'll have a busier but easier job, prowling the cotton lands for illegal labor, refugees from justice, for aliens with no credentials. Maybe he'll happen upon variety—peonage, for example. In addition to all their other chores, the Border Patrol are ever on the lookout for labor skulduggery.

The Inspector Learns

A couple of years ago, one of the inspectors made a Saturday-night call at one of the largest cotton plantations in the El Paso sector. Naturally he made for the huts where the pickers lived—hovels without sanitation, without water, without windows. They had roofs, not that it made much difference in the rain. The inspector, a veteran, had gone in thinking that he'd seen about everything. He changed his mind. In almost all these huts, the biggest of them two-room affairs large enough for three or four persons each, he found as many as twenty-five Mexicans, from babies to grandparents. Almost all of the men and some of the women were drunk. Those who hadn't passed out were still drinking *sotol*, the cheapest form of mescal. If you've ever had mescal, you'll appreciate this all the more. Several of the children were dead. So were a few of their elders. The inspector called headquarters and the Border Patrol went to work.

Before they were through they had found that the operators of the plantation—Americans—had been importing labor from Mexico, paying smugglers (Amexes) a dollar a head for delivering the workers. They offered the Mexicans seventy-five cents a hundred pounds for picked cotton but managed to get a hundred and twenty-five pounds because their scales were fixed. The Mexicans, all of them wet, worked twelve hours a day and were required to live in the company's labor shacks, twenty to twenty-five in a room. For such housing the workers were charged twenty-five cents a day apiece. They had to buy their supplies at the company commissary where prices were from fifty to seventy-five per cent higher than outside stores. Those who had spirit enough to protest were told to shut up or be turned over to the Immigration officials and forever barred from returning to Texas. The owners of the plantation didn't quite dare place guards over the workers at nights and on Sunday to keep them on the place. But on Saturday night *sotol* was sold at fifty cents a bottle to all who had the half dollar. Thus Saturday night and Sunday found the Mexicans much too drunk to wander off. And the company profited again. Even the *sotol* came from the company's commissary. At the end of the season, almost all the Mexicans owed the company money.

But that broke up an old Rio Grande custom. As far as the Border Patrol knows, there is none of that going on in this enlightened year.

Smuggling Works Two Ways

As we say, that rookie might run into something like that. And if nothing that exciting happens he might sit on the riverbank when things calm down and watch the Mexicans smuggle things into their own country. They do it from high noon to midnight and on around the clock. It's none of the Border Patrol's business. It's Mexico's affair and, as long as they don't make fools of themselves and try to smuggle merchandise straight across the international bridge, the Mexican officials don't care. On the contrary, the shakedown adds quite a neat sum to the Mexican customs officials who are lucky enough to be in on it.

They'll smuggle flour, sugar and meat into Mexico by the truckload. They'll unload the trucks on the American side of the river and pole it across on rafts. Lacking rafts or small boats, they'll drag it across in waterproof bags. Northern Mexico needs food. The weather was unkind to last fall's grain crops. Moreover, the big farms that once grew great crops have been split up into small tracts and given to the peons. The peons lack the work habit; thousands of them don't seem able to raise enough food for their own consumption, not even corn for tortillas. And Mexico's government has not come to their rescue with alms and food relief.

Anyway, you can watch the more enterprising of them smuggle flour and corn meal in. Once they have it across the river it is transferred to small bags, pounds and half pounds. And it is then peddled from door to door at a profit of two and three hundred per cent. Sugar is sold in tiny quantities at an even greater profit. And the carcass of an ancient cow is the owner's fortune, to say nothing of what they get for a cut of a battle-toughened billy goat.

It was fun watching that. But we were still thinking of those hot airplanes that fly back and forth across the border at the eastern end of the Big Bend country.

"What is your own opinion of what those planes or that plane is carrying into The States?" we asked one of the Patrol inspectors. We were starting back to El Paso, the Mexicans having just dragged three truckloads of corn meal across the Rio Grande.

"Personally," said he, "I'd say it ain't corn meal."

Moby Dick's Bairn

Continued from page 18

them a calf riding on the cow whale's back. They heard the motor and, before the harpoon could be thrown, they turned, lashing up the river water and rocking the canoe as though it were riding an Atlantic gale. These three were gone, but we soon came on a young one. The guide threw his harpoon and wounded the whale, but the iron came free. The wound slowed the whale down and in a few minutes we came over it again. It is seldom that the harpoon kills the whale. This time it did. We pulled our catch alongside the boat.

Four whales was the total for the day, and all but the young one gave us good fights. A top catch for a native is six, but he is not disappointed if a whole day's work yields him only one.

A 5,500-Pound Catch

After our first day's hunt we obtained a candid close-up of the white whale. It is a curious-looking animal, with a rather small head and tiny eyes that seem out of all proportion to the large, round body. There are two thick front flippers and no dorsal fin. The white skin is smooth and soft as kid. The spiracle, or blowhole, is in the center of the head just behind the eyes. The large mouth curves upward and there are cone-shaped teeth in both jaws—eleven on each side of the upper jaw and eight on each side of the lower jaw.

If the carcasses are left on shore overnight the dogs tear them to bits, so the work of cutting up the whales had to be done right away. The three full-grown whales averaged about sixteen feet in length and 1,500 pounds in weight. The smallest whale, weighing about a thousand pounds, was a two-year old. Its skin was light gray, while the others were paper-white.

We watched the guides cut up one of the whales. They first stripped off the skin, or muktuk, which is about a half-inch thick. The Eskimos consider muktuk a delicacy. They chew it raw. We took home a slab of it, which the hotel cook boiled and served in small squares with butter and seasoning. Its flavor is what might be attained by combining the white of a very fresh poached egg and a thick, cultivated mushroom. We tried muktuk chopped up and mixed with scrambled eggs for breakfast. Not bad. Not good maybe, but not bad.

Under the skin is a four-inch layer of pinkish-colored blubber. This is the protective blanket nature gave the whale against cold. The blubber is cut free, and packed down in vats for rendering. From ninety to a hundred gallons of oil are extracted from a full-grown whale. The meat is cut up last and barreled for the dogs.

Big-scale hunts of another kind are annual events in some of the north towns. At Pangnirtung, on Baffin Island, the hunt amounts to a festival. The Eskimos look forward to it for weeks. When the day comes the Eskimos assemble in their boats at the rise of the tide. When the whales are sighted, a long line of boats rides out maneuvering the whales between them and the shore.

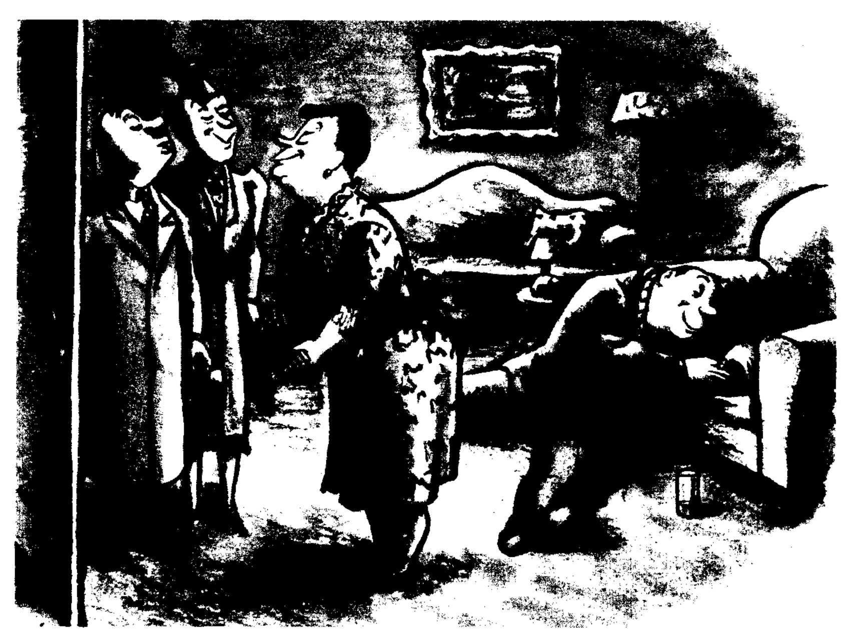
Back and forth the boats ride, with motors roaring, driving the whales gradually into the shallow fiord. The Eskimos beat on tins and add their own weird screams to the din of the motors. The noise helps frighten the game farther into the corral, toward shore and shallow water. Some of the whales escape under the boats, but most of them are left stranded on land when the tide recedes. Then the Eskimos ride their boats in close, and the kill with rifles begins.

The carcasses are hauled beyond reach of the next tide, and the work of cutting up the whales starts. The skins are dried and baled, the blubber is rendered and barreled, and both are traded in at the local trading post.

On the coast of Greenland, large schools of white whales are caught in much the same manner, by driving them into shallow water and trapping them in nets laid down in long lines.

The Eskimos keep some of the oil for themselves. They use it in cooking. They also use it to make a kind of mud and oil-fuel mixture that produces a slow, lasting fire. The Eskimo is not partial to water for bathing. He rubs himself with the whale oil instead.

The white whale hunt is a relatively new sport, but as far back as 1688 the Hudson's Bay Company sent out a ship from England, with "Materialls for White Whale fishings." Today there is a fleet of boats catching white whales out of British Columbia. The white whale's greatest misfortune is the fact that a quarter of a million gallons of whale oil are used every year in soaps and certain liniments.



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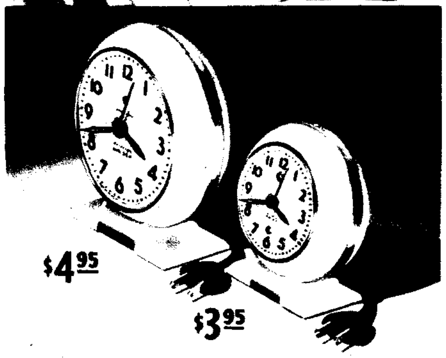

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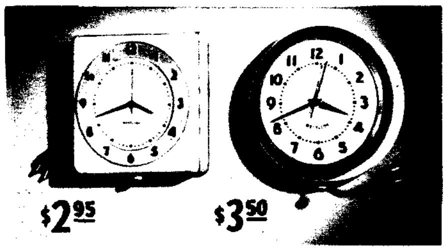

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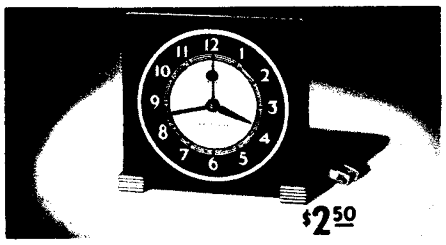

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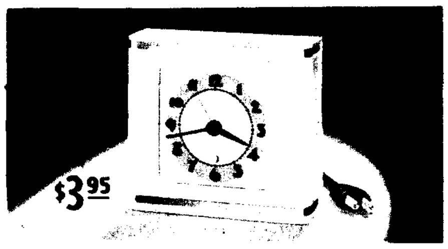

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Gardens in the House

Continued from page 21

other end is a low, compact andromeda bush with broad evergreen leaves, and the curving sprays of buds for next spring's flowers there to hearten you. The ground cover is ivy. Pin it flat to the ground and you'll have a bushy mass of young shoots instead of untidy ropes of vine. A picture any time of the year, sun or snow.

This planting demonstrates an important point for an interesting effect anywhere—a combination of greens that are different in tone, texture and shape.

For more color out your window, there's a clump of bronzy-leaved leucothoe at the terrace edge, snowberry and rhododendron. A decorative little tree, a member of the spindle-tree family that drops its leaves but dangles its clusters of red berries, like Christmas-tree ornaments, well into winter, grows up at the far end. And the terrace paving itself is of redwood blocks, matching the house walls and blending with the asphalt-tile floor of the many-purpose room when the two are combined for summer parties.

Planting reaches over to the living-room side of the glass wall, back of the fireplace sofa. Here there is a trellis of redwood poles, lashed together with strips of wicker. On the floor at the base of the trellis is a planting box packed with tropical-looking greenery—maranta with its spotted leaves, peperomia, succulent and tough, philodendron, arrow-leaved and sturdy. Again that mixture of foliage. Hanging on the trellis are pots of the heart-leaved philodendron in earth, Chinese evergreen in water. They form a part of the architecture, providing a partition between living and many-purpose rooms that yet lets light and air through.

Another planting box filled with exotic greenery under the front window of the living room. More green up the stairway in pots hanging from wicker strands tied between the redwood poles that extend from floor to ceiling in lieu of a balustrade.

Looking out from the boy's room and the girl's, upstairs, you see a crisp hedge of dwarf ilex in the planting boxes that top the low wall of their terrace. Its small, shiny leaves are fresh dark green all year around. If you would prefer a solid bank of bloom for summer and don't want the expense of moving in something like the ilex for your winter scenery, try this. Make a winter hedge by sticking into the earth cut greens like rhododendron and laurel. Keep it well watered and your improvised shrubbery will last for months.

Rosy-red and Crystal

The master room, all mirror and windows on one wall, window on another looking out to a private terrace, is the place to let yourself go with flowers and crystal bowls. On the large table at the head of the beds Mrs. Wells has put a great globe of clear crystal and filled it with the exotic leaves and strange, red-tongued green flowers of anthurium. The stems, showing through the glass, form part of the decoration. Here's the spot, later on, for forcing branches of forsythia or fruit blossoms or witch hazel. In the rhubarb season, see how effective a few of the rosy-red stalks with their giant green leaves can be.

On the dressing table is another crystal bowl, full of rosy and white rubrum lilies. Snip one off for a fresh flower to wear. On the counter in the bathroom is a little jug of carnations and cornflowers, so that a man may make a selection for his buttonhole.

On the boy's desk is a miniature cactus garden that will thrive under his neglect. In the living room is a collection of dried grasses and seed pods, a mixture of pale browns and yellow and soft gray, in a dull, coppery container that makes a stunning winter bouquet against the natural wood of the wall, without another thought from you.

The growing plants are what will take your greatest notice. But the planting boxes have given you a head start. Indoors and out, they are made of redwood, which blends with the woods of the house and resists warping and decay besides. Indoors they are lined with copper to prevent any chance of water leaking. Then pebbles for drainage. Earth, or plants in pots. Pack leaf mold or peat moss around the pots, and there'll be none of the parching evaporation that is the bane of house plants. A weekly watering will do. (The winter air conditioning in Collier's House is a boon to them, too.) Spray the leaves each week with warm, soapy water, then clear, and you'll discourage both dust and bugs.

While keeping his green thumb limber in this fashion, the Collier's amateur gardener has plenty to look forward to when the outdoor season opens. Even in the limited space that surrounds the house on a terrace of Rockefeller Center, Mr. van den Hoek has given him variety. He can grow fruit. Two pear trees are espaliered against the east wall of the house, taking up no room but making a lovely pattern of blossoms, then luscious fruit, now bare branches. He'll have grape vines to tend, growing from pots on the master room's terrace up the trellis there. Nice to pluck grapes when he's having breakfast on his terrace of an autumn morning. He can play with the idea of a herb garden bordering the lower terrace, handy to meals down there.

If he likes to vary his planting from season to season, he'll consider this idea for that very important planting bed just outside the living-room window wall. It's a thing Mrs. Wells does all the time in penthouse gardens. Mr. van den Hoek does it dramatically at Rockefeller Center, where one day tulips march in full dress through the Plaza, and, the next, flowering azaleas with a carpet of giant pansies have taken their place, and people flock from all around to see. Our gardener, then, would leave his cedar and andromeda balled and burlapped, simply sinking the balled roots down into the earth. After the spring flowering of the andromeda, he'd hoist the two up and plant them, still balled, in strategic parts of his garden (instead of parking them with a nurseryman, as the city terrace gardener must do). Then, in his special planting bed, he'd work out all the succession of blooming effects he wanted with annuals, and perhaps a flowering shrub.

While the gardener eyes these planting possibilities, visitors keep streaming through Collier's House, a thousand to fifteen hundred of them every day of the week. And whatever they pick out most to admire, they all seem to agree with Ole (Hellzapoppin) Olsen, who play-acted all over the place one afternoon, and then wrote in the guest book, "Nice Joint."

This is the last of a series of articles about Collier's House of Ideas. A booklet containing more details is available. Send 10 cents to Mr. E. K. Simpson, Rockefeller Home Center, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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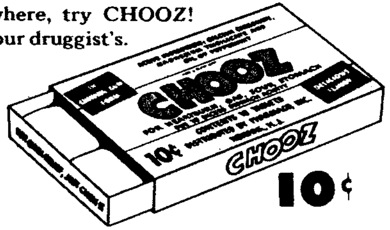

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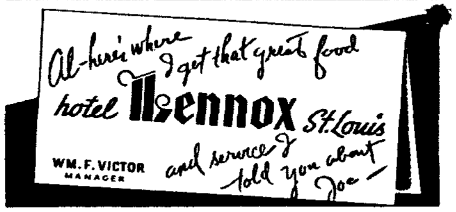
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Tackle Alfred Bauman, Northwestern University, age 20, a junior majoring in Education. Hopes for a career in salesmanship. Will not make any decision on professional game until graduation. Bauman's home city is Chicago

The All-America Football Team

Continued from page 14

Boston College; Alfson, Nebraska; Young, Dartmouth.

Tackles: Bauman, Northwestern; Reinhard, California; Drahos, Cornell; Blozis, Georgetown; Odson, Minnesota.

Ends: Goodreault, Boston College; Rankin, Purdue; Elrod, Mississippi State; Severin, North Carolina; Blalock, Clemson.

Backs: Harmon, Michigan; Kimbrough, Texas A. & M.; Franck, Minnesota; Albert, Stanford; O'Rourke, Boston College; Reagan, Pennsylvania; Hunt, Marshall College; Eshmont, Fordham; Thomason, Texas A. & M.; Christman, Missouri.

The Team

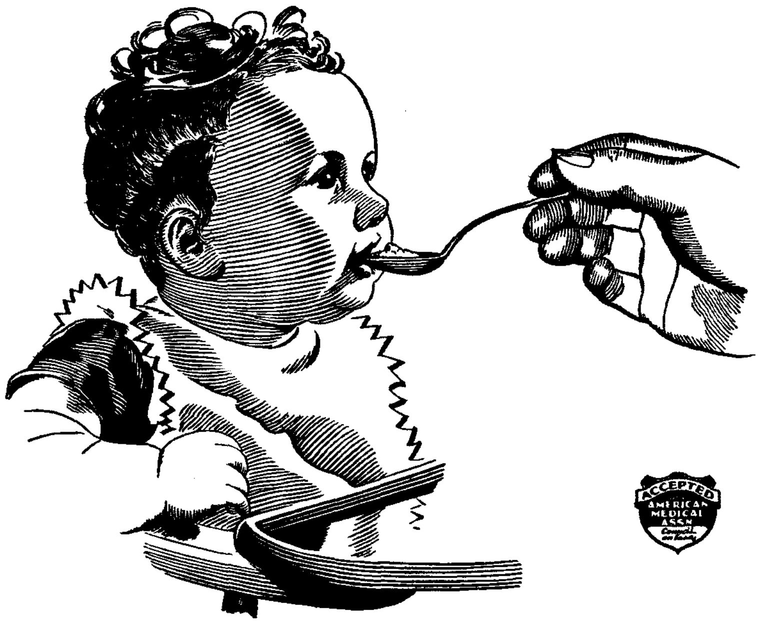
CENTERS: The All-America battle for the center assignment settled down to a contest of giants—220-pound Rudy Mucha of Washington and 235-pound Chuck Gladchuk of Boston College. They topped the field with something to spare. Both, in spite of their huge size, were fast and alert, especially in defensive play. Gladchuk gave a magnificent exhibition all year. Mucha finally drew the call for two reasons: He had given Washington three fine years of football and he had tackled a stiffer schedule, opening against Minnesota. He was rated the best center the West Coast has known since the day of Mel Hein. Mucha and Gladchuk, so far as 1940 goes, were neck and neck. Mucha had the call on longer service and the tougher job to face. Mucha also kicks off and calls signals on defense, a triple assignment to handle.

THE GUARDS: In the final summing up of the selections there were three guards who finished together under the wire. They were Lio of Georgetown, Suffridge of Tennessee and Robnett of Texas A. & M.

Lio, not only a fine guard, but also one of the main spark plugs of a fine Georgetown team, happens to be one of the best place kickers in college football. His place kick against Boston College with a soggy football that carried 48 yards across the bar is proof enough

Quarterback Frank Culling Albert, Stanford University, is a junior, age 20, and majors in Physical Education. Plans on coaching career, is undecided about pro football, probably will play if offers are good. Home, Glendale, Calif.

MEAT



—even the tiny tummy digests it easily

THERE are a lot of fallacies, questions and old wives' tales about many of the foods we eat.

One of these questions is, "Is meat an easily digested food?"

A statement approved by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of American Medical Association contains the direct and forthright answer:

"Meat is very digestible. The protein, or body-building material in meat, is almost entirely digestible and about 96 per cent of the fat is digested. Few foods can equal or pass this record."

Babies get meat juices as early as five months, and meat soups and chopped meat soon thereafter. Even before the child is a year old many child specialists put bacon on the menu—and how the baby "goes" for it! When you consider that the delicate digestive apparatus of a year old baby can digest meat, it is easy to understand that meat is one of our most digestible foods.

At the other end of the line, we find meat prescribed for convalescents and people in the sunset of life to build back strength and to retain it.

There are two other important characteristics that go hand-in-hand with meat digestibility as beneficial to the body.

Satisfaction Value. This is the "stick-to-the-ribs" quality of meat. A meal with meat gives you a satisfied feeling for a longer period of time between meals.

Savory Value. The flavor, appearance and aroma of well-cooked meat stimulates the flow of gastric juices and actually aids in the movement of foods through the digestive tract. Even the salivary glands, important in digestion, are stimulated.

In other words, the happy promise of eating meat gives digestion a head-start.

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Your meat market is a Christmas shopping stop, too—for instance, plenty of *pure pork sausage* and *bacon* for holiday breakfasts, or lunch. *Whole ham*—to have in the refrigerator for "late-night" prowlers and snackers. *Tongue, salami, frankfurters and liver sausage*—for "dropper-inners." A good old-fashioned *roast—beef, pork, lamb or veal* for "dorm-eaters," starved for home-cooking, and for the mid-holiday Sunday dinner.

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Act now! Test this new, more scientific food your dog will love—and which costs less! Mail coupon below *now* while it's handy to Gaines Food Co. Inc., Box C-12, Sherburne, N. Y.

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in this respect. Lio has been one of the top reasons for Georgetown's amazing three-year record that has known only one defeat by a single point—and that against Boston College.

Suffridge was called an All-America sure-shot when he was a sophomore guard at Tennessee. He was away flying last fall until an injury slowed him down. This season he came back with a rush to carry out the early promise he gave us back in the campaign of 1938. Suffridge is extremely fast and also unusually smart in his line play.

Robnett of Texas A. & M. belongs with this pair. He has been a star guard for two years. But he has been on a team overshadowed by backfield stars, headed by Kimbrough.

THE TACKLES: Each season the tackle situation leads into the deep-tangled wildwood of controversies. Aggressive tackles too often get mouse-trapped. Waiting tackles get left behind. At the head of the stretch we had Bauman of Northwestern, Reinhard of California and Drahos of Cornell out in front.

Bauman was the star tackle of the Big Nine. Wistert of Michigan and Odson of Minnesota, both sophomores, gave us touches of tackle supremacy, lacking only experience. Reinhard, the 217-pound entry from California, was not only an able forward but also his team's best kicker.

Drahos of Cornell was the best tackle in the East. But here and there he suffered lapses that more than a few opposing coaches caught.

THE ENDS: End play in the country, as noted before, was a trifle spotty this season, largely due to injuries suffered by many leading candidates, such as Ison of Georgia Tech and Blalock of Clemson. Those who had seen Goodreault of Boston College play in the South rated him above the best ends Dixie has ever known. He was the star of the Boston College-Tulane opener and he kept up the pace he had set a year ago.

Rankin of Purdue was voted the best man his conference had faced a year ago. He was again set up with high honor for his work this year. A fine offensive and defensive end, Rankin was also one of the best pass receivers of the year.

Severin of North Carolina had his on-and-off days on a team beaten by Wake Forest, Tulane, Fordham and Richmond.

Blalock of Clemson got away flying until injuries slowed him down. This happened to Ison of Georgia Tech, potentially a brilliant wingman.

Elrod of Mississippi State was one of the South's best.

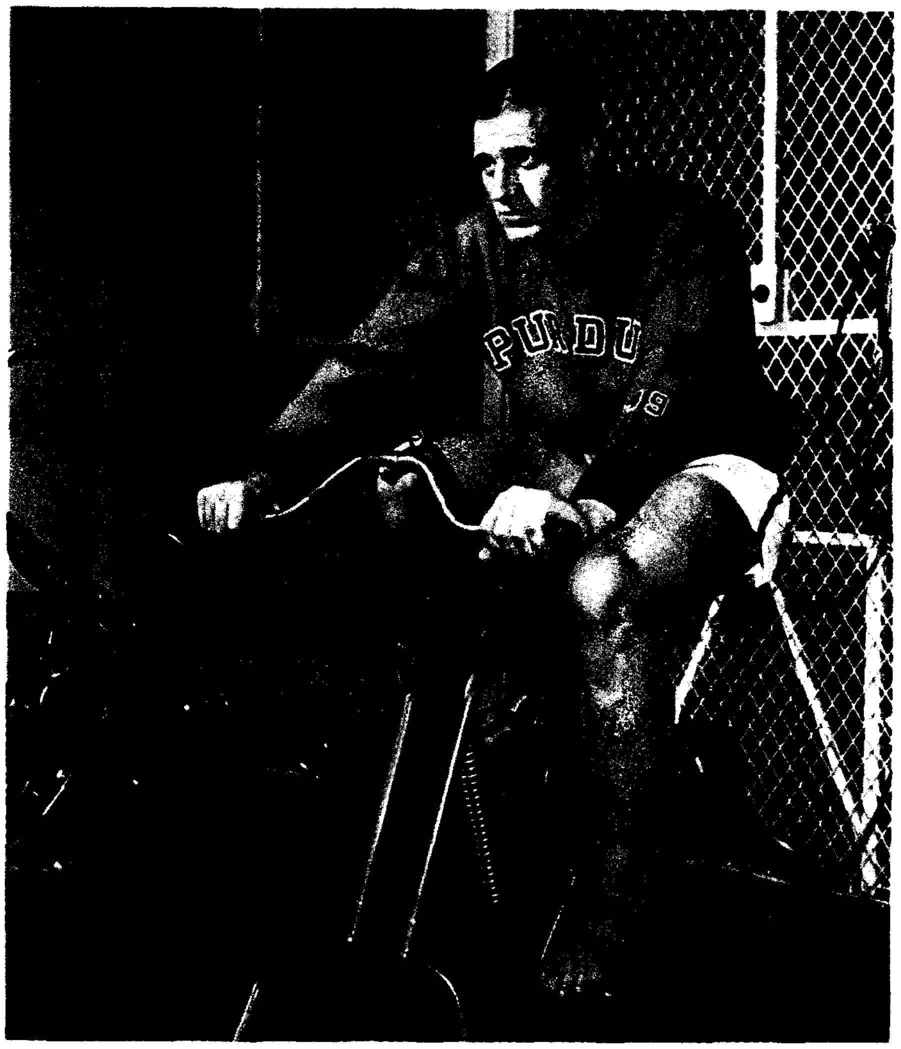
Goodreault and Rankin carried on from 1939 to stand above the field this year. They get the backing of the South, the East and the Midwest by a tremendous majority.

THE BACKS: In this year of exceptional backs there were two men who entered the race with runaway starts from 1939. They were Tom Harmon of Michigan and John Kimbrough of Texas A. & M.

Harmon, smashing the scoring and touchdown records of Red Grange, was the top back of the year beyond any argument. He was 195 pounds of speed, driving force, durability and swivel-hipped deception. He was Michigan's passer and kicker. He finished in one of those flaming flares of gridiron fame such as few college ballplayers ever know.

The 225-pound Kimbrough of Texas A. & M. looked to smashing power more than he looked to speed. Harmon had Evashevski but Kimbrough had Thomason, rated almost on a par with Big John. It was almost a certainty these two would take over two All-America backfield assignments. They did.

This left two vacant spots to be filled.



End David William Rankin, Purdue University, age 21, senior, majoring in Physical Education. Outstanding track star. Expects to make selling career but might coach. Does not intend to play professional football. His home town is Warsaw, Indiana

The main challengers were Franck of Minnesota, Albert and Standlee of Stanford, O'Rourke of Boston College and Reagan of Pennsylvania, from a long list of backfield stars. Standlee of Stanford drew the jump on the West Coast until he was injured.

It was here that Albert of Stanford with his passing, kicking and running stepped in to prove his place as one of the top backs of the year in the important matter of team value. Stanford, a team that had lost eight games last fall, came surging back to win her first eight games this fall, and Albert proved to be her main factor. Franck of Minnesota was a great back a year ago. Weighing over 190 pounds, he was the fastest man of the year, a ball carrier and kicker above the average, a good passer and one of the top competitors.

Just back of these four we had O'Rourke of Boston College, 158 pounds of pure dynamite as a runner and a passer; Reagan of Pennsylvania, the best kicker in football—one of the best ball carriers—and a long parade of others only a stride away.

O'Rourke never had to face the schedule test through which Harmon, Kimbrough, Franck and Albert had to move along the glory road of football. But he was still one of the finest backs I saw all season.

Reagan, with a bad knee, suffered his only relapse against Michigan, Pennsylvania's toughest test. My angle would be that O'Rourke and Reagan were closest to the four named because they had all-around qualities far above the average of other star backs.

This was a season where only sensational backfield stars could crowd their way into the four open places with at least forty high-grade challengers on their flying heels.

For all-around ability I doubt there was any back better than Jackie Hunt of Marshall College, who with a better schedule might easily have been another Harmon or another Kimbrough. Hunt could do more different things better than any other back, ball carrier, passer, kicker, blocker, tackler—but the opposition was not testing enough for an All-America.

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A Hard Thing to Say

Continued from page 19

grinned at Metros, paused to pick a picture magazine off the rack, and went down the line to slide into the chair next to Sells. Sells, lean-jawed and sardonic, grunted briefly, as much to his cup of coffee as to Gil. Metros brought a glass of water, said plaintively, "You wouldn't, now, be buying that magazine, Mister Hager?"

Gil said, "How should I know? Maybe I won't like it."

Metros said somberly, "Sure, sure. And maybe my customers neither, when you put it back with cups coffee or maybe ketchup."

Gil looked at the bathing beauty curved over the cover, said, "She could use a little dressing up."

Metros went away muttering to himself. Harry Sells said, without turning his head, "Still the playboy. Still waiting to grow up."

Gil laughed, not too easily. Mostly he could kid back at Sells, meet the older man's acid comments halfway. But tonight it rasped him. He said shortly, "The slips are in yonder. They're all okay."

Sells said, "All right. But see me before you check out. Anything special?"

Gil told him about the drunk. Sells said, "You have to use force?"

Gil said, "No. I called the cops. As per standing instructions."

"Good enough," Sells said.

Gil said, "Thanks. I'm glad to do something right for a change."

SELLS looked at him quickly. But just then Mary came down the counter. She stopped in front of Gil, and he was suddenly conscious of a tight, hard feeling in his chest. He didn't look up to meet her eyes. Her hands were resting lightly on the counter in front of him. It was silly to think of hands looking unhappy, but hers did. She said, a little too lightly, "Can I get you something, Mister Hager?"

"You could, Miss Case." He tried to put the old banter in his voice, but it just sounded harsh. "Try me with a hamburger and coffee. I'm not hard to please."

He didn't mean to make it sound bitter or cruel, but it did. Mary went back to the service window. Sells turned a little, looking at Gil across his coffee cup. He said softly, "Don't be a fool."

Gil felt his neck get hot. He said shortly, "You can boss me from here to Wilmington. And back again. But let it go at that."

Sells said, "Have it your way."

He got up, picking up his check. He paused for a moment, then shrugged and said again, "See me before you check out."

Gil nodded. He sat leafing over the magazine, not seeing the pictures, letting his anger with Sells run free. It was a tough enough grind without putting up with that stuff. Heavy hours on the road, screwball passengers, complaints—it was all right when you had something to look forward to—something to work for—

Mary came back with the hamburger and coffee. She put the dishes down silently in front of Gil and started to move away. He looked up quickly and said, "Don't run. Or am I all poison now?"

She came back. There was a hurt look in her eyes, but she tried to smile. She said, "You know you're not."

Gil said, "It takes a little figuring. All I did was ask you to marry me, and all you did was turn me down. We can still be friends."

She said, "Of course."

Gil said, "But I'd still like to know why."

Mary said, looking straight at him, "I tried to tell you. I guess I'm in love with you. I guess I have been since—since the first time I saw you. But I don't think it would work. I just don't think so."

Gil said, "Sure. I guess you've got reasons."

He could feel her fighting to keep her voice steady. "The way you asked me, Gil. As if—as if it didn't mean much. As if there were—plenty of others if I wouldn't."

Gil stirred his coffee. He said slowly, "You think that's the way I feel?"

Mary turned her face away a little. She said, "I don't know if it's the way you feel. But it's the way you make me feel."

Gil watched her. She had soft, light hair, and gray eyes, and a mouth that could be very sad or very gay. Right now it was all sad. It hurt him to see it that way. He tried to find words to tell her. But the anger inside him was too hard. He said harshly, "Well, I guess that's just the way I am. Most people like it all right."

Mary said, "Most people aren't in love with you. So they don't get hurt." She paused, trying to find words: "It's just—you don't give away very much, Gil."

It was all anger in Gil's head now. He knew what she meant, but he said, deliberately twisting it, "I thought I showed you a pretty good time."

There were tears in her eyes. She said desperately, "You know that's not what I mean—"

Gil said, "Oh, the hell with it." He stood up, shoving the food away from him. He threw a quarter on the counter and turned away. He said, "Keep the change. I'm not always a piker."

He heard her catch her breath sharply, but he didn't stop. He went into the dispatcher's office. Sells was talking on the phone. He nodded to Gil, said into the mouthpiece, "Sure, sure. Well, keep him there. I'll fix it."

He hung up and said to Gil, "That's why I held you. Murphy's got a big pain in the gizzard and a fever. They think maybe it's appendicitis. I guess you'll have to take the run back."

Gil felt a tightness at the back of his neck. He said, "I've just finished a five-hour run. What's another five between friends?"

Sells said slowly, "I'm sorry, Gil. I wouldn't ask you if there was anyone else. I'll make it up to you."

Gil said, "Don't bother. I'll take your bus to Wilmington. And then I'll be all through."

SELLS leaned his elbows on the dispatcher's desk. His voice was soft, conversational. He said, "It takes a certain kind of guts to be a driver. I guess maybe you would do better in another job."

Gil said, "You think I'm short there?"

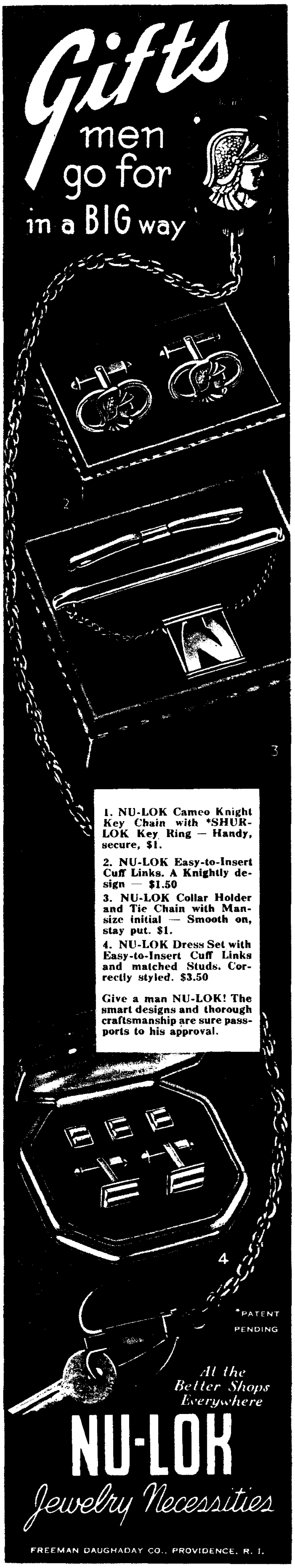
Sells' voice was still soft: "I said a certain kind."

Gil said, "There's a nice, quiet place behind the parking lot—"

Sells shook his head gently. "We're both on duty—" He let his eyes wander out toward the restaurant. "But if you get back this way—"

"Sure," Gil said, "I'll keep it in mind."

He walked out the back door of the office, under the pale lights of the loading platform. The northbound bus didn't leave till twelve forty-five, so he had more than an hour. He walked fast, not noticing the heavy, sultry heat. He



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FOR MEN

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hadn't ever felt like that before. A cold, heavy anger that couldn't be turned back. His rooming house was only a couple of blocks away. Gil let himself into the quiet house and went up to his room. He dragged a suitcase out of the closet, and put in a suit—stuff to last him a couple of weeks. Then he scrawled a note to Mrs. Flaherty, asking her to pack the rest of his stuff, send it on to him when he wrote. He put the note on the dressing table with a couple of dollars.

THEN he walked back to the station, and waited until the northbound bus had been brought up from the garage. He put his bag on the inside rack, and hung his jacket on the driver's chair. He switched on the overhead lights, stepped down to take tickets from the passengers who were beginning to group stolidly around the door.

Automatically, he sized them up as they got aboard. You got in the way of doing that. Spotting the old lady who would holler because you went too fast. The traveling salesman who'd raise an even bigger stink because you didn't go fast enough. The scared cracker women and their solemn-eyed, skinny kids. The shady character who'd corner him at the rest stops, try to sell him a real diamond . . . the genuine thing, Mac . . . half price, and don't ask me why. . . .

Only there wasn't anyone like that in this lot. One man who might have been, only he didn't have the battered brief case that went with the trade. He was thin and sallow, and his clothes were just a little too good for his face. He had a through ticket to Wilmington. Gil gave him back the stub and forgot about him.

Sells came out with the papers for the run. Gil took them without speaking, signed in, and turned to get on the bus. Sells said, "There's a big blow offshore. Maybe you'd better call the Coast Guard when you go through McClennanville. If it's heading in, take the inside road."

Gil said, "You're the boss. But it won't bother this trip. And I should worry about the southbound run."

"That's right," Sells said, "you should worry." He stepped back as Gil started to swing the door shut, said, "Come back and see us when you've grown up."

"I'll do that," Gil said. "I haven't forgotten that date."

He stepped on the starter, and the big motor over the rear wheels shuddered, thundered into pulsing life.

The night was hot and sultry but very still. At the McClennanville crossroads, Gil phoned the Coast Guard, as Sells had ordered. They said, "No, no trouble." The storm was curving eastward, heading out to sea. All right to take the shore road.

Gil left the phone in the service station and went back to the bus. A few of the passengers had got down to wander around aimlessly and stretch. The thin, sallow-faced man was one of them, but he wasn't wandering. He was standing quite still in heavy shadow, and Gil had an odd feeling that the man was watching him closely. Too closely. Gil stared back at him, and the thin man turned abruptly and got back on the bus.

It happened about an hour beyond Georgetown. Gil's mind was on the weather. It was still hot, and the wind was beginning to blow a little in slow, heavy puffs.

They came off a long causeway, and there was a little side road coming up out of the swamp. There was a car standing there, and a man in the road beside the car. A white man. He didn't signal the bus to stop. But just as the headlights swept by him, he stepped forward a little, and raised his arms over his head. Just that. It didn't make sense at all, but it was queer.

And half a mile down the road, Gil heard steps in the aisle behind him, felt a tap on his shoulder. It was the sallow man. He said huskily, "What's the next stop, Mac?"

Gil said, "Murray's Crossroad. But there won't be anyone awake."

The man said, "It don't matter. I got to get off. I'm sick."

Gil looked at him briefly in the dim reflection of the mirror above the windshield. He didn't look sick. But it wasn't his business. Gil said, "Okay. Maybe you can wake somebody up."

It was only a little way down the road. The thin man stood in the aisle just behind Gil's chair, crouching a little, bumping Gil's shoulder once when the bus swayed. The dingy buildings of Murray's Crossroad shaped up dimly, and Gil swung in beside the darkened gas tanks.

The thin man got down. Gil said, "Try at the store. You can probably raise somebody there."

The man said, "Thanks," and turned away. Gil watched him a moment, then shrugged and sent the bus lumbering back onto the concrete.

At Wilmington, he was too tired to feel or think. He checked out at the dispatcher's office, saying brusquely that he was all through. He didn't stop to chew it over. He went back to the bus. The last passengers were straggling out. Gil took his uniform jacket off the back of the chair, reached his bag down from the rack. Getting out again, he noticed for the first time the two big, quietly dressed men on the platform. They were talking to a stout salesman who had got on at Georgetown. One of them was looking at papers in the salesman's wallet. He gave the wallet back and nodded, and the salesman, looking puzzled, went away. Gil thought that one of the men looked at him, and then spoke softly to his partner. But they made no move toward him, and Gil went on out to the street.

He knew a rooming house fairly close to the station. He walked toward it slowly, the bag a dead weight on his arm. Even his coat dragged. The streets were still dark. At a corner, Gil stopped to shift his bag to the other arm. Something about his coat, as he crossed it over, didn't feel right. Too heavy. He stood there, numb with fatigue, holding the coat in his hands. He put his hand into the pockets, and found out what it was. There was a package in the right-hand pocket. Small, but heavy. A package that hadn't been there before.

There was a soft step on the pavement behind him. Something hard pressed into Gil's back, and a voice said, "Don't move, Bud. No use to get hurt. Just hand that over."

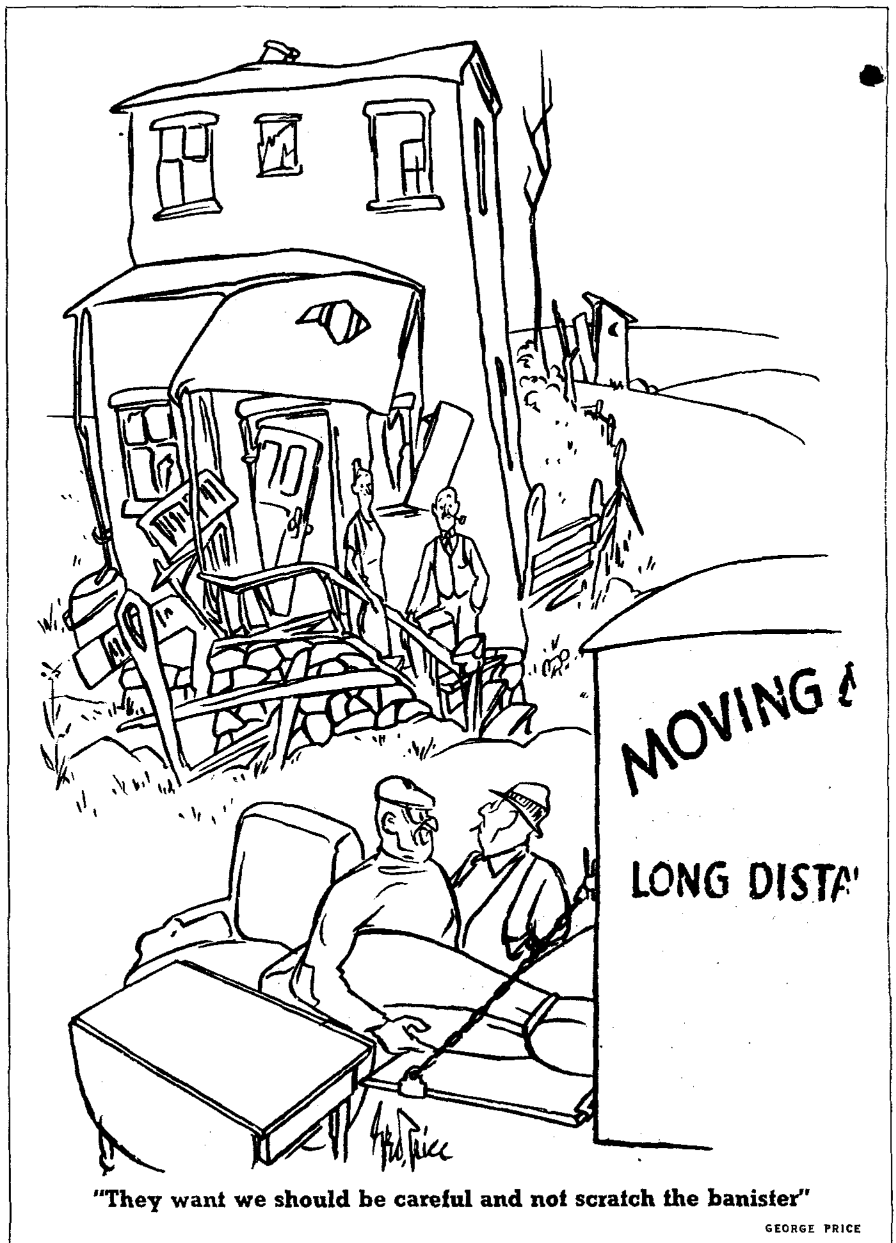
GIL stood quite still, his mind refusing to act. The pressure against his spine increased sharply. The man behind him said, "I ain't gonna—"

A new voice cut in, swift, hard: "Both of you! Way up!"

Gil felt the man behind him whirl. Gil turned, saw the dim shadow moving swiftly from him, other figures in the dark. Then lancing flames, a scurry of flat, quick reports. The man by Gil sobbed suddenly and collapsed into the gutter, his head banging the curb at Gil's feet. Footsteps pounded the pavement, two big men came out of the shadows. Gil heard, "No chances, Jerry!"

Gil said, "Wait . . . wait . . ."

He saw the arm swinging, threw up his hand. Metal crashed against the side

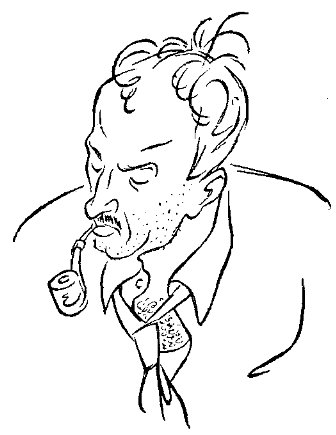


"They want we should be careful and not scratch the banister"

GEORGE PRICE

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 17



George (Screwball) Price never saw the inside of an art school, but fifteen years of drawing underwear and hosiery ads and an extensive sketching trip in Europe gave him what he needed to get where he is. Having illustrated several books, his own has just been published containing, among others, many cartoons from Collier's like the one opposite. Unmolested by a patient wife and three children, Price works 365 days a year in the huge studio of his New Jersey home formerly occupied by an army of rug weavers, and plans a vacation for 1965.

of his head, and he went down and out into wide-swinging blackness. . . .

The afternoon light coming into the bare little office was rain-filtered and dim, but even so it hurt Gil's eyes. He sat by a table, resting his head on his hands. There were three men in the office with him. Gil knew all about them now. They were federal men from the narcotics bureau. The package Gil had found in his coat was on the table. The agent named McPhail, one of the two who had waited by the bus said, "That's your story, then?"

Gil said, "That's it. That's all I know."

McPhail said for the fortieth time, "You say the man on the bus just gave it to you? You had no idea what it was?"

Gil said wearily, "He didn't give it to me. He stuck it into my coat. While he was standing behind me, waiting to get off. While he was pretending to be sick."

McPhail said, "That was a funny thing to do. There's fifteen hundred dollars' worth of raw opium in that package. Funny he just made you a present of it."

GIL turned his head tiredly. "You ought to be able to figure it out. It's your business. He—the man on the bus—they signaled him. He knew you were after him. Maybe he thought you had a man right there, to follow him off. So he had to get rid of it—some way he could maybe get it back. So he did that—phoned ahead to the—the man you shot—"

McPhail's partner said, "Sure. Just like in the storybooks. And the guy you met on the corner—you never saw him before, either?"

Gil closed his eyes, trying not to think of that face in the morgue.

"No," he said, "I never saw him before."

The third man stood up. He said, "Get him back to Princetown. When you stand him up against the couple they've got there, somebody'll squeal." He walked over to the window, and said, "There's no train till evening, but there's a bus at four. You take him, McPhail."

They were late getting to the station. Rain was driving in from the sea heavily now, lacing the streets. Gil, quickening his step instinctively as the drops stung him at the platform edge, felt the sharp edge of metal yank back his wrist. McPhail said, "Easy, boy. Don't forget we're twins."

Bud Holt was the driver. He took their tickets, looking oddly at Gil.

THEY got on the bus. There were still a few empty seats, but none of them together. Gil followed McPhail down the aisle, trying to keep their wrists close together, not looking at the passengers. They stopped, and McPhail said easily, "If you don't mind an awful lot, Ma'am. My friend and I would like to sit together."

McPhail stepped back a little, and Gil saw the girl, standing up and starting to move out of the seat. It was Mary. She stood quite still, clutching the seat before her, and her eyes were very dark. She said, "Oh, Gil—"

Gil said, "Nice meeting you here."

She said uncertainly, "They told me—I came up this morning to see if—if maybe I couldn't—but they wouldn't let me—"

Gil said, "Well, thanks, anyway."

Mary started to move out of the seat. McPhail looked hard at her, then at Gil. He murmured, "Look. If you want to sit with her—I could snap it to the seat—"

Gil said, "Thanks. I'd rather sit with you." . . .

After that, he didn't think about much. He sat watching the rain sweeping against the windows, the gray road swinging up out of the sheet of driven water, vanishing dimly behind. An hour out, and there wasn't any more doubt about the storm. Trailers of black cloud ran low before the furious wind, seeming almost to touch the tortured trees. Standing water in the road lashed up, drenching against the windshield and windows. Gil watched Bud Holt in the driver's chair, fighting the heavy wheel grimly, bending forward to peer through the murk. Gil knew what he was thinking. Whether or not to turn back. Cancel a run that should never have been started.

Gil turned once to look at Mary. She was staring out at the rain, her face blank, unseeing. Gil turned back. He knew, with sudden, sharp agony, why he minded so much. Because of Mary. Because of what this would do to her. And no way to tell her.

McPhail, staring out at the weather, said placidly, "Looks bad, doesn't it?"

Gil said, "Maybe it's even too late to go back. I hope you can swim tandem."

They came to Long Creek. A mile of causeway, with a bridge in the middle. Crossing the bridge, Gil saw water almost up to the planks. He saw something else that jerked him upright in his chair, wanting to call out to Holt. A barge swinging loose on the tide, the wind behind it. But they were over the bridge onto the causeway beyond. Then slowing to a stop. Bud Holt was leaning forward, peering at the water all across the road ahead. He turned, saying almost apologetically, "Folks, I guess we'll have to go back."

He began to back and swing for the difficult turn on the narrow causeway. Then they all heard it. The heavy, rending crash. Gil turned, straining to

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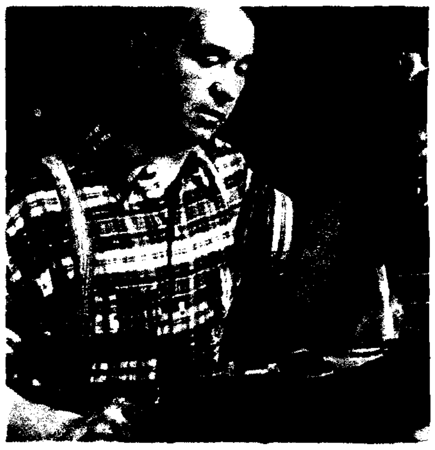


Men averaging 44 years of age build this st new Champion—They've been on their St baker jobs an average of 13 years. The care take cuts your repair expenses, keeps your ca sound condition, assures you a top trade-in p see. Big timbers crumpling, the black weight of the barge shearing through and beyond. Bud Holt saw it too. Without a word he sent the bus forward again, plowing slowly into the deepening water on the road. Gil could feel the tension in the bus. Some of them knew, and all of them could guess. But they were quiet. Quiet and afraid.

McPhail said, "So what do you think?"

Gil shrugged. "If the bridges hold . . . if the tide doesn't pile up too fast . . ."

McPhail said, "All ifs?"

"That's right," Gil said. He was quiet a minute, then said hesitatingly, "You said"—he jerked his head back toward Mary—"if I wanted to sit with her—"

McPHAIL looked at him, nodded. "Sure. I guess there's not much of anywhere you could get to, even if you tried."

Gil said, "I wouldn't try."

McPhail took a key from his pocket, fumbled at Gil's wrist. The bus was off the causeway now, making speed. McPhail started to get up. Gil saw the sudden jerk of Bud Holt's shoulders, felt the brakes slam home. It was over in a second. The big bus skidding wildly, across the road and back, almost over, the passengers hurtling forward against the seat backs. But no screaming. No time for it. Gil saw Bud Holt thrown clear out of his chair by the bucking wheel, slammed across the aisle. Then no motion at all.

People gasping, picking themselves up. Gil turned swiftly to Mary. She was all right. With McPhail, Gil went down the aisle to Bud Holt. He was lying crumpled against the door, a white trench across his forehead beginning to fill with blood. McPhail said, "Concussion. Maybe fracture. We'd better get him somewhere in a hurry."

Gil said, "That goes for all of us."

He swung the door open and leaned out into the drenching rain. The wind was a great, shrieking weight, pinning him there. The bus was slewed across the road, ten feet short of a bridge. It was a short bridge, and it tilted to one side. Water boiled furiously through the planks and rails of the lower edge. McPhail said, "No wonder he stopped quick."

Gil got down from the bus and fought his way forward through the hurtling rain. McPhail came with him, making no move to restrain him. It was understood without words. Gil was a driver. There wasn't any other way to do it.

The rain whipped them fiercely. Gil looked at the bridge. He said, "I don't think it'll hold. Maybe, but I don't think so."

McPhail said, "So what. Wait here?"

Gil said, "The way the tide's piling there'll be six feet of water before it hits the high. It's ten to one it'll wash the bus over into the marsh." He paused, staring at the canted planks. "It's eight miles to Murray's Crossroad and any kind of high ground. A four-mile walk —or swim."

McPhail said, "I guess that's it, then."

Gil said, "There'll be water all across the road. Waist-deep and moving fast. And wind. You or I might make it. And the strong ones. But not the older women. Or the kids. Or Bud Holt."

McPhail said, "Well?"

Gil went back to the bus. He got up on the step and said quietly, "All out. I've got to lighten up to make this bridge."

He took Holt by the shoulders and lifted him down. McPhail took him then, supporting him easily, waiting for someone to take Bud's other arm. The passengers crept down, cringing into the rain-whipped wind. A little girl cried softly, but most of them were quiet. Gil said, "All across the bridge and way up the road. I'm coming over fast."

He shepherded them toward the bridge, and they went over, clinging fearfully to the upper rail. McPhail, holding Holt with another man, stopped by Gil. He said quietly, "You've got what it takes. This won't do you any harm."

Gil said, "Thanks." He jerked his head back, said, "There's side roads back there. You're not afraid I might try one—take my luck in the cypress swamp?"

"No," McPhail said, "I'm not afraid of that."

Gil said, "If I don't make it—try to keep them together—"

McPhail nodded and moved out with Holt and the other man to the bridge. Mary was still at Gil's elbow. She said, "I'd like to be with you."

Gil laughed, because that was the right thing to do. He patted her wet cheek and said, "It's not on your ticket, sugar. It's maybe what they used to call a carbarn run."

She said, "Oh, Gil—"

He took her by the elbows, not laughing now. "There's something I ought to say to you. But we're kind of short on time."

She said, against his lips, "I guess I know what it is."

Gil said, "I'm glad of that." He kissed her again. "Now beat it."

She left him, fighting her way against the wind, looking back once. Gil got back into the bus. He didn't think there was much in it. He swung straight on the road, then backed slowly away, a hundred yards and another hundred, till he could barely see the tilted rails through the driving murk. He raced the motor for a moment, then let in the clutch.

He was doing fifty when he hit the approach. He took the low side deliberately, knowing it would give, wanting room to swing. He felt the planks sag beneath the hurtling weight, heard the rails splinter and snap. He was almost off. He swung up then, rolling the weight, trying to hold the sinking structure steady with the mass of his charge. He felt the wheels slip, the rear end swinging. He fought the wheel, his foot stabbing the gas. Then, impossibly, he was over and clear.

He shot the air to the brakes, eased down fifty yards beyond. He looked back.

The bridge was still standing. But the lower rail was all under water now. Now you couldn't even walk across.

Gray figures gathered, wet and happy, around the bus. Gil swung the door open. He said, "Let's go, folks. We're not out yet." . . .

But finally, they were. Only first, a mile short of Murray's Crossroad, they picked up a passenger. Gil saw him struggling through the shank-deep water, eased up beside him and swung open the door. The man got up on the step, lifting the brim of his soaked hat, saw Gil, and stopped. Before he could move, Gil slammed the door behind him. To McPhail, sitting just behind him, Gil said, "This is a fellow I met once."

McPhail said, "I've met him myself. It looks like things were beginning to clear." To the thin-faced man he said, "Come on in, Sutro. It's a pity your hide-out got damp." . . .

By inland roads, it was nearly midnight when Gil wearily swung the big bus into the Princetown streets. They dropped Bud Holt, conscious now but still groggy, at the county hospital, and McPhail and Sutro at the jail. McPhail said to Gil, "You're still technically under arrest. But I'll take a chance. Just don't leave town."

Gil said, "Don't worry about that."

HE WENT with Mary into the bus station. Metros was standing by the coffee urns, looking sad. Harry Sells came out of the dispatcher's office. He stood looking at Gil a moment, then came over. He said, "A friend of yours just called up. A guy named McPhail."

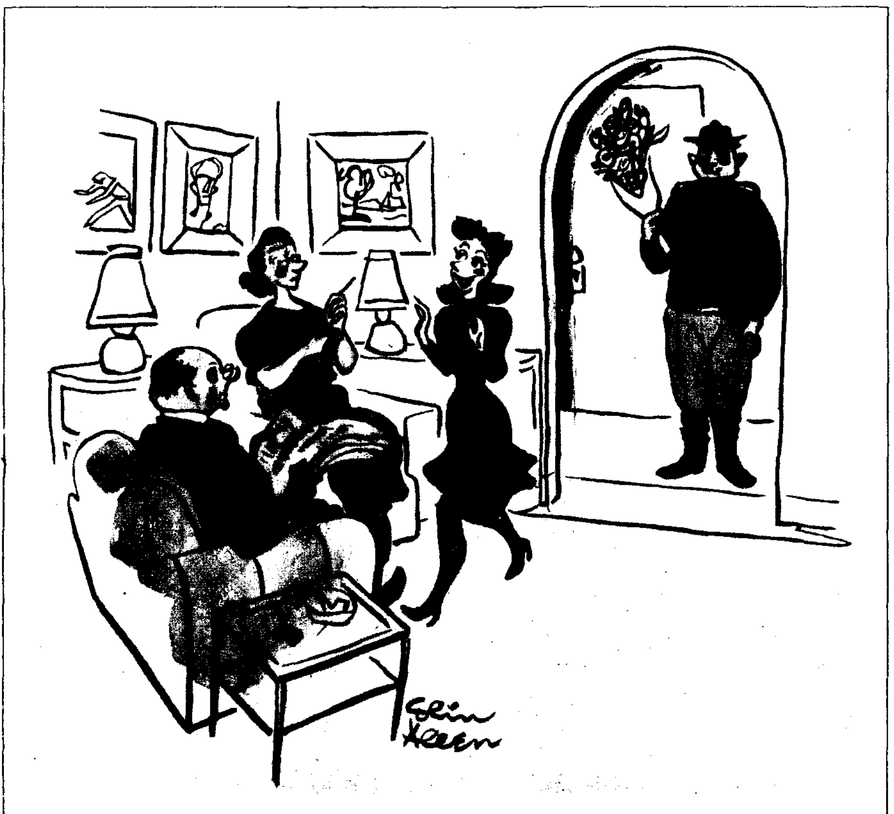
Gil nodded. He was suddenly too tired to talk. Sells put his hand on Gil's shoulder. He said, "Okay by you?"

Gil said, "Sure."

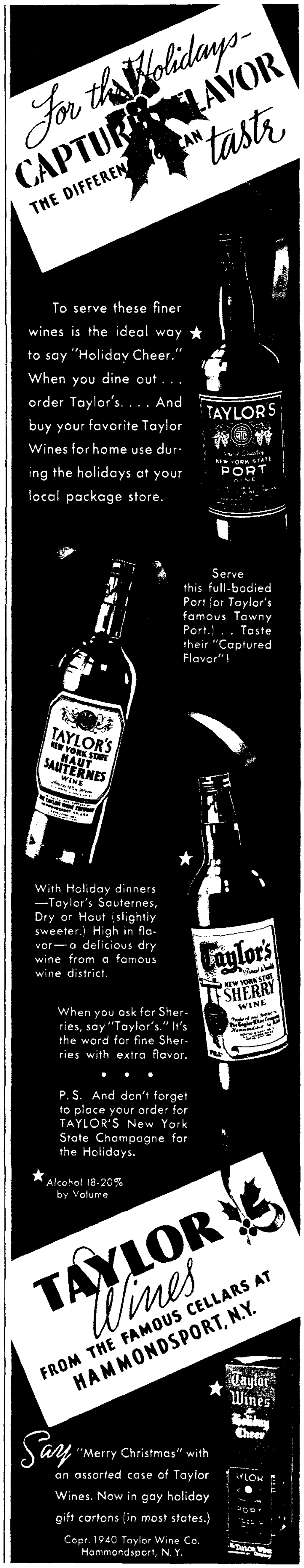
Sells gripped his shoulder a little, said, "Me, too," and went away.

Gil sat down with Mary at the counter. Metros, his face a mournful mask, brought them coffee. Gil put his hand over Mary's. He said, "What I was trying to say—back there by the bridge—"

He paused, searching for the words, wondering if he'd ever find them. Mary turned her hand so her palm was against his, her fingers small, gentle patterns of his own. She said, "I told you then, and it's still so. I know, Gil. I know what you mean."



"Oh, Daddy! You have to say 'yes' now! Clifford went out and found himself a job!" COLIN ALLEN



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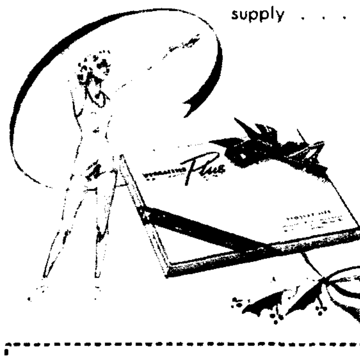

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Home is the Sailor

Continued from page 15

"Are you goin' away again?" Ned asked.

"Hell, yes," said Tucky. "He's a sailor."

Quietly, his mother said, "Don't swear, Tucky."

George was still, looking at his plate. He hadn't expected them to think he'd go away again. He didn't want to go. *He could still remember the cop, night* before last, floatin' him out of that little town, sendin' him down the road to walk the cold hours of the night away. And the other one, the yard bull, who'd found four of them waiting for a freight to leave the yards. He'd had a gun and the firelight had made a wicked shimmering on its barrel. He'd cursed them in a low, choked voice; held them beside the track until the mile-long drag had rumbled into the night. And the Mission, the ugly shack near the jungle of a town whose name he couldn't remember, where you got prayers and a greasy stew you couldn't eat.

Tucky said, "You are goin', ain't you?"

HE WAS thirteen and inquisitive. He was leaning on the table now, chin propped in his hands, eyes shining. It was hard to lie to Tucky, just as it's hard to lie to anybody who thinks you're pretty swell. But if a guy's been to China it's only natural he'd want to go back.

"Maybe I'll go," he said, and saw pain darken his mother's eyes.

His mother said, "It's chore time, Tucky."

The two younger boys went outside, banging the screen door. Quiet fell like a shadow across the room. George looked down at his hands, dark with road grime that had been ground into the flesh. His mother moved in her chair; her voice was very soft:

"It's almost time to light the lamps."

"Yes," he said. "It's gettin' dark."

He looked past her at the coal-oil lamps, sitting on the window ledge. *Coal oil!* he thought, and shamed resentment stirred in him. Everybody else had electric lights! He'd forgotten all the things he'd run away from—the lamps, the overalls he'd had to wear to high school, the gym suit he hadn't been able to buy—but all the old fears and doubts, all the old confusion had waited for him, unchanged. He'd only made it worse.

His mother said, "We missed you, son. Your father and I worried when you didn't write."

Color burned his face. "I should've."

"We won't try to keep you here," she said, "not if you don't want to stay." Her hands were twisting in her apron again. "But don't run away, George. Tell us before you go. We'll help you all we can."

"I'll tell you before I go."

She came to stand beside his chair. Her hand was gentle upon his shoulder. "I wish you'd talk to your father, George."

"Right now?" he asked.

"He won't bite you, George. He—" She paused, looking away. "Why don't you go out and talk to him?"

He said, "Sure, Mom. If that's what you want."

The old man was working in the garden's south corner. The air was warm with the smell of earth and growing things. Dust was soft beneath George's feet.

He said, "Hello, Dad."

His father said, "Hello," carefully, and as though speaking to a stranger. His hoe made unhurried, chunking sounds. "How far'd you get on your trip?"

"China," said George. "Japan and the Islands."

For a minute, he was sure the old man knew he was lying. He waited for the old man to say so, to call him a liar, straight out; but that didn't happen. Instead, the old man leaned on his hoe, *and said, "China," in a wondering* voice. "That's a hell of a way from here, boy. It's lucky something didn't happen to you."

"I can take care of myself."

"You ain't so very old, boy."

"I pass for twenty-one," said George.

Softly, the old man said, "I know."

He was different than he'd ever been, nicer. Not grouchy and sour, but just a worried guy in overalls that had been washed so many times they were ready to bust out in a dozen places. He talked about school, and how much it would mean if you had a high-school diploma when you went hunting a job.

"Maybe I'll stay," said George.

"We could manage a new suit if you did."

George said, "Thanks, Dad."

He waited, looking down. He saw the old man's shoes, broken and scuffed; soled not with leather, but with a thick slab of rubber belting. Things broke tough for the old man. He had Mom and three kids to look out for, and only the garden money and the insurance check.

"Your mother isn't as young as she was," the old man said. "It hit her pretty hard when she found you'd gone without as much as a note."

"It was a lousy trick," said George.

"She watched for the mailman every day. When he didn't stop, she hoed the hell out of the garden tryin' to get tired enough to sleep. She worried a lot."

"I should've sent a card."

"I run away from home when I was a kid." The old man's voice was husky, tight. "I didn't stop till I was clear across the country from my folks. I was goin' to go back after your mother an' I got married. Then you come along, an' then Tucky. I kept waitin', but things got worse instead of better."

He filled his pipe with steady fingers. "Seems the world'd be better off if a man could leave his kids experience instead of dollars. But it can't be done. A man gets hurt and kicked around. He makes mistakes and he learns a little something. Then he's got to watch his kids go out an' get the same kicks and make the same mistakes."

"I guess that's the way it is," said George.

"If a man went by the Bible he'd say I got what I deserved when my kid run away. Maybe I did. But I was pretty sure you'd take care of yourself." He paused and match flame lit the sober planes of his face. "Your mother was the one that had the hell, and there never was a finer woman lived than her."

"I know," said George. "I'm sorry."

The old man rubbed his pipe bowl against the heel of his hand. "You're too big to whip," he said, and the words had a shadowed softness, as though they'd been long planned. "Anyway, whippin' didn't keep me home. Maybe it's in your blood to run away."

George's lips were dry. He expects me to shove off again, he thought. He sounds like he wants me to go! He said, "I guess you're right," and his throat was tight with the lie. "I get a kick out of bummin' around."

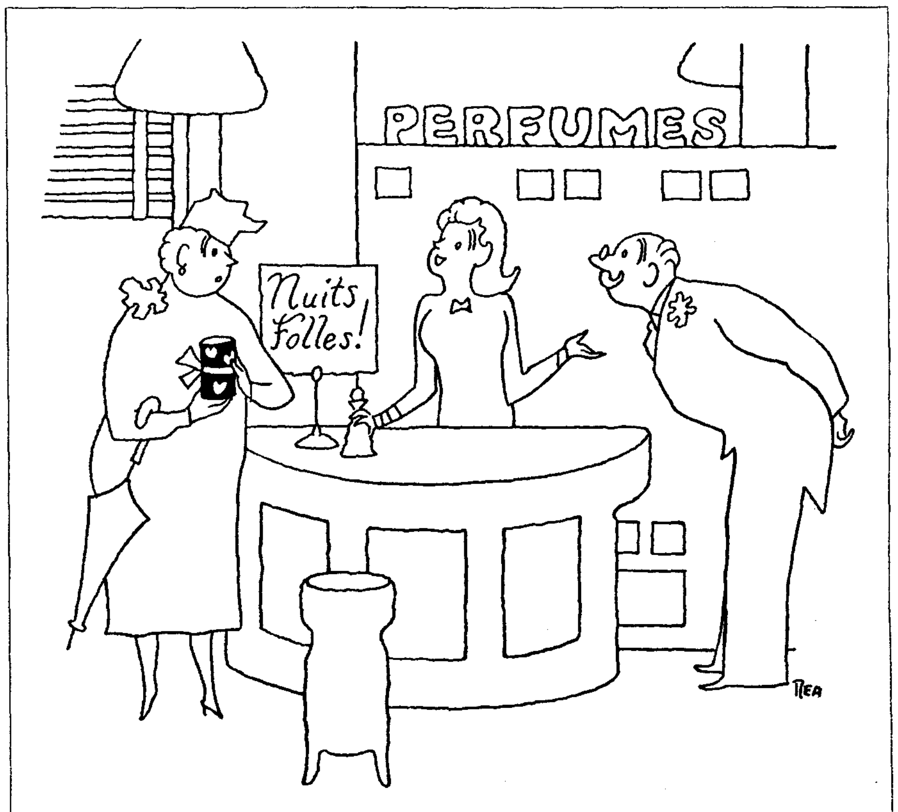
"You can tell us before you go. You can write letters every month. You can make it easy for your mother."

"Yes," said George. "I can do that."

But something had changed for George. The old man was a stranger again, pushed away by the old, unreasoning anger.

"I'll count that a promise, boy. Good night."

HE COULDN'T tell the old man why he'd run away—no more than he could tell him he wanted to stay home now. The old man did the best he could with the garden and the little dab of insurance he got. He'd been up in the dough, once. He'd been a shovel-runner, earnin' ten



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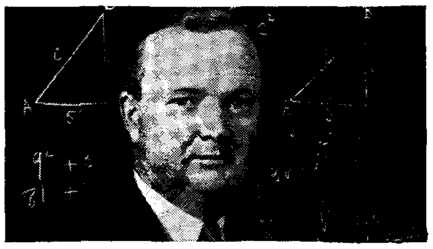

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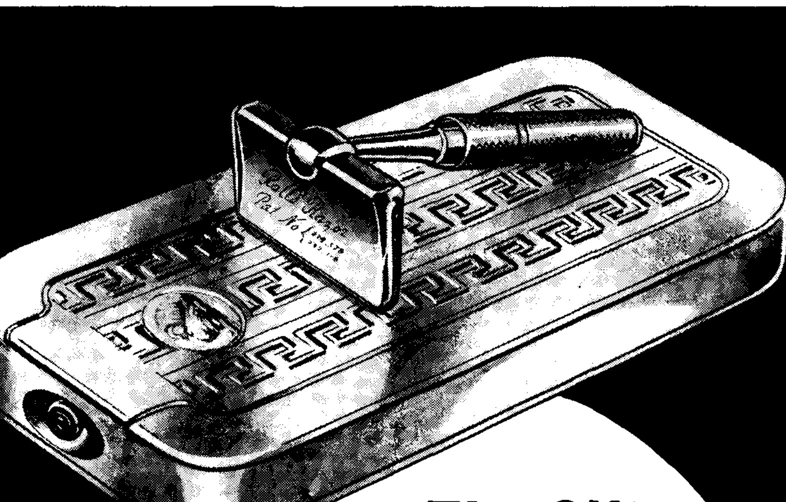

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No question about it...a Rolls Razor is the ideal gift for the "he man." This superb British-made safety razor can be trusted to really turn shaving into pleasure.

Its *one blade* is made of genuine, sturdy Sheffield steel... the kind master-barbers use...hand-forged and hollow-ground. A few flicks of the wrist, with the semi-automatic strop and hone, contained right in the case, and the blade is quickly restored to its original keenness. Today hundreds of thousands of Rolls Razors are duplicating the face-happy shaves they gave ten years ago.

When the appropriate date arrives, give some lucky fellow a Rolls Razor and win his lasting gratitude. See your dealer for a demonstration or write for free descriptive folder C124.

$10 and up. Shaving bowl, **$1.** Soap refill, **60¢.**

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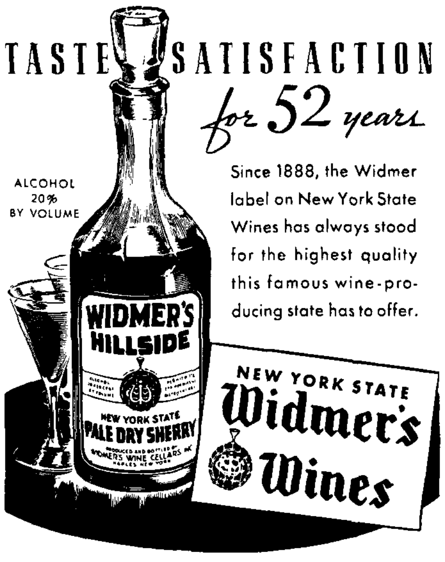
"You have helped me find happiness and my purse has been enriched by many dollars during the year. Where else could a busy mother find so much with the expenditure of so little time?"

Have you suffered that helpless feeling which no money brings? If so, why not give yourself a chance—join this money-making Club for girls and women. Just send a post card or a letter today to

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Dept. 125, 250 Park Avenue
New York, New York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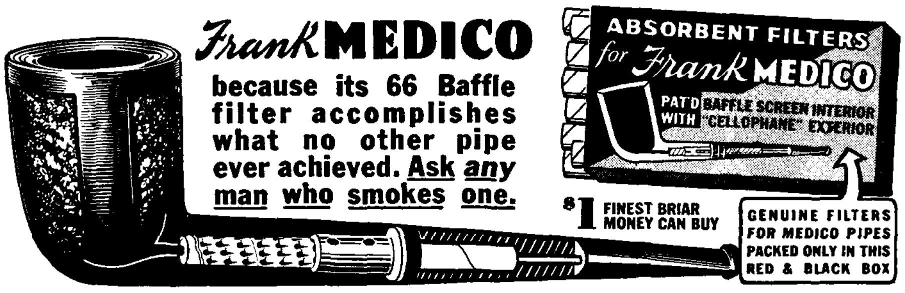
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PAT'D BAFFLE SCREEN INTERIOR WITH "CELLOPHANE" EXTERIOR

MANY FORMER SMOKERS OF EXPENSIVE PIPES *NOW PREFER*

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because its 66 Baffle filter accomplishes what no other pipe ever achieved. Ask *any* man who smokes one.

$1 FINEST BRIAR MONEY CAN BUY

GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PIPES PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX

bucks a day. Then his heart'd gone bad and he couldn't do any but light work, restin' all the time.

So there it was. The old man had it tough, an' he never squawked. You couldn't tell a guy like that you'd hit the road because there was no car in the family, no chance of there ever bein' one. No electric lights; no leather jacket or decent clothes to wear to school. No money for tennis shoes either, so you had to play basketball in your sock feet at gym period. . . .

Goin' away had seemed like a good idea. The South Seas and maybe pearls as fat as your thumb. Pago Pago and names like that. Soft winds and the pad of bare feet on the deck of a trading sloop. Booming surf. The way you could learn to kill a shark with just a knife. China, too, where there were gambling joints and pretty girls that were almost white. . . .

BUT that was book stuff or movie stuff, and things didn't work out that way. They didn't tell you about the cops in books, nor about the yard bulls and hostile towns. Nor how you could get so hungry you got sick and didn't care if you never ate.

Gettin' to the coast was a mean job, all in itself. The nights were huge and empty, and you could get scared, thinkin' what would happen if you missed the grab iron on a boxcar an' went under the wheels. An' you never knew how lonesome a big city was till you got lost in one.

Shippin' out was no cinch. The hirin' halls were full of guys lookin' for a berth, guys with plenty of discharge papers. You had to have a lifeboat ticket or you couldn't get out at all, not even as a wiper or a mess boy. And the guy that ran the hirin' hall had a kind of racket on that—a school that cost two bucks.

The road and the sea were pretty much alike—the fo'c'sle crew were the kind of guys you saw in a freight-yard jungle. They talked the same way; told the same jokes. And the stuff you got in the messroom wasn't so different from a Mission handout. Only on a ship you didn't get prayers with your chow.

Four days, coastwise, and then back on the road again, fired for spillin' a bucket of paint on the control grating. Mallet engines, the kind with the cab up in front, and the long drags rollin' north out of California. The fat guy with the red beard. Funny, about him . . .

He'd been alone in the jungle when George came down the track at dusk. He'd had a fire burnin', and he'd made a rack to hold cans to heat water. He looked like one of those statues you see in a Chinese store, only he had little, shiny eyes, red whiskers, and he was dirty.

"A kid," he'd said. "An apple-knocker lugging a packsack. Hunt up a can, kid. I'll give you some stew."

"Thanks," George had said. "I can use some."

They'd sat alongside the fire most of the night. George'd talked a lot, maybe because he'd been hungry for somebody to listen. Or because he'd known he'd never see the tramp again. Mostly the fat man just nodded, pokin' at the fire. He'd had an easy way about him—kind of gentle, even if he was dirty, and when he chuckled it came from deep down inside.

But he'd been serious when George'd told him about the old man and the trouble they'd had over school, about why he'd left home. Even his eyes had stopped laughin' then, and he'd sounded the way a preacher would. That'd been the craziest of all, hearin' church talk from a bum with red whiskers. . . .

The store was at Three Corners, a mile from the house. After lunch, the next day, George walked that way. The sun was warm. An autumn wind made busy little whirls of dust along the road, and then forgot itself to go chasing after leaves.

Three Corners was as it always was. Dusty cars nosed up to the plank walk. A man in white pants raked the gravel in front of the service station. Fa[illegible] Davis and some other kids were sitting on the loading platform in front of the feed-and-grain place.

"Hey! Look who's here," said Davis. "Was bummin' too tough, George? Did you come home to eat regular again?"

"No. I stopped by to see my folks," said George.

One of the others said, "How far'd you get?"

"China," said George. "I got to China."

And for a little while, for the next few minutes, it was the way George had hoped it would be. They were all asking questions—even Fats Davis. It made a guy feel big and older.

Fats Davis said, "How are those China gals?"

George grinned knowingly. "They're okay."

"Yah," said Davis, "I'll bet they are."

He was eighteen and important. His old man owned the store and the best farm in the county. Fats had a roadster all his own, and he kind of bossed the Three Corners kids. If he liked you it was swell. You got asked to parties and you could be somebody at school. He'd never had much to do with George, except to razz him; but now he was real friendly.

"I hear they're fightin' over there," he said.

George said, "They don't bother American ships."

"I read different," said Fats, and laughed. "The Japs are crackin' down on everybody. You've never been to China, anyway. You're full of hot air, George[illegible]

"I got discharges to prove—" George began.

But it was no use and he knew it. Fats Davis had all the kids laughing, and nothing would do any good now. George felt cold and sick inside. Fats had wrecked his story—just as if China was something you could grab out of a guy's hand.

"To hell with what you think," said George weakly. "I still wrung more salt water out of my socks than you seen in your whole life."

"When'd you start wearin' socks?" said Fats.

AFTERWARD, George told himself he'd have taken a swing at Fats if old man Davis hadn't come out of the warehouse, just then, and sent Fats into town. The other kids went with Fats, leaving George and Mr. Davis alone on the platform. Mr. Davis was built a lot like the red-whiskered tramp'd been. But the tramp'd been a good guy, and Mr. Davis was a sour old grouch.

"So you're back," he said. "I expect you got hungry, and run home to get your feet under the table."

"I ain't stayin'," said George, quickly.

Mr. Davis said, "You're a fool if you don't."

George started home, cutting across lots so he wouldn't meet anybody. Then, because he didn't want to talk to the old man just yet, he stopped to sit on the grammar-school steps. He was goin' on the road again. What else could he do now that everybody was laughin' at him? The folks expected him to shove off, anyway. Maybe he could join the Navy this time. Then he'd have dress blues to wear when he came home. . . .

A soft voice said, "Hello, Georgie."

For a minute he thought somebody'd followed him from the store. Then he saw it was only Dorothy Holland and he felt better. She was little, she had red hair and she'd been in his class at school. She lived down the road past his house.

He said, "Hello, Dot. Where're you goin'?"

"I'm just walkin'," she said. "Tucky told me you were home. Are you goin' to stay for a while, Georgie?"

"No," he said. "I'm leavin' again."

He saw a shadow darken her eyes. She looked a lot like his mother'd looked when he'd said that. She was a funny kid, anyway, sober and quiet. Lots of times she'd fooled around the schoolyard till he was ready to start home, and then tagged along behind. She wasn't pretty, but her smile was nice. He'd never noticed before how she was 'most good-lookin' when she smiled.

"I'll walk as far's my place with you," he said.

"Mom'd let us make popcorn if you come to our house," she said. "And you could stay for supper, too."

"I could tell you about China."

She said, "Sure you could, Georgie."

But she didn't care about China, not the way she sounded. George wondered about that, and for a minute it was as if he was sitting across the fire from the fat tramp with the red beard again, hearing him say, "Folks don't care where you've been or what you've got—if they like a guy it's because he don't pretend all the time, because he's just himself. You never give folks a chance to like you. You louse things up with a bunch of lies. . . ."

"What kind of a boat were you on?" Dot asked.

"Just a boat—it ain't important," said George, and all of a sudden it was a swell world. He grinned at the girl. "You know, Dot, you've sure got pretty hair."

It was nearly ten o'clock when George got home. One lamp filled the kitchen with soft, golden light. His mother had pulled her rocker close to the table. The darning basket was in her lap. But when George came in she wasn't darning. She was just sitting, waiting.

"Hi," he said. "Where's everybody?"

"They've all gone to bed."

He crossed the room to stand beside her chair. "Mom," he said, and he was almost whispering. "I'm not goin' away again. I'm goin' to stay and finish school."

"George!" Her voice was low and happy.

"There's one thing I got to tell you, Mom. I didn't get to China. I didn't really get anywhere much."

"That doesn't matter, son."

SHE was twisting her hands in her apron. He wanted to say a lot more, but his throat was tight and there weren't any words. He knelt beside her chair. "Things'll be okay," he whispered, and kissed her cheek.

Her hands were gentle on his face. She looked at him for a long time, smiling.

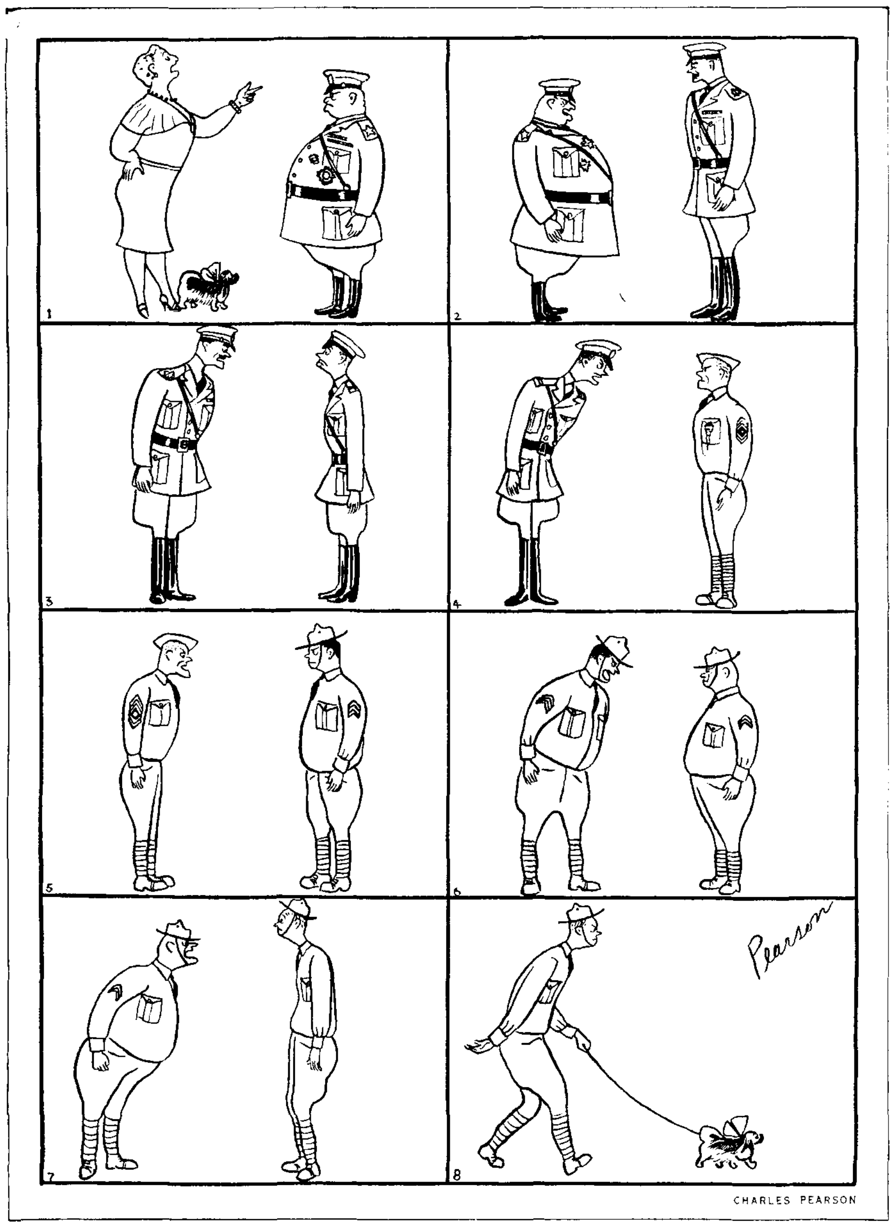
And then she kissed him the way she'd kissed him when he was no bigger than Ned.

"I'm goin' to get a job and work after school," he said. "I'll be able to help you and Dad. Maybe I can get on at the service station, and after a while I'll be able to buy part of it. Then I can really help."

"Son," his mother said, and her voice was husky as if she was saying something that meant an awful lot. "You went farther than just to China. A lot farther—"

George said, "Sure, Mom. Sure."

But he wondered what she meant.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Pearson

CHARLES PEARSON

SUSAN'S UNEXPECTED SUPPER GUEST
GEE! IT'S GETTING LATE. I'D BETTER BE GOING!
OH, PLEASE STAY FOR SUPPER. I'LL FIX IT MYSELF!
WHAT'LL WE DO? THERE'S NOTHING BUT LEFTOVERS IN THE KITCHEN!
DON'T WORRY! MEN LOVE MY PANCAKES—AND YOU CAN FIX THEM IN A JIFFY!
AUNT JEMIMA
A FEW MINUTES LATER
MMM-MM—! IF THERE'S ONE THING I LIKE IT'S PANCAKES—AND THESE ARE MARVELOUS!
YES, SUSAN DOES MAKE DELICIOUS PANCAKES, DOESN'T SHE?
BUT, MOTHER—THESE ARE AUNT JEMIMA'S AND I CAN MAKE THEM JUST THIS GOOD EVERY TIME... EASILY, AND QUICK AS A WINK!
HOW ABOUT A BIG KISS WITH SYRUP?
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKE
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX

HOW Aunt Jemima makes another couple HAPPY!

My own secret recipe is already mixed for you in each box of my Ready-Mix. All you do is add water or milk and pop on the griddle . . . it's easy as 1-2-3. And my pancakes are nourishin' and easy to digest!

No Failures with AUNT JEMIMA'S

ELEANOR HOWE, noted home-economics expert says: "You're sure of success with Aunt Jemima's. I've made pancakes from dozens of different cook-book recipes, and know you invariably get excellent results with Aunt Jemima's."

WAFFLES MADE WITH AUNT JEMIMA'S READY-MIX ARE

Get both kinds of Aunt Jemima's Ready-Mix from the red box for pancakes and waffles, the yellow bo

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Collier's
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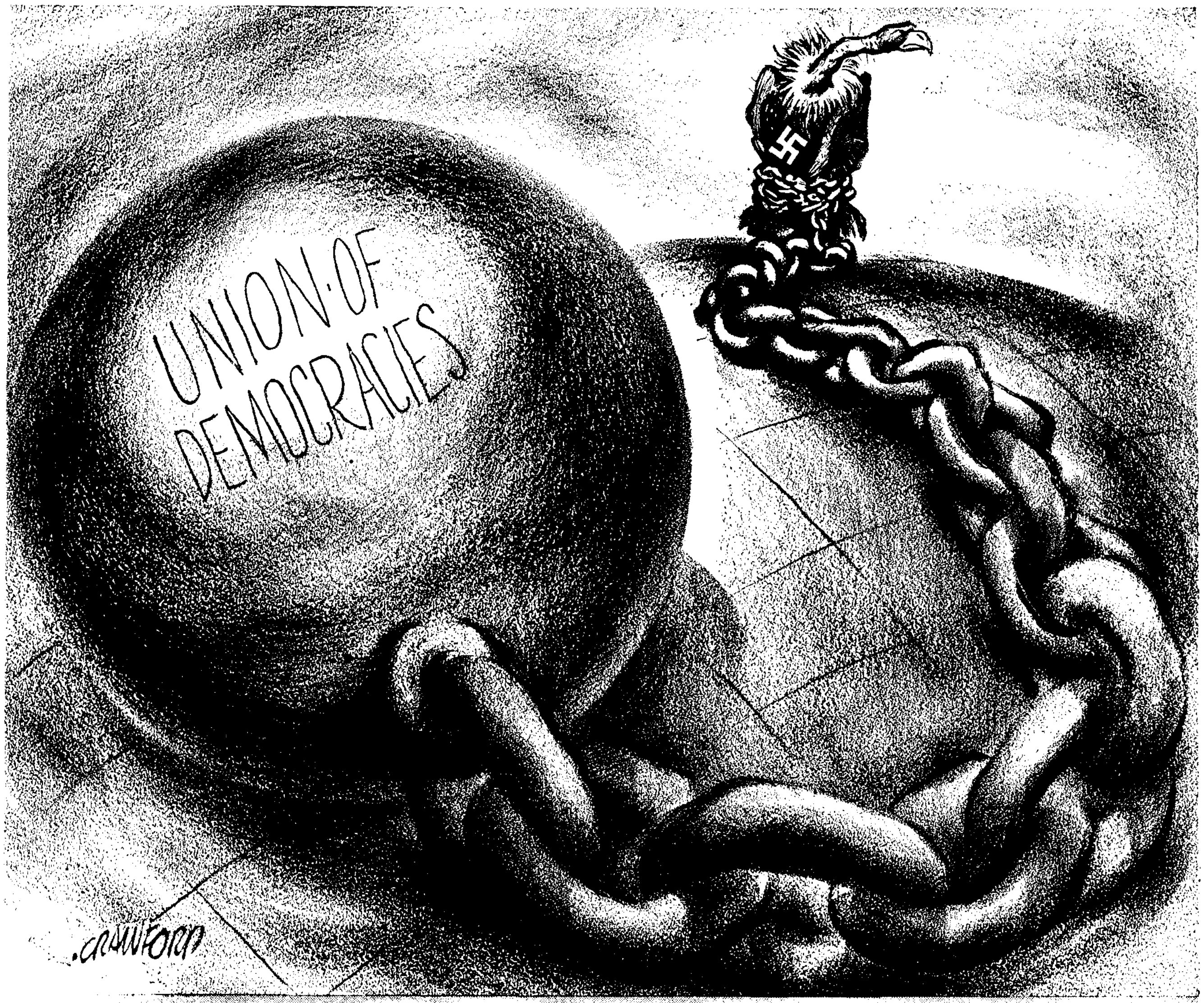


Question for Americans

IMMINENCE of a U. S.-British agreement for joint use of the Singapore naval base, and for policing of the Pacific largely by the United States Navy, starts us thinking again of the much-discussed idea of Union Now.

Is it possible that Singapore, half a world away from both England and America, will turn out to be the foundation stone for a world-wide federal union of democratic nations?

That is what Union Now contemplates—a united front of the world's remaining democracies, to keep totalitarianism confined to countries whose peoples really want it or lack the get-up-and-get to kick it out.

The democratic countries still free from direct dictator control at this writing are the United States, the United Kingdom, Canada, Ireland, the Union of South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Switzerland, Finland and Sweden. Finland and Sweden are virtual prisoners of Russia and Germany respectively. The Dutch East Indies are still run by the resident Dutch as we write; Gen. Charles de Gaulle is prying an occasional piece of the French empire loose from the Nazi-vitiated Vichy's clutches.

Union Now's numerous and increasing proponents, led by the well-known journalist, Clarence K. Streit, believe that the democracies had better hang together, beginning just about ow, if they don't want to be hanged separately the dictatorships.

Under this plan, the democratic nations, with the United States and Great Britain taking the initiative, would form a world union similar in general setup to the American union of sovereign states. The object would be military and economic co-operation around the world for the defense of democracy.

Other nations could join this democratic union as fast as they forswore other philosophies of government for democracy. Early applicants would probably be, among others, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia, China and most or all the South American countries.

Of course, the Union Now plan is being cursed as another League of Nations scheme, as an attempt to get a blood transfusion for the allegedly sick British Empire from the healthy United States, as a plan to wish a lot of foreign economic troubles on us and so on and so forth.

Nevertheless, the democracies are in danger of being knocked out one by one by a determined and power-hungry coalition of totalitarian nations. This plan or something like it may be the answer for the democracies. Any such plan deserves the widest discussion.

Without going overboard for Union Now, we will say that the latest detailed explanation of the plan can be found in a pamphlet entitled "Hang Together," by David H. Munroe; and that it can be got for 25¢ a copy, or 15¢ in quantities of 10 copies or more, from Federal Union, Inc., 10 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Cruelty for Profit

WE HEREBY endorse William Randolph Hearst's crusade, in his daily newspaper column, against cruelty to animals, especially horses, in the making of various motion pictures, especially Westerns.

Mr. Hearst charges: That cruelty to horses is on the increase on assorted movie lots and that the movie industry knows it, and so does California's state government, and so does California's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; that the state leaves enforcement of its anticruelty laws to the S.P.C.A.; that S.P.C.A. agents are often given the run-around at studios making pictures in which animals are used; that in some cases S.P.C.A. agents have been bribed to look the other way as horses were forced over cliffs, or driven into deep water with property stagecoaches dragging behind them, or tumbled hog-tied down steep hills.

The S.P.C.A.'s job is a hard one, Mr. Hearst admits, with the state of California refusing funds to help protect the animals, but he adds:

> Nevertheless, the S.P.C.A. could accomplish more if it thought more of performing its duties than it does about its private subscriptions.

There is a streak of degeneracy in anybody who will abuse any poor, dumb animal in any manner. There is a streak of the unprintable in anybody who will abuse an animal for profit.

If California and its S.P.C.A. won't or can't stop this stuff, the moviegoing public can. A nation-wide boycott movement against films commercializing cruelty to animals could be swiftly organized; it would choke this barbarism to death in about one month flat.

First Aid for Aliens

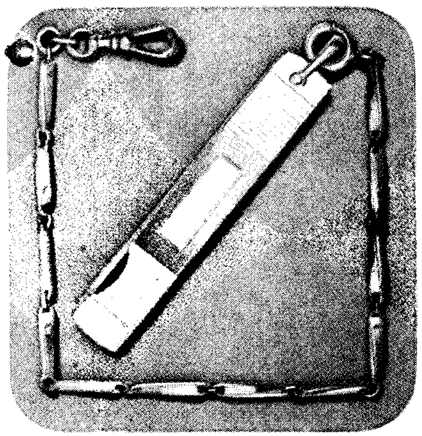
BETTER read this if you're an alien, or think you may be one—it's sometimes hard to tell.

The Alien Registration Act dead line is December 26th. By that date, all the approximately 3,600,000 unnaturalized foreigners in this country are required to have been registered and fingerprinted. Heavy penalties are prescribed for noncompliance.

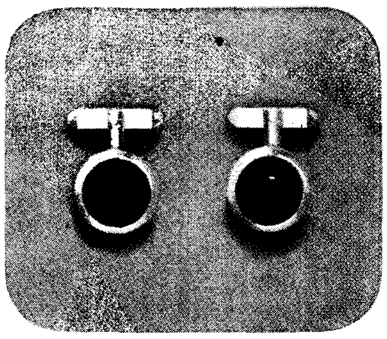
We were dubious about the justice or necessity of this law when it was passed, and still are. But that won't help any alien who fails to toe the mark and go through the rigmarole. The law is the law—and incidentally, we understand that the post-office people are being very courteous as a general thing in their handling of the work.

If you have any doubts as to your citizenship, send inquiries with detailed information on your case either to Alien Registration Director Earl G. Harrison, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., or to Immigrants' Protective League, 537 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

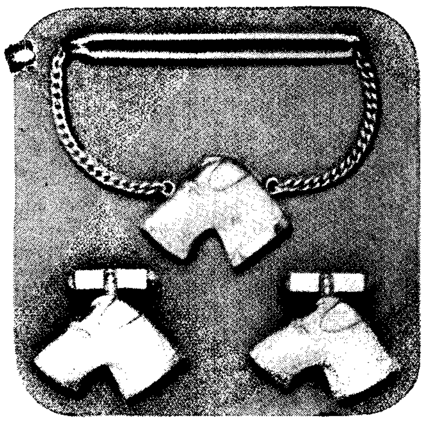
She Always Gets Her Man... SWANK



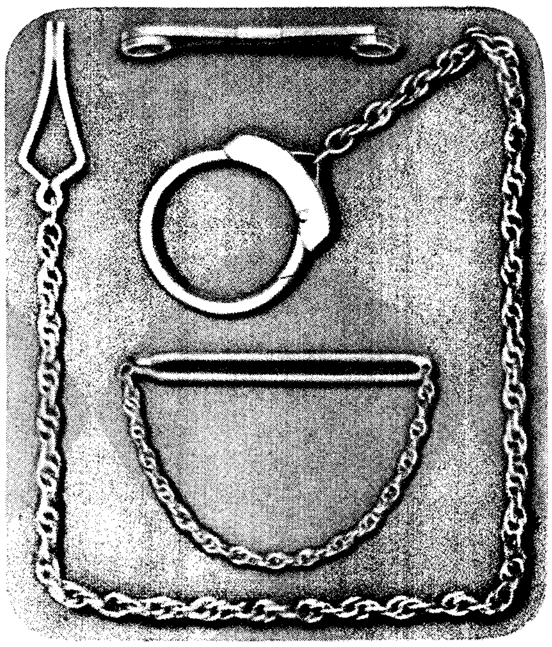
Manicure knife with blade, nail trimmer, file and cuticle pusher...**$3.50;** with chain **$5.**



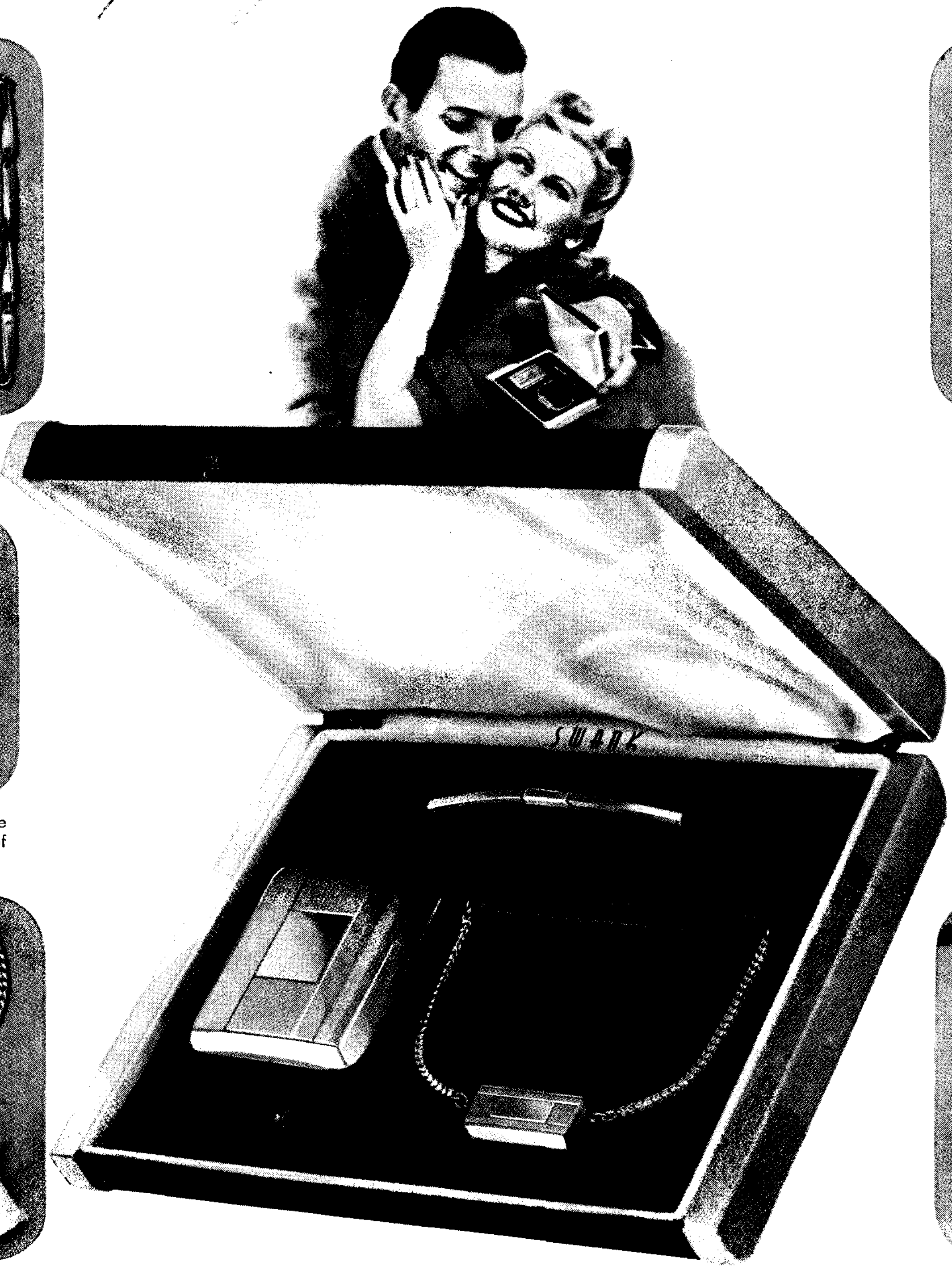
Cuff links...round, cabochon shape stones...in clear effects...variety of gem-like colors...pair **$1.50.**



Cravat chain and cuff links, cleverly modelled replica of champion airedale...also available with horsehead...set **$2.50.**



Key chain (regulation length), cravat chain and collar holder...elegant pieces of creative craftsmanship in the best Swank tradition...set **$3.50.**



Cravat chain, buckle and collar holder in 1/20th 12 kt. gold filled, attractively hand-engraved...set **$10.**

Women who "read their male" correctly no longer ask "What?" but "Which?" when it comes to Christmas giving. They always get their men Swank. It's fun selecting from the wide assortment of Swank aids to good grooming...just the right jewelry for him...and him...and him. And when a lady gets her man Swank, she's getting him just what he would get for himself. Attractively packaged for gifts. At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops.

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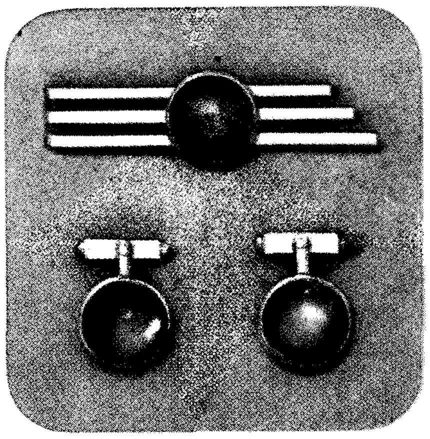
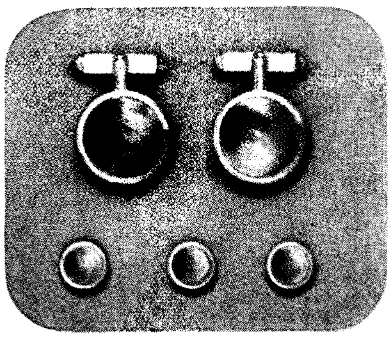
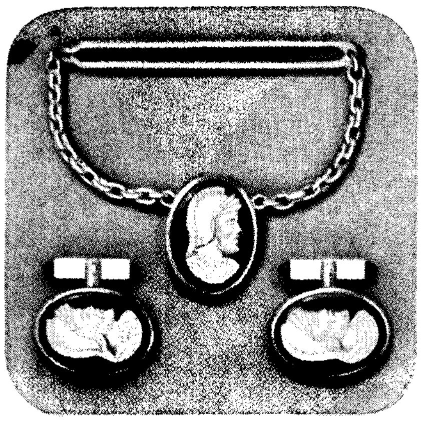


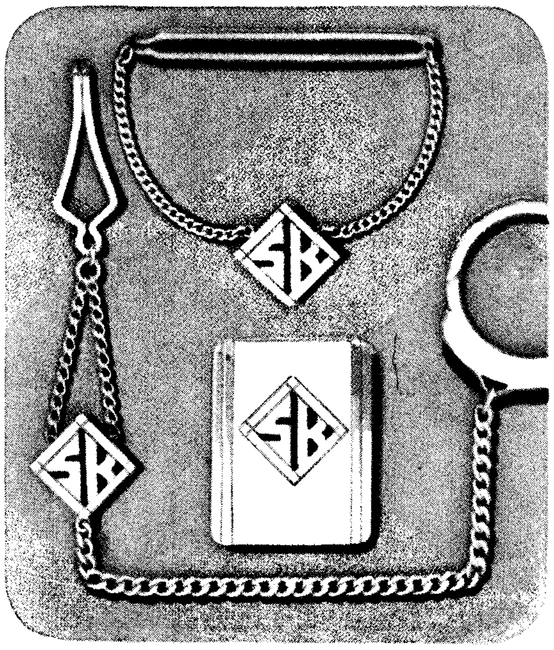
5 Precious Tones cuff links and tie klip, with highlights and fiery depths that resemble real gems...in six colors...set **$2.50.** Sterling silver **$4.00.**



6 Evening set in smoked pearl for dinner jacket; or white mother-of-pearl for tail coat...set **$3.50.** Other sets **$2.50** to **$35.**



7 Cameo cravat chain and cuff links...authentically executed...set **$5.**



Duo-gram key chain (regulation length), cravat chain and belt buckle...his initials in crest-like design...set **$5.** In 1/20th 12 kt. gold filled, **$13.50.**

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PRINCE ALBERT
Season's Greetings
Camels
FOUR BOXES OF FIFTIES
SEASON'S GREETINGS
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Greetings
EXTRA FLAVOR
Greetings
TO
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20's
200
Camels
Greetings
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LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Give Camels for Christmas—for Camel is the cigarette that's particularly welcome. Especially in this gay gift package just below. It contains 4 boxes of the popular flat fifties. An easy gift to get—a *right* gift. Your dealer has it—but shop early.

On Christmas morn—*perfect* for pipe-smokers—this handsome Christmas-wrapped one-pound tin of Prince Albert, the delightfully mild, rich-tasting, COOL-BURNING tobacco. Be sure to get this holiday "special." See your local tobacco dealer *today!*

Here's another famous Camel Christmas gift package—10 packs of "20's"—200 mild, flavorful Camels—all color, fully wrapped and ready to give—even to the gift card. A perfect gift for any cigarette smoker. Just ask your dealer for the Camels in the Christmas carton!

CAMELS

● For those who prefer cigarettes, give Camels and you can be sure your gift will be appreciated. For more smokers prefer slower-burning Camels than any other cigarette. They are the cigarette of costlier tobaccos that gives more pleasure in every puff. Your dealer is featuring Camels for Christmas in your choice of the two handsome packages shown above. Easy to get—perfect to receive. Yes, there's nothing like Camels to say: "Happy holidays and happy smoking."

PRINCE ALBERT

● No problem about those pipe-smokers on your gift list! You just can't miss when you give them a big, long-lasting one-pound tin of the world's most popular smoking tobacco—Prince Albert! (Or a one-pound real glass humidor.) Pipe-smokers call Prince Albert the National Joy Smoke. They say: "There's no other tobacco like it!" Your local dealer has Prince Albert's Christmas-wrapped "specials" on display now! Get your Prince Albert gifts *today!*

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Gifts that are sure to please in beautiful Christmas wrappers